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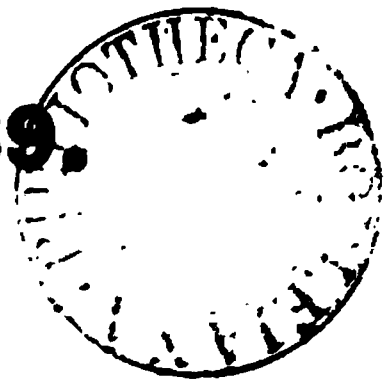
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THE
MONTHLY REVIEW

FROM
JANUARY TO APRIL INCLUSIVE.

1839.



VOL. I.

NEW AND IMPROVED SERIES.

LONDON:
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LUDGATE HILL.
1839.

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THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

JANUARY, 1839.

ART. I.

- 1.—*Cutch; or, Random Sketches, taken during a Residence in one of the Northern Provinces of Western India: interspersed with Legends and Traditions.* By MRS. POSTANS. 8vo. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1839.
- 2.—*The Present and Future Prospects of our Indian Empire.* By CAPT. G. E. WESTMACOTT, 37th Bengal Inf., &c. London: Hooper. 1838.
- 3.—*Steam to India, vid the Red Sea, and vid the Cape of Good Hope.* London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1838.

At the present moment when the public mind is so extraordinarily excited about the affairs and prospects of our Eastern Empire, any book which describes or speculates about the country is sure to be welcomed, even although its views may have been hastily formed, and its general qualities be of an inferior order. The works at the head of our paper, however, would at any time be acceptable; for each of the writers, it is manifest, possesses the abilities and the literary accomplishments that would produce and set off a work on any theme which they might happen to study and to adopt. Under these circumstances, both general and special, we shall be held excused when we allow them a considerable space in our pages.

Mrs. Postans' work immediately treats of the very region which at this moment is perhaps the seat of war, and in which British interests are vitally concerned. Cutch forms the last province of India on the frontier towards Persia, and one of the outposts of our Indian empire. It lies between the sixty-eighth and seventy-second degrees of east longitude, and the twenty-second and twentieth-fourth degrees of north latitude. Its greatest length is about one hundred and sixty-five miles; its breadth, where widest, is fifty-two miles, but narrows at a certain quarter to fifteen. Its boundaries on the west is the most easterly mouth of the Indus; the desert of salt and water, called the Runn, stretches along its northern and north-eastern limits; while the Gulph of Cutch and the Indian Ocean bounds its sides. The coast is much indented, affording many bays suitable for anchoring. It contains coal-beds that promise to afford a large supply of the most valuable of all minerals; and its plains

appear to be better fitted for the cultivation of cotton than any other region of India.

The institutions of this particular province are strictly feudal; the chiefs, amounting in number to two hundred and fifty, hold their fiefs from the Rao, under a military tenure, each being hereditary, but liable to forfeiture. They are termed the brotherhood of the sovereign, whose authority is not greater than was that of European kings, during the Middle Ages, over their turbulent barons.

In the year 1816, the country was in such a state of disorganisation, that the interference, as in many other cases, of the British which had been solicited, led to a subsidiary treaty between the Bombay Government and the Rao. The terms, as usual, were that we should supply troops, for which the other party was to pay, and that a British Resident should on all occasions be consulted upon public affairs. It was not long after when we found it necessary to depose the ruler, and to appoint a regency which conducted the government for the heir until 1834, at which time he stepped into power, such as the British superior authority and actual support confer on the nominal princes in India.

The capital of Cutch is Bhooj, near to which the military camp is situated. Here Mrs. Postans has resided for a very considerable space of time, applying herself closely and continuously to the study of the institutions, manners, and character of the people. She seems also to have threaded almost every part of the country, and to have visited all its remarkable towns and spots. These, of course, she describes in her Sketches; giving us the result of her observations, impressions, and reflections. The arts, the literature, and the religion of the Cutchees come in for a due share of the writer's views. All these things she treats in a manner that convey a very favourable idea of her head, heart, and industry. She has much liveliness, is a felicitous sketcher, frequently there are proofs of superior acuteness, while there is a predominance of common sense, that renders the work valuable as well as amusing. Her style is always pleasing; but sometimes there are tokens of blue-stockings, where the display exceeds the necessity of the occasion, and only serves to gratify the ear when there is not much in the matter. After these few general observations, little else is necessary for us to do in regard to the Sketches than to open the book at any place at random for what has been set down at "Random," as Mrs. Postans modestly describes her pencillings. The Runn furnishes a curious subject, and affords the writer an opportunity to give us novelties with an agreeableness and freshness of manner that enhances the interest:—

"Throughout Western India nothing could, perhaps, be found more worthy the observation of the traveller than the great Northern Runn; a desert salt plain, which bounds Cutch on the north and east, and extends from the Western confines of Guzzerat to the Eastern branch of the river

Indus ; approaching Bhooj at its nearest point, at about the distance of sixteen miles. This tract is of large extent, and between the months of May and October is flooded with salt water. During other parts of the year it is passable ; but the glare is so great from the incrustation of salt, caused by the evaporation of the water, that it is seldom attempted, unless from the inducements of trade or the necessities of military duty.

“ The distant aspect of the Runn resembles that of the ocean at ebb-tide ; and as some water always remains on it, the refraction of light produces the most beautiful and mysterious effects, decorating it with all the enchantments of the most lovely specimens of mirage, whose magic power, exerting itself on the morning mists, endues this desert tract with the most bewitching scenes ; rock, and hill, and tower, palmy hillocks, clumps of rich foliage, turreted castles, and Gothic arches, alike appear in quick succession, to charm and beguile the traveller : and

‘ The wayworn spirit hath a gleam
Of sunny vales and woods,’

until, again slowly dissolving in the thin ether from which their fantastic forms emerged, they cheat him with their fair delusions, and pass away like a dream of fairy land.

“ There are several islands on the Runn, and a bright oasis of grassy land, known by the unromantic name of the Bunni. Thither, in patriarchal style, the shepherds take their flocks and lead a sunny pastoral life although surrounded by a desert marsh. * * *

“ The Runn abounds with wild animals ; and the wolf, the boar, and the wild ass, claim it for their dwelling-place. The borders of the Runn being rocky and precipitous afford them perfect protection : and the vegetation on the marshy ground near the Bunni and in other parts affords them excellent pasture. It would not be uninteresting to a zoologist to cross this singular tract. Independently of the peculiar and rare character of its soil and general appearance, the natives have a custom of gathering together the whitened bones of the animals they find on it, with which they mark the road, to guide the traveller during either night or day. *

“ The most remarkable animal on this vast tract is the wild ass. It is singularly marked, and stands about thirteen hands high. It is of a light fawn colour, with a broad dun stripe down the middle of the back, and is handsome and well shaped. Herodotus tells us, that the Medes used wild asses to draw their chariots of war ; but it is difficult to imagine the animal controlled sufficiently for this purpose, as its nature seems peculiarly wild and untameable, and its fleetness enables it to distance the boldest riders. We had one captured on the Runn by means of a lasso, when very young : it was of small size, and a playful, pretty little creature—a sort of pet in our camp, where it was suffered to trot about as it liked, never having betrayed any desire to return to its native wilds. In this case, civilization had been active, for the character of the animal is undeniably timid. However, as no one has ever succeeded in capturing one of the species, when full grown, it is impossible to judge what degree of docility it might acquire by a long domestication with man ; but I am induced to believe that the nature of the wild ass is still the same as it was in the land of Uz, when Job cried, ‘ Who hath sent out the wild ass free ? or who hath loosed the bands of the wild ass ; whose house I have made the wilderness, and

the barren land his dwelling. He scorneth the multitude of the city, neither regardeth he the crying of the driver. The range of the mountains is his pasture, and he searcheth after every green thing.' "

The aristocracy of Cutch are called Jharrejahs, and rank as Rajpoots among the Hindù castes. But Cutch having been overrun by Mahomedans, the believers in the Prophet are as numerous as in the other provinces of India. The people in general, however, are not very particular in their distinctions between the doctrines of Mahomet and those of the Brahmins; having accommodated the two creeds conveniently together. But the present Rao has been educated by the British, and, it is *hoped*, is a Christian at heart. Yet he complies outwardly with the Janus-sort of belief of his subjects. There is one sect, that is not so careless on the subject of religion as the majority. This class have monastic establishments, while their priests are vowed to celibacy, and distribute their income in alms. Here are some notices of another sect, the dress of whose priests bears a striking resemblance to the Roman toga :—

" The Jains are not polytheists, and pay no respect to the Hindu gods; but although they regard the Brahmins with great hatred, they have many customs in common with them. The Jains burn their dead, pay great reverence to their Gurus, or spiritual teachers, and believe that a life of solitary privation will entitle a devotee to an absorption into the Supreme Being. They profess to believe in one God, whom they endue with the attributes of wisdom, power, eternity, and intuition; but affirm, that the government of the world is independent of him, that matter is eternal, and that the harmony of the visible world is dependent only on natural and organic laws, which must be everlasting."

The character of the Cutchees in a moral point of view is forbidding; and many of their customs barbarous and inhuman. Infanticide is a very prevalent crime among them, arising in a great measure from the influence of caste, the female children as in other dark places of the earth being the chief victims. The Rajpoot Jharrejahs can only take wives from a tribe below them; but they at the same time can only let daughters go to a tribe above them. Celibacy is held to be criminal, and intermarriage in a tribe to be incest. But the Rajpoot Jharrejahs have no tribe above them; and therefore their daughters must all be murdered. This is done by putting opium on the breasts of the mothers; the wives, strange to say, being more prone in Cutch to the barbarity than the husbands. But though the lords already named do not allow their daughters to live, because suitable matches can nowhere be found for them, they are not so proud in regard to their own choice, beauty being the principal consideration.

" The Soodahs, although not a provincial tribe, may be mentioned here, as being intimately connected with Cutch, both by their predatory excursions."

sions and the intermarriages of their beautiful daughters with the Rajpoot Jharrejahs. This tribe reside in Wandhs, or grass huts, on the great desert of the Thurr, in a state of peculiar wretchedness and privation. Ignorant and barbarous, they pass their lives as shepherds, frequently assembling in hordes, and making forays across the Northern Runn, into the neighbouring provinces, and driving back the cattle of the villagers to their Wandhs, where they for a time subsist in peace on milk and the few vegetables of the jungle.

“The Soodahs find their principal source of riches in the beauty of their daughters, for one of whom rich Mahomedans will frequently pay ten thousand rupees. Rajahs and wealthy chieftains despatch their emissaries, as Abraham sent his servant to seek a wife for Isaac of the daughters of Nahor; and, like Bethuel, the Soodah father offers no objection to a wealthy suitor, but, on the contrary, robs his son-in-law before his camels and servants depart. Beside the wells, and in the hovels of the Thurr, full many a flower of female loveliness would blush unseen but for the fame of their surpassing beauty, which claims and maintains its ascendancy, and transplants the blossom of the desert to bloom amidst the gorgeous pomp of a royal harem. It is said, that the Soodah women are artful and cunning; and that by these qualities they gain a powerful influence over the minds of their liege lords, to whom they bear little affection. The Soodah wife of a Rajpoot cares only for her son; and, report avers, hesitates little to dispose of the father, to invest his heir with the estate.

“The Soodahs themselves never intermarry, but form alliances with the people of the neighbouring provinces. From this circumstance it is reasonable to infer that the daughters inherit their fairness from their paternal ancestry; as otherwise it would be less uncommon.”

The British Government has exerted itself to put an end to the custom of destroying children; but from the strict secrecies of the people's domestic system, it is hardly possible to know what is going on within doors. Suttees are not uncommon, the native government, according to treaty, being independent of our control in regard to such matters as do not interfere with public peace and international questions. Indeed the treatment which the women meet with can hardly render self-immolation a wonder. When tyranny and cruelty can thus be set at nought, and perfect happiness, as it is believed, must follow such a meritorious act, the practice is explicable. The following is the account of one tragedy of the kind :—

“The ranee's old water-bearer was, doubtless, supported by the opinions of her caste; and being oppressed by age, and many infirmities, she believed that they, being all inseparably connected with a former birth, might be laid down with her life, and that she might be borne again to the enjoyment of energy, youth, and hope. In this case, also, every persuasion was used to induce the devoted one to abandon her design: but of course ineffectually, and the poor old creature, having had a hole dug in the ground, near the large tomb, capable of holding her in a perpendicular position, suffered her son to lift her into it, and pile the earth about her. Be-

fore her grave was closed, while yet the breath of heaven fanned her face, and the glad scenes of life floated before her eyes, she made a request so singular, that I can find no one to account for it. She desired an inverted chattee to be placed over her head; which done, the earth was thrown over it, and in a few seconds trampled down with shouts of exultation. The unexhausted air in the chattee must have preserved life for a short time after the grave had been filled in; and probably, while her pulse yet beat, the fiendish shouts of her murderers rang in her ears, and mingled with the agonising death of this infatuated woman."

Even the wives of the present Rao, educated by the British, though he has been, are kept in a most degraded and demoralized condition. What then must be the fate of women in a lower sphere?—

"Notwithstanding the delicacy of her appearance, a Cutchee woman is capable of great exertion, and she pursues the fatiguing routine of daily duty without a murmur of discontent. At early dawn she grinds the corn for family consumption, collects the materials for firing, cleans the cooking utensils, and sweeps out the dwelling. Then, with probably a tier of three water-vessels on her head, an infant seated on one hip, which she supports with her arm passed round its body, and an elder child clinging to her skirts, she walks to the nearest well, or tank, returns with the water, cooks the family meal, and sits down to her spinning-wheel. After this, she again goes to the tank to wash herself and her clothes. This, indeed, constitutes her sole amusement. Divested of her upper clothing, she sits in the water laughing and chatting to her neighbours, or trolling some simple ditty, as, with garments neatly tucked around her, she beats her linen against a stone, or holds aloft her gaily coloured saree, to dry and warm in the sunny breeze."

So that it would appear after all, not having ever known or heard of a more agreeable condition, these poor creatures contrive to extract amusement from their toils. Contentedness and submission are admirable neutralizers of evil.

One of the most remarkable features in the Cutchee character is that of imitation. This cleverness is displayed in a striking manner in their mechanical performances. They are upon the whole very ingenious:—

"The workmen have few tools, and those they have are of the most primitive description. Thus, in embossing a cup, or snuff-box, which when finished, displays a graceful garlanding of the most delicate flowers, with minute leaves, tendrils, and stems connecting them, the workman forms a large lump of lac round a wooden handle in the form desired, and, having moulded the silver on it, punches it out, in the pattern he requires it to be, by means of a little rough awl, apparently more calculated to mar, than to perfect, the tasteful elegance of the artist's design. The execution of work under these disadvantages is necessarily tedious; but its exactness and beauty must proportionably raise our admiration of the manual dexterity of the native artizan."

Mrs. Postans has some sensible observations regarding the use which might be made of the imitative faculty and the ingenious tendencies of these comparatively ignorant people, towards raising their character and advancing their civilization. The fine arts cannot be expected to have attained to excellence in a country where, as we are told, several accomplishments of the sort, if on the part of females, are held to be inconsistent with good character. The following notices are illustrative of one branch :—

“ The Hindu musicians have a diatonic scale of seven primitive notes, agreeing in sound, I believe, with our major mode. These notes are arranged into six simple melodies, entitled *rawgs*, or modes ; and these are again varied into thirty-six airs, or branches, called *rawgnees*. The six *rawgs*, and the *rawgnese*, are supposed to have an imaginary existence, as nymphs and genii, and to preside over the divisions of time. The six *rawgs* answer to the morning, noon, sunset, evening, midnight, and dawn ; and the thirty-six *rawgnees* attend the intermediate hours. They have also six airs for the seasons, which are considered as the offspring of the *rawgness*, and are more modern compositions. All the Hindu songs are written for these airs ; and it is considered bad taste to play them at any but their appointed hours. I have not been able to find that the Hindus possess any system of musical notation. Their modes are acquired orally ; and they possess books called the *rawg-malas*, which contain songs adapted to the thirty-six airs, but without musical notes. All the songs in these books are headed with paintings of the nymphs and genii of the Hindu modes, each bearing the title of a *rawgnée*. Every branch of knowledge amongst the Hindus, however scientific may be its subject, is embellished with beautiful allegories and poetical ideas ; and in their musical divisions this is most remarkable. Not only are the six *rawgs* themselves described as six genii, wedded to nymphs beautiful as *houris*, but we are assured that these airs are the favourite melodies of flights of fairies who sing to them the loves of Krishna and Radha, at the banquets of the heaven-born Indra. The musicians of Cutch are acquainted with all these principles of composition, and have attained considerable proficiency in their application. They use instrumental music for three purposes : as an assistance of bardic recitals ; as an accompaniment to the movements of their dancers ; and as forming a part of their religious ceremonies.”

The chieftains of the Cutchees, like other feudal lords, take great delight in listening to recitals of their gallant deeds ; and not a few have been the occasions when these military lords have signalized themselves before they had to compete with gunpowder. Most of them have bards. Others of the tuneful and poetic tribe seem to make a livelihood as strollers :—

“ As provincial bards, Cutch possesses its *Bhats* and *Dadies*, whose profession it is to rehearse to the *Jharrejah* chiefs the warlike deeds of their ancestry, whose glory is thus embalmed in the exaggerated metaphor of ancient story, originally composed to exalt the fame of the warrior princes,

and draw down a shower of their choicest favours. We were favoured with a visit from a celebrated Jharrehah bard, well learned in the early history of Cutch; he brought with him a volume of manuscript odes, written in the Guzzerati dialect, the sole topic of which was royal panegyric. At our request, he sang several of them to his Sitarr, with a pleasing and melodious voice, and in conclusion afforded me an interesting explanation of his art."

The legends and superstitions of the country afford fertile themes for poetic embellishment; some specimens being presented by our authoress. Here is one:—

"It is related that, during the reign of a king of Cutch, named Lakeh, a Jogie lived, who was a wise man, and wonderfully skilled in the properties of herbs. For years he had been occupied in searching for a peculiar kind of grass, the roots of which should be burnt and a man be thrown into the flames. The body so burnt would become gold, and any of the members might be removed without the body sustaining any loss; as the parts so taken would always be self-restored.

"It so occurred, that this Jogie, whilst following a flock of goats, observed one amongst them eating of the grass he was so anxious to procure. He immediately rooted it up, and desired the shepherd who was near to assist him in procuring fire-wood. When he had collected the wood and kindled a flame, into which the grass was thrown, the Jogie, wishing to render the shepherd the victim of his avarice, desired him, under some pretence, to make a few circuits round the fire. The man, however, suspecting foul play, watched his opportunity, and, seizing the Jogie himself, he threw him into the fire and left him to be consumed. Next day, on returning to the spot, great was his surprise to behold the golden figure of a man lying amongst the embers. He immediately chopped off one of the limbs, and hid it. The next day he returned to another, when his astonishment was yet greater, to see that a fresh limb had replaced the one already taken. In short, the shepherd soon became wealthy, and revealed the secret of his riches to the king, Lakeh; who, by the same means, accumulated so much gold, that every day he was in the habit of giving one lac and twenty-five thousand rupees in alms to fakirs."

As in duty bound we shall ere closing Mrs. Postans' volume let her be seen in one of those passages which perhaps she has laboured unusually to make beautiful, but where, according to our ideas, the result is inferior to the general features of the book, characterized as they are by ease, rapidity, and a talent for seizing upon descriptive points:—

"Delusion is abroad: tourists write, and artists paint, heedless of fact, anxious only to bathe a favourite spot in all the light of graceful beauty, and the bright hues their own glowing and poetic imaginations suggest. But surely, if it be once admitted that truth alone is the keystone of knowledge, and, consequently, the only associate of good taste, it were better, where facts really exist, that ornament should be deemed superfluous and ill-placed; and I have no doubt that, as real knowledge increases,

its vanities will be seen, and the simple and vivid delineation of truth be held in most esteem, and constitute the real triumph of literature and the fine arts. Teniers will find more admirers than Nicholas Poussin, and those writers gather greatest fame, who

‘ Pour out all as plain

As downright Shippen, or as old Montaigne.’

Then will nature be worshipped as she alone deserves, divested of the meretricious garb which only veils her beauty; she will be sought for by the path of knowledge, science will be the ministering flamen of her mysteries, and the many will feel the harmony of her simple beauty. The institutions of man will be purified by her influence, his mind will recognise its powers, facts will appear, opinions will change, systems will arise, sincerity and benevolence will radiate throughout the world; and, reaching even the palmy shores of India, may plead the cause of the poor Hindu within the heart of man, and prove

‘ That, where Britain’s pow’r

Is felt, mankind will feel her mercy too.’ ”

Before proceeding to notice either of the two pamphlets at the head of our paper, and with a view to enrich the article by introducing a variety of information regarding some of the independent nations of Asia, the north-western frontiers of India, Affghanistan, Lahore, &c., we shall quote a passage from the second and enlarged edition which has recently appeared of “ Conolly’s Overland Journey to India,” which conveys a striking outline of a people’s manners and character. The nation we refer to is that of the Affghans, whose capital is Herat, so lately the scene of war. In several features these warlike people resemble the Scottish Highlanders :—

“ Revenge for blood is, with an Affghaun, a duty which is rendered sacred by long custom, and sanctioned by his religion. If immediate opportunity of retaliation should not present itself, a man will dodge his foe for years, with the cruel purpose ever uppermost in his thoughts, using every cunning and treacherous artifice to entrap or lull him into confidence, and thinking it no shame to attack him in a defenceless state. The public leave men to settle their own quarrels, not interfering, except, perhaps, in the case of a long-cherished feud between families which affects the interests of the community; and then they induce the man whose turn it is to retaliate, to accept the price of blood. * * *

“ Moollâ Mohummud, our Heraut friend, told me the following story, the circumstances of which he said he could vouch for, as they occurred in a house which was close to one that he formerly lived in at Candahar, the females of which were intimate with his own. A Doorraunee of the neighbourhood of Candahar had a blood-feud with a young man whom he had long vainly watched, in the hope of finding him off his guard. At last he heard that his enemy had sent sweetmeats to the house of a resident of Candahar, as a preliminary to espousing his daughter, upon which he left his village, and came privately into the city. The Affghauns, as before mentioned, have a custom called Naumzaud Bazee, (trysting)—the lover being secretly admitted to interviews with his mistress, which

frequently last until a late hour in the night. The avenger watched in vain for an opportunity, till the very night before the wedding; when he gained access to a court adjoining that of the house in which the girl lived, and boring a hole through a wall, lay in wait there with his matchlock. In the evening the lover came as usual to tryst. He had that day sent the customary present of the bridal dress and ornaments, but his betrothed, 'through modesty, had declined examining them before all her female acquaintance;' and when the young man asked if she approved of her trousseau, the mother explained this, and called her away to look at it then. This was late on the night: the moment she went out, the blood avenger took aim at his victim as he sat on a low couch, and in perhaps the happiest moment of his life, shot him dead."

Captain Westmacott, in his pamphlet, takes a comprehensive view of the condition, relations, and prospects, not only of the various provinces of British India, but of central Asia and other countries bordering on our Eastern possessions. This view, we regret to say, is far from being consolatory or flattering to our nation and government. We hope the gallant author draws but the darkest side of the picture; and indeed if the impressions we have received from the whole of our previous reading and inquiries be correct, we must hold that he has exaggerated evils and dangers, while, on the other hand, he has not communicated the whole truth or adduced with equal pains encouraging facts. Even upon the face of his own showing it appears to us that there is something like inconsistent colourings. He labours in one part of the publication to show that British sway in India has been prejudicial, nay direful, in many of the most important respects, to the millions under our controul; that as regards social and civic interests, nay morals and religion, the people have sadly degenerated; that our rule is disliked and hated; and upon the whole he so represents the matter in these and other concerns, that to be consistent with himself, if the well-being of mankind, of one of the largest divisions of the human race be a paramount object in his estimation, he ought, instead of strenuously urging our government and the nation to strengthen their hands in the East, and to take prompt steps to fortify their boundaries—he ought, we say, to hail the approach of the period when we shall be driven from every settlement in Asia. Surely an enlightened patriotism cannot be incompatible with universal philanthropy; surely the mere circumstance of our Indian empire being the most valuable of our foreign possessions ought not to be taken as a sufficient excuse for misruling, oppressing and demoralizing, generation after generation, countless multitudes of people. Yet Captain Westmacott declares, after a long residence in the East, after extensive travelling and observing, after inquiring earnestly concerning the past and the present, "that in places the longest under our rule there is the largest amount of depravity and crime;" that "the influx of wealth, and the demoralization that everywhere (*everywhere*

is the word) dodges the footsteps of the European, are destroying the most valuable features of the national character." We might quote many passages in which it is asserted that the happiness, the interests of the Indians, have severely suffered at our hands. The Missionaries have done no good—none at all; there have been no conversions; and even where the Christian faith has been adopted or professed, it has always been to the manifest injury and demoralization of the professed convert; it has added vastly to his disadvantage, by bringing him into utter contempt among his former friends; in short, to cite part of one sentence, the writer says, "I think that not only are their labours (those of the Missionaries) thrown away, but very prejudicial consequences follow in their train." In one paragraph he also declares, "we preserve intact the rites and ceremonies of the natives, under a supervision which is not felt by them;" and in the very next breath he condemns "our anxiety to force the Christian religion on the native population;" statements that seem to be at some variance.

In regard to some countries at which the author glances, Persia, for example, he has no small share of blame to throw at our government for not only neglecting our vital interests in that Kingdom, but for not having kept good faith as an ally and friendly power, for having actually alienated the affections and the trust of a nation which should have been anxiously preserved as a sure bulwark against that Russian aggressive spirit which has long looked and been making stealthy strides towards our Eastern possessions. Now we are not going to enter into debate upon either of the points so strongly put as we have intimated; but, just to show how a person who adopts extreme views is apt to fall into incongruities, in certain parts of the pamphlet there are also encouragement and incentives held out to England upon the ground that in Persia there *does* exist a decided favour for Englishmen, a confidence in their honour and fair dealing, which is not extended to the people of other countries, to Russia, for instance.

Having thus referred to the overstrained showings of the Captain, we shall now call attention to some of his arousing and alarming statements, for which, unquestionably, there are sufficient grounds, and which, we have as little doubt, will materially aid in keeping awake the strong excitement already abroad in regard to the retention of our Indian empire, and the designs of Russia in that quarter; for although the promptitude and energy of the Indian Government, of which tidings have recently reached this country, may for a time answer some of the arguments and allay many of the fears expressed with much force and knowledge of facts, in the pamphlet before us, the country must not sleep, or suppose for a moment that the wily Autocrat has relinquished his long fondly cherished designs. He has still Tartary for a line of march; while a most extended and potent system of bribery, as well as other

engines of ambition, are continually in operation in every direction by which our power can be diminished.

Captain Westmacott clearly shows the immense importance of Cabool as an ally of the British Government in preference to the friendship of Runjet Singh ; an ally, however, which commercially and politically has been marvellously neglected by us :—

“Dost Mohammud, the ruler of Cabool, and the other Afghan chiefs, are, as I have said, favourably disposed to the British, and have long sought our alliance ; but we have hitherto treated them with neglect, notwithstanding Dost Mohammud is in possession of the most important position in Asia as regards the security of British India. Cabool lies on the direct road by which an enemy would advance, and through which the manufactures of Britain are imported. The routes to India through Khorasan and Herat on the one side, and through Bokhara, Balkh, and over the steppes between the Caspian and the Indus on the other, meet at Cabool, at once the largest and wealthiest city below the Indian Caucasus, the most advantageous position that could be chosen for an emporium which would place our manufactures within reach of the Tartar races, and the point where an effective check may be given to an enemy advancing from the west. The chief of Cabool has always shown a desire to encourage commerce, by levying no higher duty on merchandize than two-and-a-half per cent. ; and on the visit of our envoy on two occasions he was received by the merchants with marked attention. If Russia should establish herself either in Herat or Cabool, the neighbouring states would be obliged to join her alliance, for she would then have it in her power at any moment to interrupt the commerce between Central Asia, India, and Persia.”

Now the people over whom Runjet Singh rules are sworn enemies to the Afghans ; how then can our treatment of the nation tend but to the weakening of the barrier so essential to our security ? Besides, on the death of Runjet, which by reason of years and intemperance cannot be far distant, there is every ground for expecting that his country will be torn by civil feuds, an excellent opportunity for Russian diplomacy and gold to operate. But we must quote a few passages and refrain from remark, otherwise the design and force of our paper will be injuriously affected :—

“Intelligent travellers have warned us against the secret intrigues of Russia, and the native India papers are filled with news from Persia and the countries on the northern frontier of India, of the most serious import to the security of our possessions—intelligence which has been hitherto regarded by the British public with apathy. The time is now come when we must be prepared to develop our best resources in order to recover that position which our feeble policy, mistaken economy, and a contempt of all diplomatic relations, have lost us. Is it not a reproach to England that, during our long occupation of India, we have neglected, until a very recent period, to push our inquiries into the countries beyond the Sutluj and Indus, notwithstanding they are the high road to our possessions, and

the route by which all invasions of India have been conducted from the time of Alexander the Great to that of Nadir Shah, and through which, if ever a Russian invasion takes place, its army must advance? Until the mission of Captain Burnes in 1832, we had scarcely any knowledge of the vast region lying between our frontier and the Caspian. Russia, since the time of Peter the Great, has been advancing with slow and stealthy step to the Indus by encroaching upon the weaker countries on her frontiers; she allows nothing to divert her from this absorbing object, and her thoughts are directed to securing an influence in Bokhara, and Khiva, whilst we have shown a marked aversion to any political intercourse whatever with the countries of middle Asia. * * *

“ It is only lately that we have ascertained the practicability of navigating the Indus, and that treaties have been concluded with the Sikh Rajah of Lahore and the Ameers of Sind, by means of which communications have been opened with the countries lying to the north-west of India. Large boats can ascend the Chenaub or Asceines to Mooltan, and smaller vessels the Indus as high as Attock, while the other great rivers of the Punjaub enable the trader to reach Buhawulpoor, Lahore, Umritsir, and other populous and commercial cities, seated in a region with three million and a half of souls. The banks of the Indus are clothed with timber, and the forests of Kashmire supply abundance of cedar, pines, and valuable wood for ship-building and other purposes, which can be floated down the Jelum and Indus to the sea.

“ British manufactures can now be poured into the Punjaub and the Delhi territory, and supply on the one hand the Sikh and Rajpoot populations south of the Sutluj, amounting to about fourteen millions of souls, and on the other the natives of Central Asia.

“ The advantage of the Indus in diminishing the distance to be travelled over is enormous; merchandize will reach the northern districts of India three months earlier by this means than by the routes of Calcutta and Bombay, and at one-half the expense of transport. Articles of British manufacture for the markets of Western India take the difficult route overland from Bombay, which lies chiefly through forest and over deep sand; and the merchants are obliged to hire armed escorts to protect their caravans from pillage. Goods landed at Calcutta are sent in boats up the Ganges and Jumna, and are five and six months reaching Delhi, while the risk of shipwreck by storms, and the dangerous navigation, render insurance necessary to a large amount. All these difficulties can now be avoided by ascending the Indus from the sea. British manufactures are already superseding the native fabrics in the Upper Indus; and with a little care and common sense on the part of the government, equal success may be looked for in Central Asia. The plain and striped silks of the small Afghan district of Derejat on the west of the Indus, now subject to the Rajah of Lahore, are considered to surpass those of every other country, and three caravans leave annually for Cabool and Candahar, the first composed of no less than 29,000 camels. What a cheering picture this gives us of the wealth and resources of the country!

“ Buhawulpoor, on the left bank of the Hyphasis, in the territory of the chief of Daood Pootra, is another town admirably situated for trade, and celebrated for its silk fabrics. The caravans from Khorasan pass

through it on their way to Western India, and those of the Punjaub on their route to the principal towns of Sindh.

“Our knowledge of the countries east of the Ganges was extremely imperfect until within the last fourteen years, but our territorial acquisitions from the Burmese in 1824, have enabled us to penetrate into them, and to supply our defective information. The coast of Tenasserim, and the fertile valley of Assam, watered in its whole length by the Bruhmapootr, are the most valuable of our new acquisitions. Assam yields abundance of silk, lac, mustard-oil, rice, timber, and ivory, and experiments now in progress promise success for the introduction of the tea-plant. Famine is unknown, and the value of labour owing to the abundance of the necessaries of life is remarkably low—the hire of a cultivator never exceeding four rupees, or eight shillings English per month. Assam is intersected by a prodigious number of fine rivers, flowing into the Bruhmapootr, which is navigable the whole distance from Suddya, where it leaves the hills, to the sea. The resources of this country, which is so admirably situated for commercial enterprise, and offers such opportunities for the employment of private capital, are daily developed; when I quitted it in 1835 not a single British merchant had settled there, nor do I believe that half a dozen merchants ever visited the country. It is one of the many extensive regions open to British industry in the East, and it is to be hoped will not long continue neglected. Tenasserim, from its salubrious climate, its rich and varied productions, and its ports and harbours, admirably situated for trade, enjoys every requisite for a valuable colony. Its sea coast, as well as Ye and Tavoy, abounds in iron and tin, teak and other timber for shipbuilding, wood, oils, gum, resins, caoutchou, and valuable dyes, ivory, rhinoceros’ horns and bees’ wax; and the sugar-cane, indigo, rice, and coffee, thrive freely. * * *

“In the event of an attack on our possessions from the north of the Indus our attitude must be purely defensive, for we have no force there sufficient for active operations. The whole of our disposable troops are concentrated on our eastern frontier, to meet an anticipated inroad of the Burmese, whose sovereign, after having made proof of the power of Britain, is again prepared to defy that power, and menace from the East an invasion of India.

“The two points immediately threatened are at the extremities of the empire, 2,000 miles asunder, and nearly double the distance that intervenes between Herat and Delhi, and with every means of transport at the command of Government, it would take five months to convey troops from Sylhet to our northern frontier. Even if the misunderstanding with Ava were adjusted, it would still be necessary to leave a large force behind to protect Calcutta.

“Since the reduction made in the strength of corps, officers in command of divisions have put forward frequent and urgent remonstrances to Government on the inadequacy of the force under their orders to carry on the details of duty in garrison and cantonments, but their remonstrances have been made in vain. The Government has however been obliged to enrol other regiments to supply the place of those disbanded by Lord Bentinck, and among the expedients to make good the deficiency of troops, it has withdrawn the native regiments from Oude, and raised an auxiliary

force to garrison that kingdom; this force is officered by Europeans, taken from native regiments of the line, which has in a degree impaired the efficiency of the latter.

“ With reference to the extent of territory included in our Indian Empire, and the frontier to be defended, the army has at no period been on so low a footing; and never has India been in greater need of a large body of disposable troops, or less prepared to assume an offensive attitude.

“ Were the Muscovite hordes to cross the Attock, all our allies and tributaries would probably be in arms; it would be a signal for the Sikhs, the Rajpoots, the Mahrattas, the Rohillas, and the warriors of Oude, to fling away their scabbards. * * * *

“ The Indus is the natural boundary of India on the west, and Attock on the east bank of that river, in lat. $33^{\circ} 56'$ N. long. 72° E., was always considered the frontier town. Attock signifies, in the Hindoo language, “ The Bar,” or “ Limit,” and its ancient name, Varunashyu, which it still retains, has the same meaning; it was so called, and the boundary of India determined by the great legislator of the Hindoo who enacted that no Hindoo should pass ‘The Forbidden Stream’ without degradation. The same idea of the fitness of the Attock for the boundary of a great empire was attained and acted upon by the Afghan and Tartar conquerors, who considered their dominions insecure without this effectual line. And the great advantages the Indus holds out for the transport of troops and merchandise, in being navigable all the way below Attock to the sea, need not be enlarged on.

“ Alexander the Great threw a bridge across the Indus at Taxila, now Attock, and was followed in after ages by Timour and Nadir Shah, who advanced upon India by nearly the same route. The volume of the Indus is augmented at this place by the river Cabool and several tributaries from the Indian Caucasus, and the current flows with great velocity among rocks, which confine the channel, and rise above the margin. These circumstances induced Akbar, the wisest and the greatest prince that filled the throne of the Moguls, to erect a fortress here in A.D. 1581, and Nadir Shah built another fortress near the same spot preparatory to invading India in 1739. The situation of the present fortress is ill chosen, from being commanded by a neighbouring height; but Runjeet Singh early saw the necessity of securing Attock to protect his empire against irruptions from the north, and he accordingly seized it from the Afghans in 1818, and has retained it ever since. Thus we see that every conqueror of India has considered *that position* the key of his dominions, *which* England has not only entirely neglected, but suffered an intermediary power to wrest from her natural allies the Afghans.”

No invader, says our author, ever yet reached the Attock that did not conquer India. Of what consequence then must the command and the navigation of the Indus be to us commercially and politically! Of what vast importance the friendship of the tribes and nations that border this mighty stream! The second pamphlet puts this subject in a still more interesting light, by entering into other details and pursuing views which it did not fall within the scope of either Mrs. Postans or Captain Westmacott to pursue.

The author of the pamphlet which compares and considers the

respective routes to India *viâ* the Red Sea, and *viâ* the Cape of Good Hope, is a much more sanguine person than the Captain. We must also pronounce his work as being one characterized by singular eloquence, as well as conveying a series of most delightful anticipations.

We like the manner in which the present author grasps and at the same time allows the widest possible expansion to his subject, viz., that the grand object of Steam Navigation is the acceleration of civilization; that is, social, moral, and intellectual development, as he construes the term; commercial and political purposes and principles being the wings upon which this most beneficent operation is carried out. This unquestionably involves a question of philosophic import, as well as one of practical details, which, we are not aware, has ever before been so succinctly and ably handled.

With regard to the question, which of the two routes mentioned is to be preferred?—we agree fully with the author, and wonder, indeed, that doubt or hesitation can any longer attach to the matter. To us, and as he eloquently shows, for all the grand interests concerned, the route *viâ* the Red Sea is not only by far the most advantageous line, but in fact the only line that can be called a “Comprehensive Plan,” which is the title of that which he so warmly recommends. And in these views he only concurs with the whole body of evidence taken by a Select Committee of the House of Commons on the subject.

We shall not stop to explain the manner in which the writer disposes of the various objections to the Red Sea route, but, at once quote a passage which contains his outline of the Comprehensive Plan:—

“Now, this *Comprehensive Plan*, more than the representative of a single idea, is a hypothesis gigantic in itself, and million-formed in its objects,—is the supposition of a chain of connexion run—and ramifying as it runs—throughout the expanse of the Oriental World! Nothing so splendid in speculation was ever conceived. The country which adopts it is at once stamped as the most remarkable in the universe. For Great Britain, as a commercial nation, it is the most perfect realization of a scheme to protect, promote, and aggrandise her interests that the brain of a statesman could originate. Boundless in its issues, it is bold, grand, unrivalled in its intentions. It opens to the vision England in the vastness of her empire, the plentitude of her power, at the climax of wealth and greatness. Approximating the several portions of a widespreading scattered dominion, by a power utterly miraculous, it gives the idea of Great Britain in a new point of view—as a novel phenomenon—as a nation of which the world had only to-day learned its stupendous and amazing features and resources. We say, if the plan cost millions to see it worked out, it should be carried into operation; we say, if every merchant in the kingdom denied himself a year’s profits, the sacrifice in prosecution of this national undertaking in exchange for the immense good would be nothing. We are enthusiastic

in our advocacy, because we are astonished that a proposition so wonderful in its character has seized so little upon public apprehension ; because, a nation whose object is commerce, whose greatness is commerce, whose whole soul and existence is commerce, should continue but partially awakened to the enormous commercial results certain to accrue from it, if carried into effect,—if, not only the mercantile community, but all England, arriving at an appreciation of its high and singular merits, combine in reducing it from theory to fact, the name of its advocates and promoters will be imperishable—posterity will shed the éclat of its homage over the memory of those whom it would be impossible for it to regard in any other light than as benefactors to their country and to the world at large. By the *Comprehensive Plan*, not only would communication be established with one port in India, but with every port in succession throughout the East ; with Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta ; and taking that point in the Island of Ceylon, which, from its peculiarities of geographical site, is the natural *entrepôt* of the commerce of Asia, as its grand station of centralization would issue in all directions, whether to Bengal, Sumatra, Java, Malacca, Siam, Cochin China, China, or as far south as to Australia itself.”

It is, indeed, the opinion of some of the most competent witnesses on the subject, that the points which alone have been sometimes contemplated, viz., that of carrying steam communication to Socotra, and from thence only to Bombay, would be a losing concern ; whereas, that plan which embraces a communication with Madras, Calcutta, &c., will yield enormous pecuniary profits, while, our author maintains, it offers wonderful facilities for the conveyance of troops in pressing exigencies to India, with little waste of time, for establishing intercourse between remote and distinct nations, for tempting the natives of India to visit Europe, and for rapidly producing all the mighty good which is identified with not only the wealth and supremacy of this country, but with civilization of countless multitudes of foreigners. As in the case of the other pamphlet we shall now insert some passages, without any interrupting observations of our own.

“ Russia is hovering on our frontiers. The Nepaulese, if accounts speak true, burning to avenge English usurpation, are preparing to descend upon our unguarded territories, and make the present yield retribution for the severities they have received at our hands in the past. Birmah, never to be relied on, at peace with us to-day, may be occupied only in the concoction of some evil to shower upon us to-morrow.

“ A passage of forty-two days lands our troops on the Indian shore. Successive monthly detachments may be poured in as circumstances require it. It is preposterous to suppose the Cape route could accomplish so arduous a task, so perfect a miracle ; it is monstrous, and contrary to all reasoning, to conceive that, under such awful prospective contingencies, the British community of the Presidencies would not consider themselves abandoned, if a corrected system of approximating the regions be not adopted. ‘The Indus,’ says Capt. Burnes, ‘is navigable as high as Attock,

twelve hundred miles from the Sea, and to the feet of inaccessible mountains.'

"It is the very tracts of country by which the Indus is bordered—from whence it springs—that are so eminently necessary to Great Britain to place under instant protection. There, along the whole north-western frontier, where already the first scintillations of war are enkindling—there, in the bosom of Afghanistan, almost to the walls of the fortress of Herat—there, where we have to come into immediate contact with the intrigues and hostile movements of Russia—there it is, battalions on battalions of British soldiers might, as if by a species of magic, be poured in, if this noble enterprise knew fruition.

"More prominently still does its importance display itself in conjunction with the recollection of the immense capacity of inland navigation possessed by Russia—a capacity which, enabling her with incredible expedition to land an army on the Asiatic shore, places England at the most immense odds of disadvantage. In the same spirit of argument we may return to Egypt, and equally urge the necessity of meeting the Great Bear at this point also of the political compass.

"Under the existing circumstances of the world, it is vitally essential to us to be on terms of amity with all the Powers of the East; among the foremost, certainly, with the Pacha of Egypt. The times, too, are such as to behove us to no delays in diplomacy. What England determines upon doing, it is clear she must do promptly. As to Egypt, we cannot feel certain our movements may not be anticipated by France; and France, be it remembered, is already not without the results of an application of her energies to Steam Navigation. There could be no surer way of attaching Egypt to us than by her interests; and those interests we command, when commanding we promote her commerce. * *

"True, a desert presents its affrightening visage to the traveller to-day, but to-morrow, and the scene will be reversed—the spectacle will be fields, villages, cities pouring forth an abundant population, whose industry and whose happiness in simultaneous action will prove their own mutual tests. A voyage to India by the Cape supposes, as we have said, the voyage, and nothing else; but transition by the Egypt line, supposes the spread of civilization; the arts, the sciences—the promotion of all which constitutes the wealth and greatness of European life. It is the fact of the transit, effected through the desert, which will destroy it. There will be no desert, for the effect of the line of transit, into which it will be turned, will be to people it—to transform its solitudes into populous abodes of men; and its places, to which now only the heron and the bittern resort, into veritable marts for British commerce.

"It is not what the Desert is, under existing contingencies, but its aspect in the future, that is the interesting consideration to the speculator. The advantages with which the future may invest it are literally incalculable. It is for the surplus capital of England to confer upon it a new character. Its new character would attract towards it the hosts of Europe. Then would date its realization as the perfect link of communication between this and India. Then India would find its way into Europe; then Europe would be visited by the opulent Natives, the munificent Princes, not only of India, but of all Asia, who in exchange for their gold,

their jewels, their treasure of all sorts, would rush eager to possess themselves of our arts, our science, our freedom.

"For centuries the European segment of Africa has been each hour perceptibly sinking into oblivion. It is now deep immersed in the Lethean waves; but it is this influence which would restore it—which would bring back to Nubia, Sennaar, and Abyssinia, the features of grandeur they were wont to wear, at the era of annals, whose pictures of wildness and gorgeousness overpower the imagination, like some magician's spell of sorcery and incantation."

Towards the conclusion of this glorious picture, the author says,—

"A line for facilitating the intercourse between Great Britain and her Oriental Empire, signifies the creation of immense opulence, or signifies nothing. A pathway, direct from the European to the Asiatic shore—from Falmouth along the lateral boundary of the European Continent, through the Mediterranean, on to the fertile margin of the Nile, hence to the African and Arabian coasts, whose very names are redolent of the perfume of ancient splendour and affluence—thence to the Presidencies of India—a pathway such as this between the European and Indian frontiers, is inevitable to become a medium of the most marvellous transit that was ever conceived. Asiatics complain they cannot make the passage to England, the unbroken length of sea-voyage being repugnant to their habits, and incompatible with the rites of their religion. Multitudes, however, of Mahomedans make the voyage from India to Mecca, at the present moment. Now, it is obvious Mecca gained, and a route to the capitals of Europe presenting, the progress of those visitants to the shrine of the Prophet would know of no impediment till consummated by their arrival at the British metropolis. The intrepidity of these is, in itself, the stimulus to that of others. The example is followed; hosts succeed to hosts, till the electric impulse communicated everywhere; Asiatics become as numerous amongst us as Englishmen themselves among the classes of the Continent. Hence, too, a catholicon for the ills of India!—if we owe India anything—and who is the dissentient to the opinion?—we owe her knowledge, enlightenment, and a sense of the principles of political freedom. Are we desirous of her enlightenment? One practical survey of the workings of our institutions, how worth to her centuries of theoretical disquisition!"

We have purposely passed over the author's details that we might have room for the cheering and delightful prospect set before us in the paragraphs quoted, and that something of a less alarming nature than many of Captain Westmacott's statements might be given to our readers. It is known, of course, to many of our readers that the carrying out of the plan by way of the Red Sea need not incur any vast amount of money, nor lapse of time. To a nation at the summit of power, like that of Great Britain, the undertaking and speculation seem really to be of moderate dimensions in so far as outlay and energy are concerned. This energy, however, the

author forcibly states, will never be developed to its perfection till individual enterprize, and not the Executive, be entrusted with the details of the operation.

Taking the whole of the information and reasoning contained in the work before us together, we see no grounds for despair, however much there may be for vigilance and activity, in regard to our empire, whether at home or abroad.

ART. II.

1. *The Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy.* By TH. KEIGHTLEY. 2nd Edition. London: Whittaker. 1838.
2. *The Mabinogion, from the Llyfr Coch o Hergest and other Ancient Welsh Manuscripts; with an English Translation and Notes.* By LADY CHARLOTTE GUEST. Part I. *The Lady of the Fountain. Llandovery.* Rees. 1838.

COULD there now be given a clear, full, and accurate account of the origin and development of any national system of mythology, or of the sources, early texture, and adornment of any series of legends, an exceedingly interesting and instructive addition would be thereby made to the stock of human knowledge, and the illustration of the progress of particular communities. It may be very plain and very true that in the human mind there naturally dwelleth a love for the mysterious and the marvellous; which, in the absence of all supernatural information and divine inspiration, will frame to itself a creed, both as to gods and the fates of individuals, which, however absurd in the apprehension of nations differently situated, may all be resolved according to general principles in regard to credulity, imaginary fears, and ever active fancies. But the difficulty is how to get to the beginning of anything—to the influences which climate, natural appearances, terrible exigencies and unanticipated accidents, may have in producing any particular impression which may after many slight or traceless accessions establish a fixed and generating doctrine. All that can be done in such a case is to lay hold of the few glimmering lights transmitted by antiquity, either in the form of traditions on the wings of language as an embodiment of mind and of history, or as discovered in systems of government, social habits, and national religions; for the romantic and the real are blended so subtilly and so uniformly, as to defy any clear analysis reaching the periods when the union commenced and passed through its noviciate.

At the same time, a scholar of Mr. Keightley's industry and judgment can educe a great deal more from the storehouses of language, and the prominences of ancient histories or creeds, as well as from the manifest bearing of such recorded things upon later periods, even as regards the mythological doctrines and systems of

antiquity, than at first sight would appear to be cognizable by any inquirer. Greece and Rome, of course, present the widest and most cultivated fields of mythological phantasies, just as the middle or dark ages, partly misled and partially enlightened by the ancients, give us the richest samples of extravagant romance; each period rivalling the other in respect of obscurity—either distance or darkness prevailing.

Mr. K. in this second, re-written, enlarged, and improved edition of a work upon which he has bestowed unusual labour and study, so as to entitle him in regard to these circumstances to what is equal to a German reputation, gives us a connected and engaging narrative, such as patient research and well-sifted speculation allow him to apply to ancient times, and the educement of truths regarding the human mind. It is here, where, of course, we meet with the evidences and tendencies of man in his rude or partially civilised state, when in his natural anxiety to be possessed of an intelligible reason for every ordinary but misunderstood cause, he flounders in the dark, misinterprets events, calling effects agents, endowing material laws as if they were self-conscious, personifying everything either in feeling or by means of figurative painting, so that the figure comes in an after age to be accepted and polished as a substantive reality.

Having obtained a glance of the natural operations of the human mind in these kinds of fabrications and substitutions, the author having besides proposed and explained rules for the interpretation of mythological doctrines and characters, we are guided to the Grecian fables of the kind, and presented with the gods of the Homeric and Hesiodic ages. Here the respective ranks and spheres of the Grecian divinities are described; the antiquity, power, and authority of each helping us to a due apprehension of their reputed eminence. Again, certain of these gods and goddesses were domestic, others were of foreign origin.

The Romans were extravagant borrowers from the Greeks; but how far the mythology of ancient Italy was incorporated with the imported beliefs, or how deeply infected the mind and daily conduct of the people of either country or of any particular era were affected by their religious doctrines, does not appear to admit of satisfactory explanation, or to obtain more precise illustration than may be gathered from the generalities of the classical writers.

Mr. K. plainly appears, even although we had not got his own word for it, to have "gone through the whole of the Greek and Latin classics," with a view to the completing and perfecting the present edition; nay, he appears to have made himself acquainted with every accessible mythe contained in the legends of all countries that can boast of a literature; not only with all between and including Homer and Nonnus, but with whatever has been stolen by and from them, John Milton being one of the largest and most

accomplished *setters* that can be named,—his practice even at a very early age having been to resort to stores that few scholars have searched into. See how Mr. K. has traced an allusion in *Comus* to a fiction of the poets preserved only in Athenaus, but which no other commentator on the immortal author of *Paradise Lost* has detected; viz.,—

“ The gilded car of day
His glowing axle doth allay
In the steep Atlantic stream ;
And the slope sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky pole,
Pacing toward the other goal
Of his chamber in the east.—*Comus*, 95—101.”

The fiction here borrowed or worked upon is this, that—

“ On reaching the western stream of Ocean, Helios himself, his chariot and his horses, were received into a magic cup or boat, made by Hephaestus, which, aided by the current, conveyed him during the night round the northern part of the earth, where his light was only enjoyed by the happy Hyperboreans, the lofty Rhipeans concealing it from the rest of mankind.”

Having given this merely as one specimen of the universality of Milton's reading, and of the manner in which his exhaustless imagination, yet severely chastened fancy, rejoiced and luxuriated in the accumulated stores of ancient illusions as well as in the sublimities of the inspired record, and also of the industry with which our author has ransacked every choice treasure,—we shall quote an example of a connected and continuous kind of the latter's taste, skill, and condensation; where the result of much reading is most clearly set forth. The subject is that of ancient Greek cosmography, towards which ignorance, superstition, and imagination brought their most inviting creations and pictures.

“ According to the ideas of the Homeric and Hesiodic ages, it would seem that the *World* was a hollow globe, divided into two equal portions by the flat disk of the Earth. The external shell of this globe is called by the poets *brazen* and *iron*, probably only to express its solidity. The superior hemisphere was named Heaven, the inferior one Tartaros. The length of the diameter of the hollow sphere is given thus by Hesiod. It would take, he says, nine days for an anvil to fall from Heaven to Earth; an equal space of time would be occupied by its fall from Earth to the bottom of Tartaros. The luminaries which gave light to gods and men shed their radiance through all the interior of the upper hemisphere, while that of the inferior one was filled with eternal gloom and darkness, and its still air unmoved by any wind.

“ The *Earth* occupied the centre of the *World*, in the form of a round flat disk, or rather cylinder, around which the *river* Ocean flowed. Hel-

was probably regarded as the centre of the Earth; but the poets are silent on this point. They are equally so as to the exact central point, but probably viewed as such Olympus, the abode of the gods. In after times, Delphi became the *navel of the Earth*. The Sea divided the terrestrial disk into two portions, which we may suppose were regarded as equal. These divisions do not seem to have had any peculiar names in the time of Homer. The Northern one was afterwards named Europe; the Southern, at first called Asia alone, was in process of time divided into Asia and Libya. The former comprised all the country between the Phasis and the Nile, the latter all between this river and the Western Ocean.

“In the Sea the Greeks appear to have known to the west of their own country Southern Italy and Sicily, though their ideas respecting them were probably vague and uncertain; and the imagination of the poets, or the tales of voyagers, had placed in the more remote parts of it several islands, such as Ogygia the isle of Calypso, *Ææa* that of Circe, *Æolia* that of *Æolos*, *Scheria* the abode of the Phæacians,—islands, in all probability, as ideal and as fabulous as the isles of Panchaia, Lilliput or Brobdignag, though both ancients and moderns have endeavoured to assign their exact positions. Along its Southern coast lay, it would appear, the countries of the Lotus-eaters, the Cyclopes, the Giants, and the Læstrigonians. These isles and coasts of the Western part of the Sea were the scenes of most of the wonders of early Grecian fable. There, and on the isles of the Ocean, the passage to which was supposed to be close to the island of Cyres, dwelt the Sirens, the Hesperides, the Grææ, the Gorgons, and the other beings of fable.

“The only inhabitants of the Northern portion of the Earth mentioned by Homer, are the Hellenes and some of the tribes of Thrace. But Hesiod sang of a happy race, named the Hyperboreans, dwelling in everlasting bliss and spring beyond the lofty mountains, whose caverns were supposed to send forth the piercing blasts of the north wind, which chilled the people of Hellas. According to Pindar, the country of the Hyperboreans, from which the river Ister flowed, was inaccessible either by sea or land. Apollo was their tutelar deity, to whom they offered asses in sacrifice, while choirs of maidens danced to the sound of lyres and pipes, and the worshippers feasted, having their heads wreathed with garlands of the god's favourite plant, the bay. They lived exempt from disease or old age, from toils and warfare, and, conscious of no evil thoughts or acts, they had not to fear the awful goddess Nemesis.”

Mr. Keightley has made himself master of the German discoveries and speculations in the particular department which he has in the present work elucidated, but without acting as a copyist or otherwise making use of such a source than to draw from it that information which he knows how to fuse along with what has been derived from the classics and his own reflections or independent studies. We have remarked, besides, that while he abridges or connects the scattered fragments of a legend, telling the tale as if with an earnest and loving appreciation of its character, he is a merciless scoffer in regard to the credibility of the stories told, substituting,

we suspect, too often, the sweeping theory of a decided generalizer for sympathy with anything like fable. He also manifests some pedantry in the matter of spelling proper names or other terms directly borrowed by us from the Greek ; while he also countenances in regard to the same sort of inferior considerations, some extravagant crotchets. The work however is one of sterling worth, and eminently philosophical in its character ; while, as regards its diction, and its uses as a classical dictionary, it will be found to be a delightful model and guide to young as well as to advanced students.

Whatever obscurity may surround the origin and development, or confusion and bewildering accessions to ancient mythic legends, the origin and progress of romantic fiction in modern Europe involve points which are not more clearly defined ; and what is equally to be regretted, the difficulties attending the inquiry seem to be constantly on the increase. Assuredly that is a legitimate and useful as well as highly entertaining subject which is identified among other things with the tales that engaged and delighted our ancestors after the introduction of Christianity,—while, as to the light which the compositions of bards and chroniclers throw upon the contemporary history of the people, their institutions, and relative social condition, there can be but one opinion. Again, to those who look upon the later master-pieces of European—of British romance, with pride, and as being powerful literary engines, what can be more interesting than to trace the germs of such monuments of genius ? According to a statement relative to the “ Ancient Welsh Manuscripts,” it appears, however, that within recent times, whole collections of them have been destroyed by fire, and of those copies distributed throughout the country, numbers which existed a few years ago are nowhere to be found. Now, with the view to prevent such damage and disaster from continuing and extending, a Society, consisting of an imposing array of names, of magnates in the land and in literature, was formed some twelve years ago. But the result of so much promise and parade has been literally nothing, owing either to the want of a knowledge of the Welsh language, the want of money, or the want of manuscripts. At length to rescue the province from the disgrace which apathy or deficiency of one sort and another entailed, and also to circulate the “ *Llyfr Coch o Hergest*,” or “ Red Book of Hergest,” which contains a collection of Welsh legendary tales, Lady Charlotte Guest of Dowlais volunteered her talent and her purse, and in a short time has published Part I. of the “ *Mabinogion* ;” the tale being called *The Lady of the Fountain*, laid in the days of King Arthur, or the period to which his fabled history retires.

The Pieces in this collection, Lady Charlotte says, are of two kinds, the one “ having the character of chivalric romance, the other bearing the impress of far higher antiquity, both as regards the manners they depict and the style of language in which they are composed. So greatly,” she continues, “ do these *Mabinogion* differ

in character, that they may be considered as forming two distinct classes ; one of which generally celebrates heroes of the Arthuzian cyclus, while the other refers to personages and events of an earlier period."

"The Red Book" containing these early Welsh legends made use of by Lady Charlotte, has been preserved in one of the Cambridge libraries, her illustrative matter having been found elsewhere, or in expectation ; not only the British Museum, but the King's Library at Paris, and the Royal Library of Copenhagen, having been laid under contribution. Much discussion and anxiety have been wasted upon the age and the origin of these and other manuscripts, of a kindred style and spirit, both in France and Germany, as well as in Britain. There is a general resemblance and uniformity of subject running through several relics of the sort, though found in different and distinct languages, which indicates not only that the practice of translating and transcribing popular pieces was known in the middle ages, but that there was in our island and on the continent of Europe a common source which various nations appreciated and realized, showing a similiarity of tastes, and consequently of manners and creeds. No doubt a remote Celtic origin may be fixed upon for much that is common in the respect referred to, and before this race so strongly marked in regard to habits and language was scattered and forced by more barbaric nations as well as conquering Rome, to betake themselves to inaccessible provinces and regions there to cherish and preserve their legends. One thing is certain in the tale before us, there is much of that patriarchal simplicity that indicates a very remote antiquity, joined to a semi-barbaric display and hospitality, that is highly illustrative as well as picturesque ; the writer of it at the same time by means of truthfulness of painting, an acquaintance with universal laws, and correctly individualized character, conferring not a few nor feeble dramatic touches upon the composition. The straightforward and confident tenour of the narrative, and the sense and shrewdness of the dialogue, evince a steady and competent hand to embody the lineaments of the age in which the legend was written or is thrown. The very commencement of the story presents in the course of a few sentences more than one picture or striking suggestive point :—

"King Arthur," says the Legend, "was at Caerlleon upon Usk ; and one day he sat in his chamber, and with him were Owain the son of Urien, and Kynon the son of Clydno, and Kai the son of Kyner, and Gwenhwywar and her handmaidens at needlework by the window. And if it should be said that there was a porter at Arthur's palace, there was none. Glewlwyd Gavaelvawr was there, acting as porter, to welcome guests and strangers, and to receive them with honour, and to inform them of the manners and customs of the court, and to direct those who

came to the Hall, or to the Presence Chamber, and those who came to take up their lodging. In the centre of the chamber, King Arthur sat upon a seat of green rushes, over which was spread a covering of flame-coloured satin, and a cushion of red satin was under his elbow. Then Arthur spoke: 'If I thought you would not disparage me,' said he, 'I would sleep while I wait for my repast; and you can entertain one another with relating tales, and can obtain a flagon of mead and some meat from Kai.'

Accordingly the exhilarating liquor and collops on iron-skewers lend volubility to the tongue, Kynon being induced frankly to describe his adventures on one occasion when he visited an enchanted or magic fountain and encountered a knight in black armour who discomfited him, and took from him his horse, so that but for certain ladies who lent him a palfrey he never should have been able to return to King Arthur. Owain on hearing the story, and he was the champion of the court, is fired by the account of splendour, beauty, and adventure that a journey to, and certain formalities at the Fountain are sure to command. No time is to be wasted; off he starts the very next morning, and experiences a repetition of the dangers and contests which Kynon has described, but with far different results; for he mortally wounds the black knight and pursues him to his castle. But the portcullis falls upon Owain's horse, cutting the steed in two, leaving its rider in the greatest jeopardy. Then a maiden seeing the sad plight he was in, gives him a ring which renders him invisible, and by means of which he is enabled to follow her. She now conducts him to a beautiful chamber. In what we are about to quote, there will be found more than one portraiture of female character that is true to the life, whether it be in Wales or in the "Great Metropolis,"—whether of to-day or a thousand years ago. Having been brought to the beautiful chamber—

"The maiden kindled a fire, and took water in a silver bowl, and put a towel of white linen on her shoulder, and gave Owain water to wash. Then she placed before him a silver table, inlaid with gold; upon which was a cloth of yellow linen; and she brought him food. And of a truth, Owain never saw any kind of meat that was not there in abundance, but it was better cooked there than he ever found it in any other place. Nor did he ever see so excellent a display of meat and drink as there. And there was not one vessel from which he was served that was not of gold or of silver. And Owain ate and drank until late in the afternoon, when lo, they heard a mighty clamour in the castle; and Owain asked the maiden what that outcry was. 'They are administering extreme unction,' said she, 'to the nobleman who owns the castle.' And Owain went to sleep. The couch which the maiden had prepared for him was meet for Arthur himself; it was of scarlet, and fur, and satin, and sendall, and fine linen. In the middle of the night they heard woful outcry: 'what outcry again is this?' said Owain. 'The nobleman who owned the

castle is now dead,' said the maiden. And a little after daybreak they heard an exceeding loud clamour and wailing. And Owain asked the maiden what was the cause of it. 'They are bearing to the church the body of the nobleman who owned the castle.'

"And Owain rose up, and clothed himself, and opened a window of the chamber, and looked towards the castle; and he could see neither the bounds nor the extent of the hosts that filled the streets. And they were fully armed; and a vast number of women were with them, both on horseback and on foot, and all the ecclesiastics in the city, singing. And it seemed to Owain that the sky resounded with the vehemence of their cries and with the noise of the trumpets and with the singing of the ecclesiastics. In the midst of the throng he beheld the bier, over which was a veil of white linen; and wax tapers were burning beside and around it, and none that supported the bier was lower in rank than a powerful baron.

"Never did Owain see an assemblage so gorgeous with satin and silk and sendall. And following the train, he beheld a lady with yellow hair falling over her shoulders, and stained with blood; and about her a dress of yellow satin, which was torn. Upon her feet were shoes of variegated leather. And it was a marvel that the ends of her fingers were not bruised from the violence with which she smote her hands together. Truly she would have been the fairest lady Owain ever saw, had she been in her usual guise. And her cry was louder than the shout of the men or the clamour of the trumpets. No sooner had he beheld the lady than he became inflamed with her love, so that it took entire possession of him.

"Then he inquired of the maiden who the lady was. 'Heaven knows,' replied the maiden, 'she may be said to be the fairest and the most chaste and the most liberal and the wisest and the most noble of women. And she is my mistress; and she is called the Countess of the Fountain, the wife of him whom thou didst slay yesterday.' 'Verily,' said Owain, 'she is the woman that I love best.' 'Verily,' said the maiden, 'she shall also love thee not a little.'

"And with that the maid arose, and kindled a fire, and filled a pot with water, and placed it to warm; and she brought a towel of white linen, and placed it around Owain's neck; and she took a goblet of ivory and a silver basin, and filled them with warm water, wherewith she washed Owain's head. Then she opened a wooden casket, and drew forth a razor, whose haft was of ivory, and upon which were two rivets of gold. And she shaved his beard, and she dried his head and his throat with the towel. Then she rose up from before Owain, and brought him to eat. And truly Owain had never so good a meal, nor was he ever so well served.

"When he had finished his repast, the maiden arranged his couch. 'Come here,' said she, 'and sleep; and I will go and woo for thee.' And Owain went to sleep, and the maiden shut the door of the chamber after her, and went towards the castle. When she came there, she found nothing but mourning and sorrow; and the Countess in her chamber could not bear the sight of any one through grief. Luned came and saluted her, but the Countess answered her not. And the maiden bent down towards her, and said, 'What aileth thee, that thou answerest no one to-day?' 'Luned,' said the Countess, 'what change hath befallen thee, that thou hast not come to visit me in my grief? It was wrong in

thee, and I having made thee rich, it was wrong in thee that thou didst not come to see me in my distress. That was wrong in thee.' 'Truly, said Luned, 'I thought thy good sense was greater than I find it to be. Is it well for thee to mourn after that good man, or for any thing else that thou canst not have?' 'I declare to heaven,' said the Countess, 'that in the whole world there is not a man equal to him.' 'Not so,' said Luned, 'for an ugly man would be as good as or better than he.' 'I declare to heaven,' said the Countess, 'that were it not repugnant to me to cause to be put to death one whom I have brought up, I would have thee executed for making such a comparison to me. As it is, I will banish thee. 'I am glad,' said Luned, 'that thou hast no other cause to do so than that I would have been of service to thee where thou didst not know what was to thine advantage. And henceforth, evil betide whichever of us shall make the first advance towards reconciliation to the other; whether I should seek an invitation from thee, or thou of thine own accord shouldst send to invite me.'

"With that Luned went forth; and the Countess arose and followed her to the door of the chamber, and began coughing loudly. And when Luned looked back, the Countess beckoned to her; and she returned to the Countess. 'In truth,' said the Countess, 'evil is thy disposition; but if thou knowest what is to my advantage, declare it to me.' 'I will do so,' quoth she. 'Thou knowest that except by warfare and arms it is impossible for thee to preserve thy possessions; delay not, therefore, to seek some one who can defend them.' 'And how can I do that?' said the Countess. 'I will tell thee,' said Luned, 'unless thou canst defend the fountain, thou canst not maintain thy dominions; and no one can defend the fountain unless it be a knight of Arthur's household; and I will go to Arthur's court, and ill betide me if I return thence without a warrior who can guard the fountain as well as, or even better, than he who defended it formerly.' 'That will be hard to perform,' said the Countess. 'Go, however, and make proof of that which thou hast promised.'

"Luned set out, under the pretence of going to Arthur's court; but she went back to the chamber where she had left Owain; and she tarried there with him as long as it might have taken her to have travelled to the Court of King Arthur. And at the end of that time, she apparelled herself, and went to visit the Countess. And the Countess was much rejoiced when she saw her, and inquired what news she brought from the Court. 'I bring thee, the best of news,' said Luned, 'for I have compassed the object of my mission. When wilt thou that I should present to thee the chieftain who has come with me hither.' 'Bring him here to visit me to-morrow at mid-day,' said the Countess, 'and I will cause the town to be assembled by that time.'

"And Luned returned home. And the next day, at noon, Owain arrayed himself in a coat and a surcoat and a mantle of yellow satin, upon which was a broad band of gold lace; and on his feet were high shoes of variegated leather, which were fastened by golden clasps, in the form of lions. And they proceeded to the chamber of the Countess.

"Right glad was the Countess of their coming. And she gazed steadfastly upon Owain, and said, 'Luned, this knight has not the look of a traveller.' 'What harm is there in that lady?' said Luned. 'I am certain,' said the Countess, 'that no other man than this chased the soul

from the body of my lord.' 'So much the better for thee, lady,' said Luned, 'for had he not been stronger than thy lord, he could not have deprived him of his life. There is no remedy for that which is past, be it as it may.' 'Go back to thine abode,' said the Countess, 'and I will take counsel.'

"The next day, the Countess caused all her subjects to assemble, and showed them that her earldom was left defenceless, and that it could not be protected but with horse and arms, and military skill. 'Therefore,' said she, 'this is what I offer for your choice; either let one of you take me, or give your consent for me to take a husband from elsewhere, to defend my dominions.'

"So they came to the determination that it was better that she should have permission to marry some one from elsewhere; and thereupon she sent for the bishops and archbishops, to celebrate her nuptials with Owain. And the men of the earldom did Owain homage."

We need not point out how striking some of the resemblances in the above portion of the tale are to passages in the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*; or how often a ring has been employed in the machinery of romances. As to Lady Charlotte Guest's part in the work too high praise cannot be bestowed. The notes are numerous, illustrative, and curious; the translation quaint and happy. The typography, the fac-similes, and the vignettes, together with every mechanical and artistic feature of the production, reflect the utmost credit upon the parties to whom these details have been entrusted; and yet the whole, we believe, is due to the province to which the work properly belongs. Lady Charlotte's taste, liberality, and talent present a rare combination.

To satisfy those of our readers who may wish to learn how Owain defended the Fountain, and what was the character of his general policy in regard to those who dared to tamper with that enchanted spot, we cite a short passage:—

"And Owain defended the Fountain with lance and sword. And this is the manner in which he defended it. Whosoever a knight came there, he overthrew him, and sold him for his full worth. And what he thus gained, he divided among his Barons and his Knights; and no man in the whole world could be more beloved than he was by his subjects. And it was thus for the space of three years."

ART. III.—*Oliver Twist; or, the Parish Boy's Progress*. By Boz.
3 vols. London: Bentley. 1838.

ALTHOUGH the greater portion of this tale has appeared in the periodical numbers of *Bentley's Miscellany*, and may therefore be considered to lie out of our way, yet there are special reasons why we should devote a few pages to the work, now that it is in its finished state. In the first place, about half of the third volume is entirely new to the public; in the second place, we have reason to

presume that the majority of our country readers are unacquainted with the production, extremely popular though it be among certain classes and in the metropolis ; and thirdly, at the risk of being called heretics, insensible, or undiscerning, we feel bound to speak in a strain of the work much more moderate in regard to its merits than has lately and hitherto been the language of the majority of our contemporary journalists. After the slightest possible glance at the outline of the story, we shall quote two or three passages of considerable length from the latter portion of it, these passages being amongst the most admired and eulogized parts, if we are to judge from the frequency with which they have been cited in the newspapers and periodicals that have recently been loudest in their praises ; and then offer such observations upon the production as a whole, as well as upon the features of our extracts, as appear to us just and necessary.

The story of *Oliver Twist* consists rather of a succession of sketches of character, scenes, and events as these are supposed with much seeming of truth to exist among London paupers, pauper officers, the relatives and friends of paupers, receivers of stolen goods, thieves, &c., than of a cunningly conceived plot, or a progressively arresting tale, when each chapter enchains the attention not only with a sustained but increasing power. We are in the "Parish Boy's Progress" introduced to a foundling, who runs away from his master, gets amongst thieves, innocently enough, and innocent continuing. Magistrates, benevolent persons, thieves and their accomplices or associates, are hence brought under the reader's eye,—a ruffian housebreaker, Sikes, Nancy his girl, who is not thoroughly depraved, and a reprobate unmatched villain Jew, Fagin by name, being leading characters on the one side of Twist ; while a family of Maylies, &c., range and act on brighter principles. In the course of the work there are many comic pieces and hits ; but towards its close, where the worthless and bad have to meet with the novelists' retribution, and the good have to be rewarded, grave and serious passages predominate. It is to the latter that we are about to direct special notice.

To apprehend the position of parties and the progress of the story in the following scene, let the reader be conducted to one of the lowest dens in one of the lowest streets of the eastern quarter of London, viz., Rosemary Lane, the very Paradise of Old Clothing Jews, and suppose the house-breaker Sikes to have a little before the break of day brought to Fagin his night's harvest. The Jew has been waiting for the ruffian's return with unutterable anxiety ; for he has discovered that Nancy holds intercourse with "the benevolent old gentleman," Oliver's friend and patron, and thence concludes that she has betrayed the gang. The discovery has to be communicated ; a task of no ordinary danger to himself and to others, seeing though the housebreaker be of the most brutalized

habits and prone to savage passion, one virtue, or human feeling rather, lives and lingers amid a thousand crimes,—an occasional tenderness and fidelity to Nancy:—

“ ‘I’ve got that to tell you, Bill,’ said the Jew, drawing his chair nearer, ‘will make you worse than me.’

“ ‘Ay?’ returned the robber, with an incredulous air. ‘Tell away. Look sharp, or Nance will think I’m lost.’

“ ‘Lost!’ cried Fagin. ‘She has pretty well settled that in her own mind already.’

“ Sikes looked with an aspect of great perplexity into the Jew’s face, and reading no satisfactory explanation of the riddle there, clenched his coat collar in his huge hand, and shook him soundly.

“ ‘Speak, will you!’ he said; ‘or if you don’t it shall be for want of breath.’”

Nancy’s supposed betrayal is communicated:—

“ ‘Hell’s fire!’ cried Sikes, breaking fiercely from the Jew. ‘Let me go.’

“ Flinging the old man from him, he rushed from the room, and darted wildly and furiously up the stairs.

“ ‘Bill, Bill!’ cried the Jew, following him hastily, ‘a word; only a word.’

“ The word would not have been exchanged, but that the housebreaker was unable to open the door, on which he was expending fruitless oaths and violence when the Jew came panting up.

“ ‘Let me out,’ said Sikes; ‘don’t speak to me—it’s not safe. Let me out, I say.’

“ ‘Hear me speak a word,’ rejoined the Jew, laying his hand upon the lock, ‘you won’t be—’

“ ‘Well,’ replied the other.

“ ‘You won’t be—too—violent, Bill?’ whined the Jew.

“ The day was breaking, and there was light enough for the men to see each other’s faces. They exchanged one brief glance; there was a fire in the eyes of both which could not be mistaken.”

The ruffian holds on his headlong course, not muttering a word, nor relaxing a muscle till he reaches his own door:—

“ He opened it softly with a key, strode lightly up the stairs, and entering his own room, double-locked the door, and lifting a heavy table against it, drew back the curtain of the bed.

“ The girl was lying half-dressed upon it. He had roused her from her sleep, for she raised herself with a hurried and startled look.

“ ‘Get up,’ said the man.

“ ‘It is you, Bill!’ said the girl, with an expression of pleasure at his return.

“ ‘It is,’ was the reply. ‘Get up.’

“ There was a candle burning, but the man hastily drew it from the

candlestick and hurled it under the grate. Seeing the faint light of early day without, the girl rose to undraw the curtain.

" 'Let it be,' said Sikes, thrusting his hand before her. 'There's light enough for wot I've got to do.'

" 'Bill,' said the girl, in a low voice of alarm, 'why do you look like that at me?'

"The robber sat regarding her for a few seconds with dilated nostrils and heaving breast, and then grasping her by the head and throat dragged her into the middle of the room, and looking once towards the door, placed his heavy hand upon her mouth.

" 'Bill, Bill—' gasped the girl, wrestling with the strength of mortal fear—'I—I won't scream or cry—not once—hear me—speak to me—tell me what I have done.'

" 'You know, you she devil!' returned the robber, suppressing his breath. 'You were watched to-night; every word you said was heard.'

" 'Then spare my life for the love of Heaven, as I spared yours,' rejoined the girl, clinging to him. 'Bill, dear Bill, you cannot have the heart to kill me. Oh! think of all I have given up only this one night for you. You *shall* have time to think, and save yourself this crime; I will not loose my hold, you cannot throw me off. Bill, Bill, for dear God's sake, for your own, for mine, stop before you spill my blood. I have been true to you, upon my guilty soul I have.'

"The man struggled violently to release his arms, but those of the girl were clasped round his, and tear her as he would he could not tear them away.

" 'Bill,' cried the girl, striving to lay her head upon his breast, 'the gentleman and that dear lady told me to-night of a home in some foreign country where I could end my days in solitude and peace. Let me see them again, and beg them on my knees to show the same mercy and goodness to you, and let us both leave this dreadful place, and far apart lead better lives, and forget how we have lived except in prayers, and never see each other more. It is never too late to repent. They told me so—I feel it now—but we must have time—a little, little time!'

"The housebreaker freed one arm, and grasped his pistol. The certainty of immediate detection if he fired flashed across his mind even in the midst of his fury, and he beat it twice with all the force he could summon, upon the upturned face that almost touched his own.

"She staggered and fell, nearly blinded with the blood that rained down from a deep gash in her forehead, but raising herself with difficulty on her knees, drew from her bosom a white handkerchief—Rose Maylie's own—and holding it up in her folded hands as high towards Heaven as her feeble strength would let her, breathed one prayer for mercy to her Maker.

"It was a ghastly figure to look upon. The murderer staggering backward to the wall, and shutting out the sight with his hand, seized a heavy club and struck her down."

The after-scenes in which the murderer feels, thinks, and acts, are not less dreadful:—

"Of all bad deeds that under cover of the darkness had been committed

within wide London's bounds since night hung over it, that was the worst. Of all the horrors that rose with an ill scent upon the morning air, that was the foulest and most cruel.

"The sun—the bright sun, that brings back not light alone, but new life and hope and freshness to man—burst upon the crowded city in clear and radiant glory. Through costly-coloured glass and paper-mended window, through cathedral dome and rotten crevice, it shed its equal ray. It lighted up the room where the murdered woman lay. It did. He tried to shut it out, but it would stream in. If the sight had been a ghastly one in the dull morning, what was it now in all that brilliant light!

"He had not moved: he had been afraid to stir. There had been a moan and motion of the hand; and with terror added to hate he had struck and struck again. Once he threw a rug over it; but it was worse to fancy the eyes, and imagine them moving towards him, than to see them glaring upwards as if watching the reflection of the pool of gore that quivered and danced in the sunlight on the ceiling. He had plucked it off again. And there was the body—mere flesh and blood, no more—but *such* flesh, and *such* blood!

"He struck a light, kindled a fire, and thrust the club into it. There was human hair upon the end, which blazed and shrunk into a light cinder, and, caught by the air, whirled up the chimney. Even that frightened him, sturdy as he was, but he held the weapon till it broke, and then piled it on the coals to burn away, and smoulder into ashes. He washed himself and rubbed his clothes; there were spots that would not be removed, but he cut the pieces out, and burnt them. How those stains were dispersed about the room! The very feet of the dog were bloody.

"All this time he had never once turned his back upon the corpse, no, not for a moment. Such preparations completed, he moved backwards towards the door, dragging the dog with him, lest he should carry out new evidences of the crime into the streets. He shut the door softly, locked it, took the key, and left the house.

"He crossed over, and glanced up at the window, to be sure that nothing was visible from the outside. There was the curtain still drawn, which she would have opened to admit the light she never saw again. It lay nearly under there. He knew that. God, how the sun poured down upon the very spot!

"The glance was instantaneous. It was a relief to have got free of the room. He whistled on the dog, and walked rapidly away.

"He went through Islington; strode up the hill at Highgate on which stands the stone in honour of Whittington; turned down to Highgate Hill, unsteady of purpose, and uncertain where to go; struck off to the right again almost as soon as he began to descend it, and taking the foot-path across the fields, skirted Caen Wood, and so came out on Hampstead Heath. Traversing the hollow by the Vale of Health, he mounted the opposite bank, and crossing the road which joins the villages of Hampstead and Highgate, made along the remaining portion of the heath to the fields at North End, in one of which he laid himself down under a hedge and slept."

The murderer wanders at random, but can never get away from
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the vicinity of London ; he is constantly retracing his steps ; constantly, whenever he enters a public house, or encounters persons on the road, hearing of the dreadful deed he himself has so lately perpetrated. He is haunted by the most frightful visions,—the voice and speech of men are welcome to him, even although the talk is to be about his own terrible crime. He on one occasion finds relief in exerting himself beyond all others in extinguishing a fire ; with many other incidents and touches of description or sentiment that work up to a very high pitch the force of the picture. A few sentences, in a fragmentary way, will convey an idea of the peculiar sort of intensity to which the author can carry out his delineations :—

“ He went on doggedly ; but as he left the town behind him and plunged further and further into the solitude and darkness of the road, he felt a dread and awe creeping upon him which shook him to the core. Every object before him, substance or shadow, still or moving, took the semblance of some fearful thing ; but these fears were nothing compared to the sense that haunted him of that morning’s ghastly figure following at his heels. He could trace its shadow in the gloom, supply the smallest item of the outline, and note how stiff and solemn it seemed to stalk along. He could hear its garments rustling in the leaves, and every breath of wind came laden with the last low cry. If he stopped, it did the same. If he ran, it followed—not running too, that would have been a relief, but like a corpse endowed with the mere machinery of life, and borne upon one slow melancholy wind that never rose or fell.

“ At times he turned with desperate determination, resolved to beat this phantom off, though it should look him dead ; but the hair rose from his head, and his blood stood still ; for it had turned with him and was behind him then. He had kept it before him that morning, but it was behind him now—always. He lent his back against a bank, and felt that it stood above him, visibly out against the cold night-sky. He threw himself upon the road—on his back upon the road. At his head it stood, silent, erect, and still—a living grave-stone with its epitaph in blood.

“ Let no man talk of murderers escaping justice, and hint that Providence must sleep. There were twenty score of violent deaths in one long minute of that agony of fear.

“ There was a shed in a field he passed that offered shelter for the night. Before the door were three tall poplar trees, which made it very dark within, and the wind moaned through them with a dismal wail. He *could not* walk on till daylight came again, and here he stretched himself close to the wall—to undergo new torture.

“ For now a vision came before him, as constant and more terrible than that form which he had escaped. Those widely-starting eyes, so lustreless and so glassy, that he had better borne to see than think upon, appeared in the midst of the darkness ; light in themselves, but giving light to nothing. There was but two, but they were everywhere. If he shut out the sight, there came the room with every well-known object—some, indeed, that he would have forgotten if he had gone over its contents from memory—each in its accustomed place. The body was in *its* place, and its eyes where as

he saw them when he stole away. He got up and rushed into the field without. The figure was behind him. He re-entered the shed and shrunk down once more. The eyes were there before he had lain himself along.

"And here he remained in such terror as none but he can know, trembling in every limb, and the cold sweat starting from every pore, when suddenly there arose upon the night-wind the noise of distant shouting, and the roar of voices mingled in alarm and wonder. Any sound of men in that lonely place, even though it conveyed a real cause of alarm, was something to him. He regained his strength, an energy at the prospect of personal danger, and springing to his feet rushed into the open air."

The murderer's infatuation and bewilderment become still more apparent; fear and remorse rendering him aimless and their sport. The very dog, hitherto so attached and faithful, distrusts and deserts him:—

"Suddenly he took the desperate resolution of going back to London.

" 'There's somebody to speak to there, at all events,' he thought. 'A good hiding-place, too. They'll never expect to nab me there after this country scent. Why can't I lay by for a week or so, and forcing blunt from Fagin get abroad to France! Damme, I'll risk it.'

"He acted upon this impulse without delay, and choosing the least frequented roads began his journey back, resolved to lie concealed within a short distance of the metropolis, and, entering it at dusk, by a circuitous route, to proceed straight to that part of it which he had fixed on for his destination.

"The dog, though,—if any descriptions of him were out, it would not be forgotten that the dog was missing and had probably gone with him. This might lead to his apprehension as he passed along the streets. He resolved to drown him, and walked on looking about for a pond; picking up a heavy stone and tying it to his handkerchief as he went.

"The animal looked up into his master's face while these preparations were making—and, whether his instinct apprehended something of their purpose, or the robber's sidelong look at him was sterner than ordinary—skulked a little further in the rear than usual, and cowered as he came more slowly along. When his master halted at the brink of a pool and looked round to call him, he stopped outright.

" 'Do you hear me call, come here?' cried Sikes whistling.

"The animal came up from the very force of habit; but as Sikes stooped to attach the handkerchief to his throat, he uttered a low growl and started back.

" 'Come back,' said the robber, stamping on the ground. The dog wagged his tail, but moved not. Here Sikes made a running noose and called him again. The dog advanced, retreated, paused an instant, turned and scoured away at his hardest speed.

"The man whistled again and again, and sat down and waited in the expectation that he would return. But no dog appeared, and he resumed his journey."

There are many other details in the picture which represents the

close of Sikes's career, who is accidentally strangled by the rope which he employs to effect an escape from the officers of justice, where labour, art, and singular power of colouring are manifest. These, however, we must pass over, that we may come to the Jew who is arraigned at the bar of the Old Bailey, as an accessory and accomplice, and of course on a capital charge. And here, as hitherto, from the very nature of the story, and that our succeeding observations may be more fully tested, our extracts must occupy a much greater space than we can willingly spare to fictions in general. The occasion, however, is peculiar, and requires a peculiar treatment; especially as we could not do justice to Mr. Dickens's highest efforts and most powerful performances without giving the following pictures. It will be seen that he has at his readiest command a host of apparently slender circumstances by means of which, in a combined form, the mightiest results are produced; and that although these circumstances or associations dwell as if on the surface of things, they guide by the artist's manner of disposal to the deepest and darkest chambers of the soul. His descriptions, too, it will be observed, are perfectly truthful and natural. Now for the arraignment:—

“The court was paved from floor to roof with human faces. Inquisitive and eager eyes peered from every inch of space; from the rail before the dock, away into the sharpest angle of the smallest corner in the galleries, all looks were fixed upon one man—the Jew. Before him and behind, above, below, on the right and on the left—he seemed to stand surrounded by a firmanent all bright with beaming eyes,

“He stood there, in all this glare of living light, with one hand resting on the wooden slab before him, the other held to his ear, and his head thrust forward to enable him to catch with greater distinctness every word that fell from the presiding judge, who was delivering his charge to the jury. At times he turned his eyes sharply upon them to observe the effect of the slightest feather-weight in his favour; and when the points against him were stated with terrible distinctness, looked towards his counsel in mute appeal that he would even then urge something in his behalf. Beyond these manifestations of anxiety, he stirred not hand or foot. He had scarcely moved since the trial began; and now that the judge ceased to speak, he still remained in the same strained attitude of close attention, with his gaze bent on him as though he listened still.

“A slight bustle in the court recalled him to himself, and looking round, he saw that the jurymen had turned together to consider of their verdict. As his eyes wandered to the gallery, he could see the people rising above each other to see his face: some hastily applying their glasses to their eyes, and others whispering their neighbours with looks expressive of abhorrence. A few there were who seemed unmindful of him, and looked only to the jury in impatient wonder how they could delay, but in no one face—not even among the women, of whom there were many there—could he read the faintest sympathy with him, or any feeling but one of all-absorbing interest that he should be condemned.

"As he saw all this in one bewildered glance, the death-like stillness came again, and looking back, he saw that the jurymen had turned towards the judge. Hush!

"They only sought permission to retire.

"He looked wistfully into their faces, one by one, when they passed out as though to see which way the greater number lent; but that was fruitless. The jailer touched him on the shoulder. He followed mechanically to the end of the dock, and sat down on a chair. The man pointed it out, or he should not have seen it.

"He looked up into the gallery again. Some of the people were eating, and some fanning themselves with handkerchiefs, for the crowded place was very hot. There was one young man sketching his face in a little note-book. He wondered whether it was like, and looked on when the artist broke his pencil-point and made another with his knife, as any idle spectator might have done.

"In the same way when he turned his eyes towards the judge, his mind began to busy itself with the fashion of his dress, and what it cost, and how he put it on. There was an old fat gentleman on the bench, too, who had gone out some half an hour before, and now came back. He wondered within himself whether this man had been to get his dinner, what he had had, and where he had had it, and pursued this train of careless thought until some new object caught his eye and roused another.

"Not that all this time his mind was for an instant free from one oppressive overwhelming sense of the grave that opened at his feet; it was ever present to him, but in a vague and general way, and he could not fix his thoughts upon it. Thus, even while he trembled and turned burning hot at the idea of speedy death, he fell to counting the iron spikes before him, and wondering how the head of one had been broken off, and whether they would mend it or leave it as it was. Then he thought of all the horrors of the gallows and the scaffold, and stopped to watch a man sprinkling the floor to cool it—and then went on to think again.

"At length there was a cry of silence, and a breathless look from all towards the door. The jury returned and passed him close. He could glean nothing from their faces; they might as well have been of stone. Perfect stillness ensued—not a rustle—not a breath.—Guilty.

"The building rang with a tremendous shout, and another, and another, and then it echoed deep loud groans that gathered strength as they swelled out, like angry thunder. It was a peal of joy from the populace outside, greeting the news that he would die on Monday.

"The noise subsided, and he was asked if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him. He had resumed his listening attitude, and looked intently at his questioner while the demand was made, but it was twice repeated before he seemed to hear it, and then he only muttered that he was an old man—an old man—an old man—and so dropping into a whisper, was silent again.

"The judge assumed the black cap, and the prisoner still stood with the same air and gesture. A woman in the gallery uttered some exclamation, called forth by this dread solemnity; he looked hastily up as if angry at the interruption, and bent forward yet more attentively. The address was solemn and impressive, the sentence fearful to hear, but he stood like

a marble figure, without the motion of a nerve. His haggard face was still thrust forward, his under-jaw hanging down, and his eyes staring out before him, when the jailer put his hands upon his arm, and beckoned him away. He gazed stupidly about him for an instant, and obeyed."

Follow the felon to that cell from which he is to walk direct to the scaffold. Watchers are his companions :—

"Then came night—dark, dismal, silent night. Other watchers are glad to hear the church-clocks strike, for they tell of life and coming day. To the Jew they brought despair. The boom of every iron bell came laden with the one deep hollow sound—Death. What availed the noise and bustle of cheerful morning, which penetrated even there, to him? It was another form of knell, with mockery added to the warning.

"The day passed off—day, there was no day; it was gone as soon as come—and night came on again; night so long and yet so short; long in its dreadful silence, and short in its fleeting hours. One time he raved and blasphemed, and at another howled and tore his hair. Venerable men of his own persuasion had come to pray beside him, but he had driven them away with curses. They renewed their charitable efforts, and he beat them off.

"Saturday night; he had only one night more to live. And as he thought of this, the day broke—Sunday.

"It was not until the night of this last awful day that a withering sense of his helpless desperate state came in its full intensity upon his blighted soul; not that he had ever held any defined or positive hopes of mercy, but that he had never been able to consider more than the dim probability of dying so soon. He had spoken little to either of the two men who relieved each other in their attendance upon him, and they, for their parts, made no efforts to arouse his attention. He had sat there awake, but dreaming. Now he started up every minute, and with gasping mouth and burning skin hurried to and fro, in such a paroxysm of fear and wrath that even they—used to such sights—recoiled from him with horror. He grew so terrible at last in all the tortures of his evil conscience, that one man could not bear to sit there, eyeing him alone, and so the two kept watch together.

"He cowered down upon his stone bed, and thought of the past. He had been wounded with some missiles from the crowd on the day of his capture, and his head was bandaged with a linen cloth. His red hair hung down upon his bloodless face; his beard was torn and twisted into knots; his eyes shone with a terrible light; his unwashed flesh crackled with the fever that burnt him up. Eight—nine—ten. If it was not a trick to frighten him, and those were the real hours treading on each other's heels, where would he be when they came round again! Eleven. Another struck ere the voice of the hour before had ceased to vibrate. At eight he would be the only mourner in his own funeral train; at eleven—

"Those dreadful walls of Newgate, which have hidden so much misery and such unspeakable anguish, not only from the eyes, but too often and too long from the thoughts of men, never held so dread a spectacle as that. The few who lingered as they passed and wondered what the man

was doing who was to be hung to-morrow, would have slept but ill that night, if they could have seen him then."

We have already expressed an opinion in regard to the power and combining talent of Mr. Dickens, and of the easy yet artistic manner in which he can work up his pictures by a diffusive and copious command of a great number of accessaries. He seems to have made himself master of human feelings and actions in so far as they are developed in the lower or middling walks of London life; and what is more, he cherishes a good-natured sympathy with all, entering as it were into the condition of his most immoral characters so as in his portraiture to give heartily a perfect image, a rotund flesh and blood embodiment of each,—becoming thus the creator of new personages; but yet in all respects so natural in their lineaments that one feels convinced he has actually met with them in the streets and had more or less intercourse with them. He is a humane satirist; he is free from all bitterness; he never indulges in invective of any kind. His language is natural and happily wedded to his vivifying conceptions; and last but not least,—he is quite unaffected and far above attempts at imitation,—that is, he is a true originalist.

But admitting that these features and excellences are characteristic of Boz, and perhaps in no other of his several works do they figure more prominently than in the tale immediately under review, let us ask if he be an originalist that will or should be followed? Has his genius cast itself into a shape that ought to be imitated? is his mode of treating the mediocre, the humble and the wretched subjects which he has chosen, the best that can be adopted, either for the sake of producing humorous or melancholy pictures, or, in regard to higher considerations, for teaching striking moral lessons?—for there may be abundance of sentimentalism and exceedingly little, or the reverse, of what is pure and worthy in its effects upon virtue and the best principles of conduct.

Now we have come to an opinion not of the most favourable kind in regard to Mr. Dickens's merits as a writer of fiction or as a reprover of vice and an amender of the heart, having our eye particularly directed to his *Oliver Twist*.

As to construction, the story does not by any means come up to Fielding's or Smollett's fictions. It is, as before hinted, a mere string of sketches that might be carried to any length, or if cut short at any part, a chapter might wind up the indefinite thread. The author's closeness and accuracy of observation are so remarkable that there need be no stop to his truths. But the highest aim of a novelist should be to enchain the reader's mind upon one central group of life and scenery, so as to produce an abiding lesson of a tangible and definite character, and so as to place, as it were, the

spectator upon a summit whence he might survey regions far and wide around to the enlargement and refinement of his sensibilities.

A mere succession of sketches no ways necessarily joined, or as is the case in the present instance, often forcibly grouped and without due proportions being observed, however clever or powerful each one figure may be, is mere continuation and a desultory work that must fail of the highest effects which fiction may produce. It is true that writing for a periodical and undertaking to supply each succeeding month an equivalent to the piece that has sparkled immediately before, must help to occasion starts and at intervals slender and loose joinings. But it does not appear from anything that Boz has yet done that he is equal to the demands of a regular novel, or that he is willing to throw himself at once upon a three-volumed production simultaneously published. He finds it wiser, we believe, to keep himself before the public by means of a succession of forcible pictures, attractively framed, than by one great but compact piece—the former method having this manifest advantage besides—that it allows and tempts newspaper and periodical editors to insert such striking individualized pieces as may suit their humour and the vacancies in their columns, and thus to keep the author always and fully before the public.

As to the moral qualities of *Oliver Twist* we think that the above extracts, powerful as they are, and evincing searchings of the human soul of extraordinary compass and depth, ought not to rank with many passages and pictures in our language where the heart is laid bare, and the immortal nature of man is made to be seen in its loftiest stirrings, its severest writhings. There is with Boz too much of muscular agony; so that his most laboured pictures have fully more of the horrible in them than of the awful and grand.

Again in the present tale, or string of stories, it looks as if he revelled, while painting low or degraded nature, among objects which, unless merely subservient to finer and higher elements equally well drawn and finished, never can awaken our nobler sympathies, nor prune and invigorate the wings of these awakened sensibilities. On this account, we cannot place our author among those novelists who are models in regard to the inculcation of moral sentiments and the lessons that refine while they delight.

Not that Mr. Dickens is an immoral writer. It is not in his nature to be such; it is the furthest possible thing from his intention, evidently, to write for the mere sake of gain, of entertainment, or of merely harmless fiction. He has high and pure aims; nor can he have failed of doing good, morally speaking. See how he identifies himself uniformly with the oppressed; how with his sly yet effective humour he has exposed systematic and institutional abuses; and what is more, how forcibly he shows that the vilest in the population is far more an object of commiseration than of anger.

Still we must recur to the opinion already given, that neither his subjects nor his manner of treating them, especially in *Oliver Twist*, can ever entitle him to the highest rank of our moral fictionists. He is a Crabbe rather than a Richardson, or a Goldsmith; but then he is twenty times superior to Sterne, or rather has not one particle of that sentimentality which intoxicates and vitiates while it seems merely to etherealize.

Yet were it not the purity of his nature and the excellence of his purpose, joined to admirable tact and delicate taste, it would be impossible for Boz to preserve the moral influence which he undoubtedly possesses, or to avoid offending against feelings which none can safely touch. On this account, tenderly and warily though he has borne himself, it would be dangerous for a less skilful and considerate performer to adventure after him; and therefore we advise every one to eschew him as a model. Who but he, that would attempt such an experiment, could have represented the character of Nancy in full, who had descended far from the ways of virtue and leagued herself with desperadoes and robbers, and yet not only have preserved her a true woman in various respects, but never to have trenched upon delicacy or written a word that can send a blush to the face of innocence? In this single instance alone there is a fine mastery; and for this as well as many other excellences we admire Mr. Dickens; but who shall follow him and be so faultless?

These few and hurriedly uttered sentiments indicate what we think of the author's works in general, and of *Oliver Twist* especially. We have spoken honestly; and have now only to add that whoever supposes that the history of the "*Parish Boy's Progress*,"—after reading it at one or two sittings, or without any considerable intervals, from beginning to end,—will be as popular twenty years hence as it has been and is now, have tastes and expectations very different from those entertained by us. The production may continue to find favour among pure Londoners; but elsewhere we have no idea of its maintaining its past popularity, nor that it or its brethren will ever add much future reputation to England and its array of fictionists.

ART. IV.—*Moral Views of Commerce, Society, and Politics, in Twelve Discourses.* By the REV. ORVILLE DEWEY. London: Charles Fox. 1838.

THE results of Mr. Dewey's visit to Europe and this country in a written form were before us some two or three years ago; and the favour with which the work has been received in America as well as in England has been such as we anticipated. In the present volume he comes before us in a different shape, viz. that of sermons, or discourses from the pulpit on the morals of trade, and the rules

which should regulate man's conduct in all those ordinary and secular departments which fall within the daily business of life, social, commercial, and political. His "Views" possess a universal importance, though many of them have been suggested by the peculiar direction of manners and feelings as developed in his own country, and are therefore immediately adapted to his fellow citizens; although, it is manifest, throughout the whole course of his reasoning and illustrations, that had he not studied closely European institutions and society, he neither could have detected all the prominent or differential points which he holds up, nor have enriched his pages as he has done.

The work is one of unusual features; but still it is one characteristic of the author of the performance already alluded to,—a performance in which Mr. Dewey showed himself to be blind neither to the beauties and defects of European and English institutions and manners, nor to similar and parallel features as they obtain in his own country. In fact we have here, but in a condensed, ripened, and vigorous form, much of that spirit and tone of argument which pervaded a work that demanded many sketchy and excursive details. But, what will at once strike the attention of him who peruses these "Discourses," is the originality of their character; novelty in regard to the place where they were first delivered, and originality in regard to sentiment and argument,—sound sense, and,—on not a few subjects, where hitherto pious declamation has alone indulged, whenever they were referred to in the pulpit,—an unusual allowance for secular exertion as well as an approval of many of the ways of those called worldly men running through the work. Mr. Dewey will not often offend by anything like overstrained demands of virtue and piety.

But let us, or rather let him not be mistaken. He is not a lax moralist; on the contrary, if the work be studied from beginning to end, or read with but ordinary attention, his system will be perceived, and what is better, be felt as one of high, sustained, and consistent practical ethics,—a system reaching to every relation, to every action, and every feeling in human life.

We have alluded to the novelty attaching to these Discourses, as respects the place in which they were first delivered. Mr. Dewey is a preacher, and proclaimed his "Moral Views" in the capacity of a religious pastor from the pulpit. But knowing that the character of these was unusual, and being persuaded that the subject,—Commercial Morality,—for instance, might be deemed unfit for the sacred *rostrum*, and that he might be charged with violating the proper decorum of religious discourse, he has taken the opportunity in a Preface to explain his views on this point,—to which explanation we shall for a moment direct notice.

Mr. Dewey states that he is aware of, at least, one series of discourses having been delivered from the pulpit on the subject of

Commercial Morality, meaning, we presume those by Dr. Chalmers, which form a well-known volume. We believe this series was preached on what are called *lawful days* (secular days) in Scotland. Whether or not the discourses which constitute the present volume were listened to on the Sabbath, or on some other day of the week, we have not seen stated. But we have reason to presume that they were produced in the ordinary course of Sabbath ministration. Well then, let us see how their author excuses or explains himself on the head of decorum in this matter.

Mr. Dewey does not shelter himself behind the example of any other preacher, but considers and defends himself upon what he considers incontrovertible grounds, and the fundamental designs of preaching.

For example, and with regard to the very first Discourse in the volume—on the “Moral Law of Contracts”—he knows, he says, that however unusual the terms and instances may be, which will be uttered, for the place chosen, yet the gravest questions of morality and practical religion will without the use of such terms and instances be misunderstood, so as to “contravene the laws of that very instrument—speech,” which he employs.

To those who may urge that the Lyceum and lecture-room are the proper sphere for these discourses, (which in our mind is saying that the subjects of them do not require the solemnities of the church to give them gravity) he offers the following remarks :—

“Let me ask, in the first place, if our ideas of propriety in this case are not very much matters of convention and usage? If we had always been accustomed to hear discussions in our churches, on such subjects as the Morals of Traffic, of Politics, and of our social well-being as a nation; if the terms and phrases appropriate to such subjects had found a place in the pulpit, should we ever have doubted their propriety? It is observable, indeed, that certain topics have forced their way into the pulpit, within the last quarter of a century, which, it is probable, sounded as questionably and strangely in ears accustomed only to the old scholastic preaching as any grave moral topics can now. I allude to discussions on War and Peace, on Temperance, Abolition, and the various religious enterprises of the day.

“The question then is—what is the proper range of the pulpit? What is the appropriate business of preaching? The answer is plain—to address the public mind on its moral and religious duties and dangers. But what are its duties and dangers, and where are they to be found? Are they not to be found wherever men are acting their part in life? Are human responsibility and exposure limited to any one sphere of action—to the church, or to the domestic circle—or to the range of the gross and sensual passions? Are not men daily making shipwreck of their consciences in trade and politics? And wheresoever conscience goes to work out its perilous problem, shall not the preacher follow it? It is not very material whether a man's integrity forsakes him at the polls in an election, or at the board of merchandise, or at the house of rioting, or the gates whose way

leadeth to destruction. Outwardly it may be different, but inwardly it is the same. In either case, the fall of the victim is the most deplorable of all things on earth; and most fit, therefore, for the consideration of the pulpit. I must confess, I cannot understand by what process of enlightened reasoning and conscience, the preacher can come to the conclusion, that there are wide regions of moral action and peril around him, into which he may not enter, because such unusual words as Commerce, Society, Politics, are written over the threshold."

But he takes higher ground, and maintains that it is doing the greatest possible disservice to the best interests of mankind to limit within the old conventional sphere the subjects of pulpit discourses,—that in consequence of nothing more than an occasional and wholesale denunciation about business, politics, amusements, and fashionable society, men are left to say, when engaged in such scenes, "religion has nothing to do with us here." Surely it must be confessed, we think, that men ought to be pressed on these points and often in detail, unless it be denied that in regard to such departments of action there is not much danger of delinquency, nor frequent instances of wrong-doing. Why should there not be pulpit culture in regard to these things? Why should they be left, to what Mr. Dewey declares to be the only teaching applied,—the coming down, every now and then only, "upon their aberrations with cold, bitter, and unsparing censure?" He continues, and concludes his Preface thus,—

"Let me not be supposed to forget, that the pulpit has to deal with topics and questions of duty, that go down into the depths of the human heart—with faith, and repentance, and love, and self-denial, and disinterestedness—and that its principal business is thus to make the fountain pure. But religion has an outward form, as well as an inward spirit; that form is the whole lawful action of life; and to cut off half of that action from all public and positive recognition—what is it but to consign it over to irreligion, to unprincipled licence, and worldly vanity?"

"There is time enough in the pulpit for all things; nay, it *wants* variety. It is made dull by the restriction and reiteration of its topics. It would gain strength by a freer and fuller grasp of its proper objects. What it can do, I believe, yet remains to be seen. We complain of the corruptions of fashion and amusement, of business and politics. The calm, considerate, concentrated, universal attention of the pulpit to these things, would, in one year, I believe, produce a decided and manifest effect.

"But the great evil, I am sensible, lies deeper—too deep for any sufficient consideration, within the narrow limits of a preface. The pulpit not only fails in this matter, but it fails *on principle*, and on a principle almost universally adopted. The evil is, that sermons, pulpits, priests—all the active agents that are labouring in the service of religion—are, by the public judgment, as well as by their own choice, severed from the great mass of human actions and interests."

He resumes the subject for an instant at the outset of one of his

Discourses, viz., that on the "Moral Limits of Accumulation," and says,—

"I cannot help feeling here, the difficulties under which the pulpit labours in the discussion of the points now before us. Some, indeed, will think them unsuitable to the pulpit, as not being sufficiently religious. Others seem to be disposed to limit the pulpit to the utterance of general and unquestionable truths. To these views I cannot assent. The points which I am discussing are, in the highest degree, moral; they are practically religious; they belong to the morality and religion of daily life. And then again, as to what the preacher shall say, I do not think that he is to be confined to truisms, or to self-evident truths, or to truths in which all shall agree. We come here to deliberate on great questions of morality and duty; to consider what is true, what is right. In doing this, the preacher may bring forward views in which some of his hearers cannot agree with him; how, indeed, should it be otherwise. But he does not pretend to utter infallible sentences. He may be wrong. But he is none the less bound to utter what he does believe, and thinks to be worthy of attention. This office I attempt to discharge among you. And I ask you not to take ill, at my hands, that which you would not so take, if I uttered it by your firesides. And if I am wrong, on some such occasion, perhaps you will set me right."

There may here, we suspect, be some objections taken to the author's latitudes. May it not be said that the preacher would if thus licensed be often tempted to forget the paramount duty of expounding revealed truth, and to launch into the regions of ethical metaphysical, and even political theories? Again, may it not be urged, that few men, and few preachers, possess that command of temper and discretion necessary to handle topics where the Holy Scriptures are not the frequent, the clear, and the impressive finger-posts? And yet, how much of theory, of angry controversy, of perplexing exposition in regard to revealed truths of the most solemn religious interest has there been spent, it needeth not to be told: such licences being of a far more dangerous tendency, we fear, and far more direful in their results, both in regard to faith and practice than anything ever likely to be taught by Mr. Dewey.

We will now pick out a few of our author's "Views," which must set him in a very favourable light before our readers; for unless the nature of the man be wonderfully at variance with that of his work, he must be one of the very best specimens of American character, ability, and modes of thinking of the present day.

The first Discourse as before mentioned is, "On the Moral Law of Contracts." At its commencement, the preacher takes notice of the absorbing business character of the American people, and of the reproach that they are so; though he hopes it is but the *first* development of their peculiar position. Trade, however, in some form or another is inevitable in the human condition everywhere, arising from the diversity of soils, climes, products, and many other circum-

stances. The ocean itself is a great inviter and creator of commerce; so that considering the nature and condition of mankind, the *dictum* which has sometimes been uttered, that it is better commerce should perish than Christianity, is nugatory; for the fact is, that commerce cannot perish, cannot be extinguished, but will exist in the form of barter, or some other equivalent shape throughout the world and at all times. What then are the moral principles which ought to govern this universal tendency? The Scriptures do not lay down any specific laws on the subject. The great golden rule of doing unto others as we would have them do to us, is a general maxim. A man may wish that another should sell him a piece of goods at half its value. But ought such a wisher to sell on these terms? No; the rule is to desire the welfare of others, as we should have them desire ours; but the specific actions answering to that rule, it leaves us to determine by a wise discretion, the dictates of which, under the governance of the moral law, are the principles sought by the author to be discovered.

Having by these and other preliminary ideas in part opened his subject, he guards his hearers from supposing that the questions about right and wrong in the contracts of trade are to be decided by any hasty impulses of feeling, or suggestions of a generous temper. He says,—

“ I have often found men, in conversation on this subject, appealing to their feelings; but, however much I have respected those feelings, it has seemed to me, that they were not the proper tribunal. Nay, they have often appeared to me to mistake the point at issue. If a merchant has a large store of provisions in a time of scarcity, would it not be a very noble and praiseworthy thing, it is said, for him to dispose of his stock without enhancing the price? But the proper question is, not what is generous, but what is just. And besides, he cannot be generous, or, what is the same thing in effect, he cannot establish a generous principle in the distribution of his store. For if he sells in large quantities, selling, that is, at a low rate, it will avail nothing, because the subordinate dealers will raise the price; or, if he undertakes to sell to each family what it wants, any one of them may take the article to the next warehouse, and dispose of it at the enhanced price. On the contrary, there are circumstances, undoubtedly, in which a man may take undue advantage of a monopoly; but this will be a case for future consideration. For the present it is sufficient to observe, what I think must be obvious, that the great question before us is to be decided, not by any enactments of law, nor any immediate dictate of conscience, or specific teaching of Scripture, or single impulse of good feeling, but by broad and large views of the whole subject. Conscience, and Scripture, and right feeling are to govern us; but it is only under the guidance of sound reasoning.”

The great principles to be observed are those of truth, justice, and beneficence. These are certain and immutable; but the question is, what is to be done in conformity and in obedience to these prin-

ciples in daily life, and in the given circumstances of each individual? A man ought always to do right; but what is right? "How much," for example, "shall I do for the sick, the poor, and the distressed," is an important inquiry for each one.

As regards trade and commerce, the rules of expediency have to be frequently followed. Thus it is expedient that a fair field be opened in business for ingenuity, sagacity, and attention; and that ignorance, indolence, and neglect, should meet with loss. We here introduce an extract unabridged,—the preacher having immediately before said, "we are not to break down the principle of individuality, of individual interests, of individual aims,"—we are not to deal with one another as if we belonged to the society of New Harmony men:—

"It is not only expedient and right, but it is inevitable, that individual power and talent should come into play in business. A man's sagacity, it is obvious, he must use—that is to say, his mind he must use—for he has nothing else to go by. He may use it unjustly, to the heinous injury of his weaker neighbour; but still he must use it. So also with regard to the power acquired by a large property, or by a monopoly, it is inevitable that it should be used. To some extent, the possessor cannot help using it. Wealth has credit; and monopoly, usually implying scarcity, carries an enhanced price with it; and such results are unavoidable. Finally, superior actual knowledge may and must be used to some extent. In every department of business, superior knowledge is gained by attention; and it may and must be acted upon, albeit to the hurt or injury of those who know less, or have devoted less time and thought to the subject. A man has made an improvement in some machinery or manufacture, and he is entitled to some reward for the attention he has given to it; the government will give him a patent. A man has been to India or to South America, to acquaint himself with a certain branch of business, and he comes home and acts upon his knowledge, and he has a perfect right to do so. He is not bound to communicate his knowledge to his brother merchants who are engaged in the same trade; and, perhaps, his knowledge so much depends upon actual observation and experience, that he cannot communicate it. In like manner, a trader may obtain a superior knowledge of business, and of the facts on which it depends, by a close observation of things immediately around him, and he must act upon it; he cannot employ himself in going about to see whether other men have got the same enlarged views. Nor have other men any right to complain of this. The unskilful painter or sculptor, the ignorant lawyer or physician, might as well complain, that their more distinguished brethren were injuring their business, and taking all the prizes out of their hands.

"I have thus attempted to set forth the claims of individual enterprise, as having a useful, a beneficent tendency. These claims, I have all along implied, are subject to certain limitations; and these limitations are set by the laws of honesty and philanthropy. That is to say, a man may pursue his own interest; he may use his endeavour, sagacity, ability; but, in the first place, he shall not pursue any traffic, or make any contract to the injury of his neighbour; unless that injury is one that inevitably

results from a general and good principle, that is to say, from the healthful action of business ; and, in the next place, he shall not pursue his own ends to the extent of committing any fraud."

We have tarried longer upon the Preface and the first Discourse than we can afford to do on the remainder of the volume, in order that our readers may obtain some slight idea of the author's starting. We might, indeed, before leaving the subject of Contracts, present to those who are fond of discussing nice points, and drawing subtle conclusions, a celebrated case in the morals of business, and which is handled by Mr. Dewey with much acuteness and many careful qualifications ; viz., that which is put by Cicero, of a corn-merchant of Alexandria arriving at Rhodes in a time of great scarcity, with a cargo of grain, and with the knowledge that a number of other vessels, laden with corn, were on the way for the same place ; the question is, was he bound in conscience to inform the Rhodians of what he knew ? Cicero has decided that he was ; and our author arrives at something like the same conclusion, but we apprehend not exactly on the same grounds, or with the same limitations ; while several of the most eminent jurists, such as Grotius and Puffendorf, have leant the other way. We hardly feel satisfied with Mr. Dewey's solution ; nor do we see that it is in perfect keeping with the already quoted doctrines of expediency. We recommend our ingenious readers to try the puzzle.

Our author's general conclusion on trade as clearly explained and powerfully fortified in many passages is, that it is expedient and right that a man's virtuous exertions and supremacy over others, if obtained without an infraction of rectitude, truth, justice, and benevolence, should be rewarded in full, though others may be jealous of him on account of his superior skill ; but he is not to conceal faults of quality, nor stand out for a remuneration which he knows the thing is not really worth according to the rate of the market.

The second Discourse is, " on the Moral End of Business ;" the author holding the great and ultimate design of business, that is to say, traffic, and not mere labour for the sake of supplying the wants of the body, to be a moral end. " There is an object in the acquisition of wealth beyond success. There is a final cause of human traffic, and that is virtue." " You have an end to gain beyond success, and that is the moral rectitude of your own mind." Such are some of Mr. Dewey's premises on this point. These principles, he insists, hold true of business, not only on the scale of our private affairs, but on the great theatre of history. Two or three topics hence arise for his discussion :—

" If, then, business is a moral dispensation, and its highest end is moral, I shall venture to call in question the commonly supposed desirableness of escaping from it—the idea which prevails with so many of making a fortune in a few years, and afterwards of retiring to a state of leisure. If

business really is a scene of worthy employment and of high moral action, I do not see why the moderate pursuit of it should not be laid down in the plan of entire active life; and why, upon this plan, a man should not determine to give only so much time each day to his avocations as would be compatible with such a plan; only so much time, in other words, as will be compatible with the daily enjoyment of life, with reading, society, domestic intercourse, and all the duties of philanthropy and devotion. If the merchant does not dislike or despise his employment—and it is when he makes himself the mere slave of business that he creates the greatest, real objections to it—if, I say, he looks upon his employment as lawful and laudable, an appointment of God to accomplish good purposes in this world, and better for the next; why should he not, like the physician, the lawyer, and clergyman, like the husbandman and artisan, continue in it, through the period of active life, and adjust his views, expectations, and engagements to that reasonable plan? But now, instead of this, what do we see around us? Why, men are engaging in business—here, at home, in their own country, in the bosom of their families, and amidst their friends—as if they were in a foreign and infectious clime; and must be in haste to make their fortunes, that they may escape with their lives to some place of safety, ease, and enjoyment!”

Our author indeed argues that he who has been absorbed in business, and year after year totally devoted to it with the view of accumulating an independency, is unfit for enjoying retirement; not however as if the fact held true of every one, but of the many, and as a necessary consequence of exclusive and habitual devotion to an inferior object. But to pass to another topic—the rage for speculation; on this he says,—

“I wish to speak of it now in a particular view—as interfering, that is to say, with the moral end of business. And here, again, let me observe, that I can have nothing to do with instances, with exceptions. I can only speak of the general tendency of things. And it is not against *speculation simply*, that I have anything to allege. All business possesses more or less of this character. Everything is bought on the expectation of selling it for more. But this rage for speculation, this eagerness of many for sudden and stupendous accumulation, this spirit of gambling in trade, is a different thing. It proceeds on principles entirely different from the maxims of a regular and pains-taking business. It is not looking to diligence and fidelity for a fair reward, but to change and chance for a fortunate turn. It is drawing away men’s minds from the healthful processes of sober industry and attention to business, and leading them to wait in feverish excitement, as at the wheel of a lottery. The proper basis of success—vigilant care and labour—is forsaken for a system of baseless credit. Upon this system, men proceed, straining their means and stretching their responsibilities, till, in calm times, they can scarcely hold on upon their position; and when a sudden jar shakes the commercial world, or a sudden blast sweeps over it, many fall, like untimely fruit, from the towering tree of fancied prosperity. Upon this system, many imagine that, they are doing well, when they are not doing well.

They rush into expenses, which they cannot afford, upon the strength, not of their actual, but of their imaginary or expected means. Young men, who, in former days, would have been advised to walk awhile longer, and patiently to tread the upward path, must buy horses and vehicles for their accommodation, and, mounted upon the car of fancied independence, they are hurried only to swifter destruction."

Farther on:—

"The spiritual nature, I say, is dethroned from its proper place, by this substitution of the immediate end, wealth, for the ultimate end, virtue. Who is this being that labours for nothing but property, with no thought beyond it; with the feeling that nothing will do without it; with the feeling that there are no ends in life that can satisfy him, if that end is not gained? You will not tell me that it is a being of my own fancy. You have probably known such; perhaps some of you are such. I have known men of this way of thinking, and men, too, of sense and of amiable temper. Who, then, I ask again, is this being? He is an immortal being; and his views ought to stretch themselves to eternity—ought to seek an ever-expanding good. And this being, so immortal in his nature, so infinite in faculties—to what is he looking? To the sublime mountain range that spreads along the horizon of this world? To the glorious host of glittering stars, the majestic train of night, the infinite regions of heaven? No—his is no upward gaze, no wide vision of the world—to a speck of earthly dust he is looking. He might lift his eye, a philosophic eye, to the magnificence of the universe, for an object; and upon what is it fixed? Upon the mole-hill beneath his feet! That is his end. Every thing is nought, if that is gone. He is an immortal being, I repeat; he may be enrobed in that vesture of light, of virtue, which never shall decay; and he is to live through such ages, that the time shall come when to his eye all the splendours of fortune, of gilded palace and gorgeous equipage, shall be no more than the spangle that falls from a royal robe; and yet, in that glittering particle of earthly dust, is his soul absorbed and bound up. I am not saying, *now*, that he is willing to lose his soul for that. This he may do. But I only say now, that he sets his soul upon that, and feels it to be an end so dear, that the irretrievable loss of it, the doom of poverty, is death to him; nay, to his sober and deliberate judgment—for I have known such instances—is worse than death itself! And yet he is an immortal being, I repeat, and he is sent into this world on an errand. What errand? What is the great mission on which the Master of life hath sent him here? To get riches? To amass gold coins, and bank notes? To scrape together a little of the dust of this earth, and then to lie down upon it and embrace it, in the indolence of enjoyment, or in the rapture of possession? Is such worldliness possible? Worldliness! Why, it is not worldliness. That should be the quality of being attached to a world—to all that it can give, and not to one thing only that it can give—to fame, to power, to moral power, to influence, to the admiration of the world. Worldliness, methinks, should be something greater than men can make it—should stretch itself out to the breadth of the great globe, and not wind itself up like a worm in the web of selfish possession. If I must be worldly, let me have the worldliness of Alex-

ander, and not of Cræsus. And wealth too—I had thought it was a means and not an end—an instrument which a noble human being handles, and not a heap of shining dust in which he buries himself; something that a man could drop from his hand, and still be a man—be all that ever he was—and compass all the noble ends that pertain to a human being. What if you be poor? Are you not still a man—Oh! heaven, and mayest be a spirit, and have a universe of spiritual possessions for your treasure. What if you be poor? You may still walk through the world in freedom and in joy; you may still tread the glorious path of virtue; you may still win the bright prize of immortality; you may still achieve purposes on earth that constitute all the glory of earth, and ends in heaven, that constitute all the glory of heaven. Nay, if such must be the effect of wealth, I would say let me be poor. I would pray God that I might be poor. Rather, and more wisely ought I, perhaps, to say with Agar, ‘Give me neither poverty nor riches; lest I be full and deny thee, a d say, who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain.’ ”

But again :—

“ But not with words of warning—ever painful to use, and not always profitable—would I now dismiss you from the house of God. I would not close this discourse, in which I may seem to have pressed heavily on the evils to which business exposes those who are engaged in it, without holding up distinctly to view the great moral aim on which it is my main purpose to insist, and attempting to show its excellence.

“ There is such a nobleness of character in the right course, that it is to that point I would last direct your attention. The aspirings of youth, the ambition of manhood, could receive no loftier moral direction than may be found in the sphere of business. The school of trade, with all its dangers, may be made one of the noblest schools of virtue in the world; and it is of some importance to say it:—because those who regard it as a sphere only of selfish interests and sordid calculations, are certain to win no lofty moral prizes in that school. There can be nothing more fatal to elevation of character in any sphere, whether it be of business or society, than to speak habitually of that sphere as given over to low aims and pursuits. If business is constantly spoken of as contracting the mind and corrupting the heart; if the pursuit of property is universally satirized as selfish and grasping; too many who engage in it will think of nothing but of adopting the character and the course so pointed out. Many causes have contributed, without doubt to establish that disparaging estimate of business—the spirit of feudal aristocracies, the pride of learning, the tone of literature, and the faults of business itself.”

Equally good and striking things crowd into the whole of the Discourses. In some matters of principle and in the case of some illustrations, we think there is room for modifying the Preacher’s doctrine a little more distinctly than he has done; and that on other occasions there are grounds for complaining of excessive subtlety of refinement. With his political and national predilections we shall

not quarrel, nor indeed in any way interfere, further than to state, that as they are expressed in the last extract to be introduced by us from the work, his natural love and longing for fatherland when he was far away from it and in strange lands, were not stronger, we are fully persuaded, than would have been, or than would now be our sentiments of a kindred order, if traveling in the most delightful state of the American Union.

Nevertheless, one thing is perfectly obvious ; Mr. Dewey is an essayist of no ordinary grasp of mind, of no ordinary knowledge of the world, while his literary qualifications are admirably suited to the propagation of the noblest and most valuable truths.

Before closing the volume we must again intimate, that its author, while he is an ardent admirer of the institutions of his country, while he entertains sanguine hopes of her future career, and that its inhabitants have but yet attained to an early stage of moral, social, and intellectual development, is far from being blind to certain disfiguring and forbidding features in national character and manners, and quite above the pusillanimity of shrinking from telling his countryman of their faults and their dangers,—a fact which is not more worthy of the man as a patriot and a friend, than of him who occupies a sacred watch-tower in the state. For instance, we find in the Discourse “on the Moral Evils to which American Society is exposed,” that coldness and reserve of manners are complained of. He says :—

“ We have fewer parasitical plants in our forest state, than are found clinging around the oaks and elms of Europe. But it must not be denied, that we are sometimes chilled by the shadow of this thick growth of society ; that we are too liable, each one to stand stiffly up for his rights ; that we are liable to want gracefulness and amenity in our manners ; that we are exposed to have our hearts locked up in rigid and frozen reserve. A prince, or a nobleman, in a state of unbroken aristocracy, does not fear that his dignity or reputation will be compromised by the presence of an inferior in his house, or in his society. He is at ease on this point, because his claims stand on an independent basis ; but with us, he who would hold a higher place, must obtain it from the general voice. He is dependant on suffrage as truly as the political aspirant. Hence, every circumstance affecting his position is important to him ; and the circumstance that most immediately and obviously affects it, is the company he keeps. On this point, therefore, he is likely to be extremely jealous ; and this, I conceive, to be one reason for the proverbial reserve of our national manners.

“ I have thus far endeavoured to unfold the danger on this point, to which I think that our situation exposes us. Let me now observe, that it is one of the most serious moral importance. There is an intimate connexion between the manners and feelings of a people. A cold demeanour, though it may not prove coldness of heart, tends to produce it. The feelings that are locked up in reserve are liable to wither and shrink, from simple disuse. He who stands in the attitude of perpetual

resistance to the claims of others, is very apt to acquire a hardness and inhumanity towards them; he is liable to be cold, harsh, and ungracious, both in feeling and deportment; he is in the very school, not of generosity and love, but of selfishness, and scorn, and pride; and vainly might any Christian people boast of its intelligence, refinement, or freedom, if it fail thus of the essential virtues of the Christian religion."

Religion in America, he declares, has a peculiar hardness and repulsiveness about it; it is not genial, and gentle, and tender. The social character, besides, is charged as being one of discontent; and another result of their peculiar kind of political equality is imprudent and extravagant expenditure. Here is his Sketch of a man in debt:—

"He is obliged to look in the face people, and perhaps poor people, whom he cannot pay. It is a situation infinitely irritating and mortifying. We are a people, I know, to a proverb, reckless of debt; reckless, at least, about plunging into it; but no man can be in it, and find the situation an easy one. No man can, without passing, I had almost said, through worse than purgatorial torments, become callous to the demand for payment. It turns the whole of life into a scene of misery and mortification; makes its whole business and action a series of sacrifices, and shifts, and subterfuges. Home itself, the last refuge of virtue and peace; the very home that has lost its independence in its splendour; that is not protected from the intrusive step and contemptuous tone of the unsatisfied creditor, has lost its charm. It is no longer a sanctuary; and it is but too likely to be forsaken for other resorts. Many a man, not only in the city but in the country, has gone down in character and self-respect, in virtue and hope, under the accumulated weight of these overwhelming embarrassments."

Pusillanimity, and an irritable sensitiveness to blame are also preferred by this pointed and undaunted Preacher; but before finishing, let us also show that he is not the indiscriminate accuser of his country. Our last extract of all is from the Discourse on the "Blessings of Freedom." He has been giving his reasons at length for preferring the political constitution of his native country to that of any other in the Old World, where hereditary and feudal institutions have obtained, and thus concludes:—

"Glad am I that it opens wide its hospitable gates to many a noble but persecuted citizen, from the dungeons of Austria and Italy, and the imprisoning castles and citadels of Poland. Here may they find rest, as they surely find sympathy, though it is saddened with many bitter remembrances!

"Yes, let me be free; let me go and come at my own will; let me do business and make journeys, without a vexatious police or insolent soldiery to watch my steps; let me think, and do, and speak what I please—subject to no limit but that which is set by the common weal: subject to no law but that which conscience binds upon me—and I will bless my country, and love its most rugged rocks and its most barren soil.

"I have seen my countrymen, and have been with them a fellow-wanderer, in other lands; and little did I see or feel to warrant the apprehension, sometimes expressed, that foreign travel would waken our patriotic attachments. One sigh for home—home, arose from all hearts. And why, from palaces and courts—why, from galleries of the arts, where the marble softens into life, and painting sheds an almost living presence of beauty around it—why, from the mountain's awful brow, and the lovely valleys and lakes touched with the sunset hues of old romance—why, from those venerable and touching ruins to which our very heart grows—why, from all these scenes, were they looking beyond the swellings of the Atlantic wave, to a dearer and holier spot of earth, their own, own country? Doubtless it was, in part, because it is their country: but it was also, as every one's experience will testify, because they knew that *there* was no oppression, no pitiful exaction of petty tyranny: because that *there*, they knew, was no accredited and irresistible religious domination; because that *there* they knew, they should not meet the odious soldier at every corner, nor swarms of imploring beggars, the victims of misrule; that *there*, no curse causeless did fall, and no blight, worse than plague and pestilence, did descend amidst the pure dews of heaven; because, in fine, that *there*, they knew, was liberty—upon all the green hills, and amidst all the peaceful valleys—liberty, the wall of fire around the humblest home; the crown of glory, studded with her everblazing stars, upon the proudest mansion!

"My friends, upon our own homes that blessing rests, that guardian care and glorious crown; and when we return to those homes, and so long as we dwell in them, so long as no oppressor's foot invades their thresholds, let us bless them, and hallow them as the homes of freedom! Let us make them, too, the homes of a nobler freedom—of freedom from vice, from evil, from passion, from every corrupting bondage of the soul."

ART. V.—*Facts and Reasons in Support of Mr. Rowland Hill's Plan for a Universal Penny Postage.* By W. H. ASHURST. Second Edition. London: Hooper. 1838.

SEVERAL months ago we called the attention of our readers to this subject, which Mr. Rowland Hill has been the chief instrument to bring before the public. In our former paper, we addressed ourselves not only to a few of the anomalies, but, it might be added, the enormities of the present system of post-office dues and arrangements,—such as its stringent and extravagant regulations, these defeating their very purpose and design, and the amount or extent to which unwise laws have produced evasion and smuggling. Fully persuaded, (or if any hesitation had remained the pamphlet before us must have put everything of the kind to flight,) that a more important matter for administrative reform than the one, under consideration can hardly, if possibly, be named, we are glad to have a favourable opportunity of recurring to it, when all that is requisite for us to do, will be to insert as many as we can provide room for, of the "Facts and Reasons" adduced by Mr. Ashurst; avoiding

as much as possible the grounds and particulars which we before noticed.

The author states that the contents of his pamphlet have been minuted in the few and short intervals of time which a close attendance upon the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Postage, that is, three days in each week for four months, has allowed. He further says,—“Knowing that Mr. Hill’s public engagements, and the attention he has been obliged to give to the development of his plan before the [Parliamentary Committee, will prevent his giving a new edition of his valuable and important pamphlet to the public for some time longer, I have put these memoranda together,—I know that Mr. Hill can and will demonstrate the accuracy of his calculations; and that what he was necessarily called upon to estimate upon imperfect data, is now borne out in favour of his plan, both by the returns from the Post-office, and by the evidence collected, to an extent beyond his own anticipations.”

Mr. Ashurst has judged patriotically in resolving to come forward in the present shape, so as to keep the subject before the public and enlighten the country more clearly than hitherto it has yet been, until the Committee has finished its labours and Mr. Hill, the prime mover, has time to perfect his statements. Our author has also done his work well, his facts and reasonings being plain and full, as well as heartily given,—claiming rightfully from every periodical like ours of a miscellaneous character, a warm greeting and a strong recommendation.

Before abridging or extracting some of Mr. Ashurst’s arguments, suggestions, and pieces of evidence, we beg our readers to bear in mind two things; first, that the Post-office was established for the purpose of affording advantage and facilities to trade and commerce, and not that a revenue to the government should be thereby raised or thence derived; secondly, that it now appears to be demonstrated beyond all room for contradiction or cavil, that a uniform and universal rate of postage of one penny, to any part of Great Britain and Ireland, be the distance what it may, would bring in a greater revenue than at present, or ever before has been realized; nay, that the postage of a letter may, without injury to the revenue, be reduced to the fraction of a farthing, or to an amount so trifling, that we have no coin to call it by.

Suppose now, however, that we and the reader should give up to the opponents of post-office reform, the first mentioned of these two circumstances,—what then? Does any one entertain a fear of the establishment in question becoming insolvent, or believe that it will fall to be a burden to the country? Or can any one who is a stranger to the mass of evidence taken before the Select Committee, or to the original data upon which Mr. Hill’s calculations were founded, form a conception of the swelling, grand, and triumphant array of facts, reasons, and suggestions, which men who have devoted their minds

earnestly and continuously to the subject, delight to contemplate? Even the confined space we are forced to allot to Mr. Ashurst's work will sustain a remarkable reply to these queries.

The man to whom the present inquiry is strange, who may be of the mind of that comfortable and contented number which we have sometimes heard avowed in such terms as these, that "postages are items never grudged by me,—I am always pleased to receive a letter from my friends,"—even the well-meaning personage who may happen to make use of such commonplace and ignorant acquiescence or approval, must, the moment he perceives the mighty commercial and moral influences and interests at stake, retract his words and pronounce himself a short-sighted being; he must confess that never before was he so fully convinced that it is by an infinity of items of the smallest consideration that the mightiest results are produced. The paramount result in this case is civilization in the widest and most inviting sense of the term.

But we are expending too many generalities and assertions when more solid and satisfactory materials are at hand. Now then for an outline of Mr. Hill's plan, its advantages, and the importance of its main feature:—

"That all letters not weighing more than half an ounce, passing from one post town in Great Britain or Ireland, to any other post town, shall be charged one penny, and heavier packets one penny for each additional half ounce, to be paid in advance.

"That greater weights should be allowed for the local post.

"The following is a sketch of the proposed mode of collection.

"That stamped covers, or sheets of paper, and small vignette stamps,—the latter, if used, to be gummed on the face of the letter,—be supplied to the public from the stamp-office, and sold at such a price as to include the postage. Letters so stamped to be treated in all respects as franks.

"That as covers at various prices would be required for packets of various weights, each should have the weight it is entitled to carry legibly printed with the stamp.

"That if any packet exceeded the proper weight it should be sent to the dead letter office, opened, and returned to the writer.

"That sheets of letter paper of every description should be stamped in the part used for the address.

"That wrappers, such as are used for newspapers, should also be stamped; and that every deputy-postmaster should be required to keep them on sale; a discount, such as is now given on stamps, would render it their interest to do so. Stationers also would be induced to keep them.

"That the stamp of the receiving-house should be struck upon the superscription, or duty-stamp, to prevent the latter being used a second time.

"That for the greater weights, to be allowed in the local posts, penny covers, and sheets, should be stamped thus:—

"'For local distribution.—The weight allowed is two ounces.'

"Or that all penny covers and sheets might be marked thus:—

“ ‘ For general distribution.—The weight allowed is half an ounce.’

“ ‘ For local distribution.—The weight allowed is two ounces.’

“ The small vignette stamps to be issued by the stamp-office, being portable, persons could carry them in their pocket-books, and the stamp of the receiving-office being struck across the vignette, if afterwards rubbed off, it would be of no importance.

“ The advantages secured would be :—

“ 1st. That the post-office would be relieved altogether from the collection of the revenue, and from all accounts relating to that collection. Distribution would be its only function.

“ 2nd. The present trouble of receiving money for the post-paid letters would be avoided.

“ 3rd. The revenue would thus be collected in large sums at the stamp-office, easily, and at little cost.

“ The cost of stamping, by the aid of machinery, would be reduced to a mere trifle.

“ It is most important that the public attention, and the attention of parliament, should be fixed upon the main feature, that is, a uniform postage of one penny for every letter or packet not exceeding half an ounce, from any one to any other post town in the kingdom, paid in advance.

“ The adoption of this important suggestion should not be deferred for minor considerations.

“ No difficulty need be felt about the distribution to places without the limits of post towns and off the mail routes, the convenience of these comparatively few places—all of them small in population, if their convenience were the real motive—furnishes no sufficient reason for deferring the immense advantages to the masses living within those limits until that convenience can be met.

“ In the mean time, permit those localities the post-office cannot supply to help themselves ; they will be thankful for the indulgence ; for let it be borne in mind, that it is the prohibition—the monopoly—that is complained of.

“ Only give the villagers a cheap and rapid postage to and from their post town, and they will easily communicate with that.”

Mr. Hill has not overlooked the carrying out of a secondary distribution, to supply promptly and regularly places at a distance, more or less, from any post-town. In the meanwhile, however, he finds it wisdom to grapple only with the principal subject and with the great features of his plan ; for he might peril these were he to involve himself among too many details, and to insist upon all the inviting capabilities which clear and comprehensive minds alone can discover and appreciate.

We pass over the calculations and the evidence which go to demonstrate the fact that a wonderful reduction may be effected in postages, after quoting only one illustrative passage exhibiting facts as to cheapness of transit that must have perplexed many in the empire :—

“ The cases of the Penny Magazine, Saturday Magazine, Chambers’

Edinburgh Journal, and other cheap periodicals, afford illustrations of the very low rates at which transit and the distribution of large numbers may be effected. The Penny Magazine is distributed weekly in considerable towns, at *the houses* of its subscribers. It reaches the subscriber for ONE PENNY. Out of this penny, the following charges have to be borne:—

- “ 1. For the labour and capital of the retail bookseller.
- “ 2. For the carriage and distribution to all parts of the kingdom.
- “ 3. For the agency of the London publisher.
- “ 4. The profit of its producers.
- “ 5. The cost of actual production, viz.—

Composition of eight folio pages.

Engravings.

Artists' designs.

Authorship.

Paper, and

Machinery for printing each copy.

Each of these departments bearing its own profit.

“ If a private agency is willing to distribute any number of these papers weekly, for one farthing each, it may be readily imagined, how eager the same agency would be to do the same business *every day* for the same profit of one farthing on each paper.

“ If *private* establishments perform this distribution profitably at this cost, besides embarking capital and taking risk, can it be said, with any foundation, that a GOVERNMENT is unable to execute the distribution of a paper of less size and weight, for ready money, NOT for a FARTHING each letter, but for ONE PENNY, and that daily?

“ The preceding facts show how trifling the actual cost of carriage is to all post towns.”

But not to descend to one farthing as the postage of letters, the rate at which numberless agents in all parts of the country are ready to distribute the Penny Magazine, three farthings being the trade price,—let the rate be fixed at a penny, and then endeavour to appreciate what would be the results. In all departments of trade, commerce, friendly correspondence, &c. &c. the increase of communications through the Post-office that would take place is unimaginable. In our former article on this subject we called attention to the evidence of Mr. Parker, who spoke of the amazing augmentation that would occur in Booksellers' Circulars. Other competent witnesses fully corroborate him in regard to this branch and many others. Our author also instances Prices Current, market circulars, as an unlimited commodity to distribution. Next he mentions Patterns, which, at first, he supposes, might be the most numerous things that would be thrust into circulars, such as samples of female dress, ribbons and other light articles. Samples of drugs, seeds, and all dry produce would be multitudinously circulated. In many departments of business, which it is needless to mention, the same sort of opportunities would be greedily seized upon in this

active, enterprising, and mercantile country. Nor must we overlook the effect which such a state of things, such measureless distinctions, would have in the equalization over the whole country of information, where and when the best and the desired articles were to be obtained. Then think of the transits of goods that would be hurried to all parts of the empire; for who in the remotest parts of Scotland, for example, would purchase a supply of any species of goods for country consumption, from a second, third, or fourth hand, who could get the very best from the richest emporiums, at prime cost? Then will be the time for rail-road traffic and steam navigation.

Passing from business of a commercial nature, a uniform and penny-postage would be most propitious to art and science; in which departments, besides advertisements, specimens, plans, drawings, &c., the propounding or solution of new problems would be made to traverse the length and breadth of the land, with the mail's speed. Here we cannot do better than let Mr. Ashurst be heard at some length:—

“The Institution of Civil Engineers are anxious to work the mine of knowledge, possessed by the operatives of the kingdom; they associate for the purpose, not only of discussing known facts, but of obtaining the knowledge of new; and for this purpose, upon all subjects in which fuller knowledge is thought likely to exist, they know where it is most likely to be found, and are anxious to promote the circulation of questions amongst each other, and amongst the operatives engaged in particular trades or manipulations, and to elicit the contributions of experience, though proceeding from the uneducated: they know that the fact is not varied by the diction, and that there are amongst the operatives men of sound comprehension and inquiring minds—steady thinkers. Indeed the intellectual seed is scattered amongst men with the same profusion that Providence supplies it for our physical wants:—this has been shown whenever revolutions or any great exciting cause has thrown masses of men into new positions.

“It has been found by those who have communicated with the working classes upon subjects which occupy their attention, that though their limited education does not enable the mass to write essays, they can convey facts, answer questions, and give reasons: that they can effectually assist in constructing the compass of facts by which the helmsman should steer; and they are perfectly willing to do so, when questions are so framed as to raise the points inquired after, with that clearness and distinctness, with which educated science can convey its mind to the less instructed.

“It is a suggestion frequently made by those who know human character, to talk with men upon subjects which they understand, if you wish to please them, and inform yourself. This advice has resulted from the observed willingness to communicate: it is a product of the social principle—of that impulse which urges men into society; and is one of the multitude of mixed impulses, by which the selfish and social principles

are blended in the human compound, and made to work out the individual and social good.

“ Indeed, as to men’s willingness to give information, it is characteristic of knowledge to desire to communicate, and to extend ; and this disposition acts alike upon the literate and unlettered.

“ The Society of Civil Engineers has been in the habit of preparing questions on points upon which valuable information connected with the objects of their association could be procured, for the purpose of despatching them to those most likely to possess it ; but their useful activity has been—though not actually suppressed—deprived of its fruitfulness by the heavy rates of postage.”

But in the estimation of tens of thousands there are other interests of still more importance than those of trade, art, or science to be affected by the improvement in question. Religious and educational purposes and influences are within the potent reach of this convenient and ever ready servant. Dissenting ministers, whose very names in very many cases can hardly be ascertained at present, would come to be constantly communicated with from all parts of the country, were the suppressing regulations withdrawn. How frequently and widely would the members of particular religious societies correspond ! How would the reform be hailed by the Society of Friends, who are constantly much concerned and engaged about their yearly advices, and their advices of discipline ! Then imagine the advantage which would be taken of the facility by such communities as the Religious Tract Society, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and many other associations, which are engaged for the best interests of mankind at home and abroad ; and the subject will not only be felt to grow upon the mind, but to be infinite in its bearings.

It can hardly be said to be descending from the high regions of educational, moral, and religious interests, when we allude, as prompted by Mr. Ashurst, to the suppressive effects of the present postage regulations on the collection of Statistical facts. We quote part of what he has said on this subject :—

“ National statistics,—I use this expression as embracing the facts and the results of every effort of the wise and the good, to promote the religious and moral progression of human beings, and the wealth, the peace, and welfare of their country.—National statistics, and their result, is to a nation what account books and a balance sheet are to a business. The more enlarged field of action and the greater number of actors, and of conflicting, or apparently conflicting, interests, passions, and motives, swelling the stream of action, render the collection more difficult ; but these are arguments for, and not against, the importance of collecting the facts : yet, however important, extensive, and valuable the facts, they cannot now be collected, sifted, and made useful, because of the heavy rates of postage. The commerce of a nation is dependent upon the same principles as the business of individuals ; what correct book-keeping is to a business, statistical accu-

racy is to a nation—without the one, the individual is driven by his business; and if he succeeds, it is notwithstanding, and not in consequence of, his management;—without the other, the nation is driven by the chapter of accidents,

“ The knowledge of results can only be collected from an accurate record of facts : the statist records ; the states-man deduces ; and the deduction, to be useful, must be justly made from an accurate record of facts. The present heavy rates of postage operate against this in every conceivable way. It prevents the accuracy of individuals, in the daily and hourly transactions of business, and nations are made up of individuals. It prevents men of science from collecting the facts from those who principally possess them,—the operatives and labouring men of the country ; the mine of facts which is now locked up in *them*, cannot be brought forth ; the results of past, and the seed of future scientific, mechanical, and moral fruit is wholly unproductive ; the heavy rates of postage not only prevent an accurate record of facts from being transmitted, but actually prevent their being elicited.

“ The evidence taken, shows that they suppress alike the smaller and ever-occurring incidents in business, and the highest and most interesting efforts of the scientific and the good.”

Still more obvious and affecting, even to an extent to make the heart bleed, are the suppressive regulations in question, when we come to consider their effects on domestic correspondence—on the feelings and the interests, social and moral, of the poor ; for to this vast portion of the community the rate of postage actually amounts to a prohibition. On this part of the subject our author has acquitted himself with great good sense, with much ability, with still more remarkable humanity and sympathy. He is as far from indulging in morbid as he is in fanciful and feeble sentimentality. His subject is touching in the keenest degree ; and he has not done it injustice.

What !—some unthinking though not unfeeling person may exclaim—do you say that the poor, or that people in humble life, are injured by the post-office laws ? What immediate interests of a domestic or social character are affected ? What are the sacrifices, further than those already referred to ? Many !—our author can answer ; and he can enumerate them too. Listen—

“ The whole of the men and women of the country are related to some of the others, and are daily and hourly desiring to communicate with each other : the necessities of the whole, and the interests of all, demand, that they should go forth from their homes to settle, and thus promote the good of all ; and the government interpose, assume a monopoly, and make the departure of the poor from their parents and kindred, equal to a sentence of transportation.

“ The extent of the suppression has been illustrated to the Mercantile Committee, in a letter from a gentleman in the north :—

“ A number of poor emigrants arrived there from an agricultural district, from whence one young man amongst the number wrote home to

his father, to advise him of his arrival. An answer was received expressive of the father's pleasure in hearing from the son, but reminding the son that the father's circumstances were such, that he could not afford to pay for another letter. Let those who know, or can conceive, what it is to be alone in the world, imagine the feelings of this youth, under these circumstances, and how soon the domestic affections and that kindness of disposition and subordination of feeling, which are usually associated with them, would cease to support him in his future progress; and then carrying the idea onwards, and looking at it as a member of society and a legislator, consider that the masses are thus circumstanced, and the effect such deadening influences must have upon society at large. Poverty and the absence of sympathy are sure to triumph over the affections,—where they do not, the case forms an exception to the rule.

“There are 50,000 Irish labourers in Liverpool alone, and there are as many in Manchester. The Irish are warm-hearted, affectionate, and proverbial for attachment to the land of their birth, and to the ties of kindred and of home. It is notorious, that the Irish rural labourers toil and save for the purpose of conveying their wages to home, at the end of the agricultural season in England. Yet the whole of these are as effectually prohibited from exchanging a line with home and friends, as though an Act of Parliament had prohibited it in terms.”

Mr. A. adduces a number of individual cases of hardship, by which means the evil and burden is more touchingly brought home to the bosom of humanity. Here is one of them—

“ ‘ A poor woman, with a large family, whose husband was in prison for a small debt, and who had written to his afflicted wife and family, who were *without bread*, received notice of the letter lying at the post-office, upon which, after several days' trial to raise the amount of postage, she was compelled to leave a silver tea-spoon, by way of pledge to the post-mistress, for the payment of the postage, and thereby obtained the long-wished-for letter from her incarcerated husband. ’ ”

Think of 10d. being chargeable on a letter in Nottingham where frequently the average earnings of a stocking-maker are so small that tenpence is one-ninth of the whole! Again, there is the evidence of an officer who says that soldiers, who can send letters, if franked by their officers, for one penny, on an average send seven and a half yearly each: whereas, according to the statement of a Sheffield firm, who employ 500 persons from different parts of the country, whose relations and friends live at a distance, have a very different set of correspondents in point of frequency. The soldiers surpass the latter just fifteen-fold.

The testimony of clergymen is full and various on the subject of correspondence among the poorer classes. We must find room for one other extract connected with this branch of the subject:—

“The correspondence of the female sex is nearly suppressed to the many, and greatly limited to the whole; for those whose position in life

would enable them to pay, or to obtain the payment of their postage, are restrained from writing, feeling that it is a great charge upon their relatives. The extent to which this apprehension limits their correspondence, is evidenced to almost every one, by the fact, that he seldom travels, or is about to return, if his intention is previously known to the circle he leaves, without being asked to convey letters for some of the ladies of the family. Now, let it be borne in mind, that the earliest and the strongest impressions of every generation, and of both sexes, are impressed by the mother and the sisters; that they are anxious about the child and the youth; that the habits and characters of both sexes, to the time when they go forth to school, are mostly formed by the mother and sisters. The correspondence to and from school, would, at a penny postage, be frequent and useful. It would create in early life the habit of correspondence, and convey the first and fresh impressions to the parents, who, from affection and duty, would feel deeply interested in advising, encouraging, and guiding those who in a few years are to carry forward the business of the world; these considerations apply to the youth of both sexes, and the value of such correspondence cannot be too highly appreciated. There must always be hundreds of thousands of the youth of the country thus placed: and of course, more than the same number of their seniors, anxious about them, and whose happiness is in a great degree dependent upon their well-doing. In the best regulated establishments, the scholars cannot have the advantages of home influences in the cultivation of the affections; and the religious, social, and national importance of opening this source of moral cultivation through the post-office, becomes therefore a graver question than the question of revenue: the revenue, however, would be largely increased by it.

“Besides this, it will teach the youth of the country, by actual correspondence with home and friends, that which it is one great object of all education to impart—the art of conveying the thoughts with ease and clearness; they will write—not holiday letters as now—but upon natural subjects in a natural manner, and will therefore acquire the power of expressing their wants, wishes, feelings, and opinions. Anything written may be considered as thrice read, so far as impressing the memory is concerned.”

The commerce of this country, which mainly supports our power and strength, must now by any of our readers who have never before reflected on the subject, be seen to be affected greatly by the facilities or obstacles to inter-communication, whether with fellow-subjects or with foreign merchants. A merchant in America, to quote the author's words, if he can correspond cheaply and freely with the manufacturers of Germany and of France, and finds the same mode of communication with the manufacturers of England is very expensive, will not get into correspondence with England, but will write to Germany or to France. And how often are immense practical results the offspring of a wide and lengthened speculative correspondence, which, had not the projects by such means been matured, and the inquiries many, frequently indeed made at random, the end might never have been accomplished, an effort never made;

for it is by slight things that the greatest enterprizes are baulked or prompted and propped ?

We have said little upon the subject of literature, because the obstacles to circulars in regard to this great engine of civilization are obvious to every one ; though an examination of the evidence elicited before the Select Committee, or of those portions which Mr. A. has quoted, would give force, weight, and fitness to general assertions.

Surely something must be wrong, something must act in a suicidal fashion in the present post-office system, when the fact is, that though commerce has enlarged, population increased, and education advanced, this establishment, into which the great stream of the combined results of these vast developments " would have poured, had Government opened its channels to the quiet, but mighty current, has been stationary."

And who are those that have impeded and would continue to stem the influx ? for it is not to be denied that the reform advocated, like all other great salutary alterations has earnest and we doubt not honest opponents. Mr. A. very charitably, very satisfactorily, and yet not without a touch of sarcasm, has not only pointed out the chief opponents, but ably scattered to the winds several of their strongholds. These hostile persons and sticklers are neither Tories, Whigs, nor Radicals, taking them as a party ; for where is the party in the State who can feel a desire to see the revenue denied its due and practicable increase ? or where is the partizan that would not rather pay a penny than a shilling for a letter at any time ? Why, the opponents are the post-office officials, who like all other men who have been accustomed to one course of thinking and one mechanical course of acting, cannot perceive a reason or a necessity for any material change ; but yet who, when they come to lift up their testimony in behalf of their faith and practice make themselves ridiculous, as many of their answers before the Select Committee remain to show. We believe some of the provided-for in Government situations, and some of the noble in the land, who have the privilege of franking and receiving franked letters, are also opposed to anything like popularizing the matter, or depriving themselves of a monopoly. But surely the country, the whole frame of society, will not permit the outrage to sound policy, to knowledge, and to humanity to be much longer protracted. Take a summary of the evil as given by Mr. Ashurst, which must close our paper, after we have stated that numerous advantages and improvements are described in his pamphlet which we have not glanced at, and after also having declared that we regard Mr. Hill's proposed reform in the light of all those vital and generating principles and processes the future fulness and ramifications of which none can estimate or conceive. Mr. A. says—

" The extent of the injurious effects of the monopoly of this branch of

the business of a public carrier, can scarcely be fully appreciated, until the mind has dwelt upon it for some time, for it is in the nature of the evil to *suppress* much of the evidence of the injury it works.

"If a law were passed forbidding parents to speak to their children, till they had paid sixpence to government for permission, the wickedness would be so palpable, that there would be an end to the tax, in that form of exaction, in twenty-four hours.

"Yet what difference is there in principle when parents are prohibited from writing to their children, and children to their parents, nay, when **ALL** who are beyond the verbal reach of each other, are prevented from communicating their wants, their sympathies, their anxieties, and desires, unless they pay that amount of tax under the name of postage?

"Mr. Rowland Hill has rendered immense service to the public, and will ultimately be considered as the benefactor of his country, for the laborious attention, and the full, clear, and conclusive exposition, which he has given of this subject, in the able pamphlet written by him.

"That evil is the most dangerous which operates unperceived. Much of the evil produced by the present heavy rates of postage is of this description : it is suppressive.

"Whilst the press is pouring forth instruction with a rapidity and cheapness, gratifying to all who desire the intellectual, religious, and social progress of man, there are few who know that the present rates of postage shut up the sources of discovery in science and the arts ; in political and economical statistics of every kind ; that they prevent the collection and diffusion of religious and moral information, to an immense extent ; that they practically prohibit the communications of affection and business amongst the poor ; nearly suppress them to all the independent labouring classes ; and materially diminish them amongst all, except the nobility, and those of the gentry, who have the privilege of franking."

ART. VI.—*Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada.* By **Mrs. JAMESON.** 3 vols. London : Saunders and Otley. 1838.

Mrs. JAMESON stands in the very first rank of living female writers. Her intellectual powers are of a high order. Her perceptions are keen and searching, her observations have been on a wide scale, and her reflections on mankind, literature, art, and science have been matured. She is in truth a philosopher, albeit there may be some symptoms of idiosyncrasy in her system. But what we chiefly admire in her philosophy is, that it belongs to the heart fully as much as to the head. She is a woman in the proper sense of the word, and yet we believe those who describe her as being possessed of a masculine mind, are not very wide of the mark. Take thus early in our paper one of the many illustrations in regard to the two qualities, the mental and the sentimental, to which we have alluded. The writer is treating of the false position to which the sex is reduced by the conventional forms of society, she being, let it be remembered, a most strenuous stickler on this score, of which more anon. She says, in conversing with the Bishop of Michigan,

and the Missionaries, on the spiritual and moral condition of the diocese, and the newly-settled regions in general :—

“ I learned many things which interested me very much ; and there was one thing discussed which especially surprised me. It was said that two-thirds of the misery which came under the immediate notice of a popular clergyman, and to which he was called to minister, arose from the infelicity of the conjugal relations ; there was no question here of open immorality and discord, but simply of infelicity and unfitness. The same thing has been brought before me in every country, every society in which I have been a sojourner and an observer ; but I did not look to find it so broadly placed before me here in America, where the state of morals, as regards the two sexes, is comparatively pure ; where the marriages are early, where conditions are equal, where the means of subsistence are abundant, where the women are much petted and considered by the men—too much so.

“ For a result, then, so universal, there must be a cause or causes as universal, not depending on any particular customs, manners, or religion, or political institutions. And what are these causes ? Many things do puzzle me in this strange world of ours—many things in which the new world and the old world are equally incomprehensible. I cannot understand why an evil everywhere acknowledged and felt is not remedied somewhere, or discussed by some one, with a view to a remedy ; but no, it is like putting one’s hand into the fire only to touch upon it ; it is the universal bruise, the putrefying sore, on which you must not lay a finger, or your patient (that is, society) cries out and resists ; and, like a sick baby, scratches and kicks its physician.”

Now for the characteristic reflections :—

“ Strange, and passing strange, that the relation between the two sexes, the passion of love in short, should not be taken into deeper consideration by our teachers and legislators. People educate and legislate as if there was no such thing in the world ; but ask the priest, ask the physician,—let them reveal the amount of moral and physical results from this one cause. Must love be always discussed in blank verse, as if it were a thing to be played in tragedies or sung in songs,—a subject for pretty poems and wicked novels, and had nothing to do with the prosaic current of our every-day existence, our moral welfare and eternal salvation ? Must love be ever treated with profaneness, as a mere illusion ? or with coarseness, as a mere impulse ? or with fear, as a mere disease ? or with shame, as a mere weakness ? or with levity, as a mere accident ? Whereas it is a great mystery and a great necessity, lying at the foundation of human existence, morality, and happiness—mysterious, universal, inevitable as death. Why, then, should love be treated less seriously than death ? It is as serious a thing. Love and death, the alpha and omega of human life, the author and finisher of existence, the two points on which God’s universe turns ; which He, our Father and Creator, has placed beyond our arbitration—beyond the reach of that election and free will which he has left us in all other things ? Death must come, and love must come ; but the state in which they find us ?—whether blinded, astonished, and frightened, and ignorant, or, like reasonable creatures, guarded, prepared, and fit to manage our own feelings ?—

this, I suppose, depends on ourselves ; and, for want of such self-management and self-knowledge, look at the evils that ensue—hasty, improvident, unsuitable marriages ; repining, diseased, or vicious celibacy ; irretrievable infamy ; cureless insanity. The death that comes early, and the love that comes late, reversing the primal laws of our nature. It is of little consequence how unequal the conventional difference of rank, as in Germany—how equal the condition, station, and means, as in America—if there be inequality between the sexes ; and if the sentiment which attracts and unites them to each other, and the contracts and relations springing out of this sentiment, be not equally well understood by both, equally binding on both.”

There is an approach to boldness in these reflections which no one but a sincere and independent thinker would venture to utter ; we also think there is a portion of unsoundness, of which we shall afterwards take some notice. In the meanwhile the general character and merits of the work claim our attention.

We are of opinion that, though Mrs. Jameson will sustain her character as a writer by her “ *Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada* ;” she can hardly add to her reputation. True, we admit, the volumes do not present that full and direct picture of the country which present prevailing excitement will be apt to anticipate. Again, the reader has just cause to complain that there has been foisted into volumes bearing a sufficiently individualized and significant title, reminiscences and criticisms which have no more right to intermeddle with Canadian sketches and affairs than with Constantinople, and indeed much less. We allude to the dissertations about Germany, and what is purely German ; for though Mrs. Jameson may be enamoured of transcendental authors, artists, and actresses, or have much to say of a critical and speculative nature about Goëthe and Eckermann, Schiller, Grillparzer, Oehlenschläger, &c., good and learned in itself, we protest against the introduction of such materials in a work which points by its title to affairs of infinitely more concern at this moment to the whole British nation.

We have stated that these *Studies and Rambles*, alluding to their professed bearing on Canada, do not affect to convey full and direct information relative to the present posture of public affairs. But the incidental notices are exceedingly instructive ; and coming as they do from a person who does not appear to be a partizan, as well as from one who is modest enough to deny being in a capacity to treat particularly of the politics and statistics of the provinces visited, they claim, not merely on account of their manifest intrinsic qualities, but of their extrinsic position, marked attention from all who desire to become acquainted with the practical features of Canadian sentiment and affairs. Her sketches of scenery, of emigrant and Indian life, are striking, excellent and uniformly elegant, but her representations in regard to comfort, contentment, and morals, are disheartening.

Mrs. Jameson, who may be reckoned a heroine of travel, having gone "half over the Continent of Europe," before venturing on a journey from New York to the capital of Upper Canada, was bold enough to start for the latter place at the beginning of Winter, in spite of ample advices to the contrary. Nor were the predictions of her American friends falsified; for between the overflowing of rivers and deluged roads which King Frost had not yet bound and paved with adamant, there was mud and mire upon a formidable scale during much of the way.

Having got to Toronto she seems to have made the best possible use of her time, both during Winter and Summer, some of the details thence resulting now claiming our notice. Some parts of the Preface deserve to be quoted. Having mentioned that the Notes which constitute the groundwork of her volumes were written in Upper Canada,—that she found herself obliged to indulge almost a constant tone of personal feeling, which to us is by no means undelightful, instead of a more elevated style of historical writing dealing in results and drawing conclusions,—that she made a short tour through the Lower Province just before the breaking out of the late revolt,—she proceeds to offer the following observations respecting both provinces forming "that unhappy and mismanged but most magnificent country :"—

"I saw," says she, "of course something of the state of feeling on both sides but not enough to venture a word on the subject. Upper Canada appeared to me loyal in spirit, but resentful and repining under the sense of injury, and suffering from the total absence of all sympathy on the part of the English Government with the condition, the wants, the feelings, the capabilities of the people and country. I do not mean to say that this want of sympathy *now* exists to the same extent as formerly; it has been abruptly and painfully awakened, but it has too long existed. In climate, in soil, in natural productions of every kind, the Upper Province appeared to me superior to the Lower Province, and well calculated to become the inexhaustible timber-yard and granary of the Mother Country. The want of a sea-port, the want of security of property, the general mismanagement of the Government lands—these seemed to me the most prominent causes of the physical depression of this splendid country, while the poverty and deficient education of the people, and a plentiful lack of public spirit in those who were not of the people, seemed sufficiently to account for the moral depression everywhere visible. Add a system of mistakes and maladministration, not chargeable to any one individual, or any one measure, but to the whole tendency of our Colonial government; the fluctuation of principles destroying all public confidence, and a degree of ignorance relative to the country itself, not credible except to those who may have visited it; add these three things together, the want of knowledge, the want of judgment, the want of sympathy, on the part of the Government, how can we be surprised at the strangely anomalous condition of the governed? that of a land absolutely teeming with the richest capabilities, yet poor in population, in wealth, and in energy!

But I feel I am getting beyond my depth. Let us hope that the reign of our young Queen will not begin, like that of Maria Theresa, with the loss of one of her fairest provinces; and that hereafter she may look upon the map of her dominions without the indignant blushes and tears with which Maria Theresa, to the last moment of her life, contemplated the map of her dismembered empire, and regretted her lost Silesia."

The state of Society in Toronto affords our author an occasion to express herself strongly and decidedly upon matters of vital importance at this moment in relation to the Upper Province, from which it would appear that great discontent prevails in regard to the Colonial Office, though the fondest sentiments about the Mother Country exist. The account of the three parties in the colony deserves to be borne in mind by all who would legislate or speculate concerning the settlement. Having remarked that there reigns a hateful factious spirit in relation to political matters, and that there is no recognition of general or generous principles of policy, Mrs. Jameson says :—

"Canada is a colony, not a *country*; it is not yet identified with the dearest affections and associations, remembrances, and hopes of its inhabitants; it is to them an adopted, not a real mother. Their love, their pride, are not for poor Canada, but for high and happy England; but a few more generations must change all this. We have here Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, so called; but these words do not signify exactly what we mean by the same designations at home. You must recollect that the first settlers in Upper Canada were those who were obliged to fly from the United States during the revolutionary war, in consequence of their attachment to the British government, and the soldiers and non-commissioned officers who had fought during the war. These were recompensed for their losses, sufferings, and services by grants of land in Upper Canada. Thus, the very first elements out of which our social system was framed, were repugnance and contempt for the new institutions of the United States, and a dislike to the people of that country,—a very natural result of foregone causes; and thus it has happened that the slightest tinge of democratic, or even liberal principles in politics, was for a long time a sufficient impeachment of the loyalty, a stain upon the personal character of those who held them. The Tories have therefore been hitherto the influential party; in their hands we find the government patronage, the principal offices, the sales and grants of land, for a long series of years. Another party, professing the same boundless loyalty to the mother country, and the same dislike for the principles and institutions of their Yankee neighbours, may be called the Whigs of Upper Canada; these look with jealousy and scorn on the power and prejudices of the Tory families, and insist on the necessity of many reforms in the colonial government. Many of these are young men of talent, and professional men, who find themselves shut out from what they regard as their fair proportion of social consideration and influence, such as, in a small society like this, their superior education and character ought to command for them. Another set are the Radicals, whom I generally hear mentioned as 'those scoundrels,' or 'those rascals,'

or with some epithet expressive of the utmost contempt and disgust. They are those who wish to see this country erected into a republic, like the United States. A few among them are men of talent and education, but at present they are neither influential nor formidable. There is among all parties a general tone of complaint and discontent—a mutual distrust—a languor and supineness—the causes of which I cannot as yet understand. Even those who are enthusiastically British in heart and feeling, who sincerely believe that it is the true interest of the colony to remain under the controul of the mother country, are as discontented as the rest; they bitterly denounce the ignorance of the colonial officials at home, with regard to the true interests of the country; they ascribe the want of capital for improvement on a large scale to no mistrust in the resources of the country, but to a want of confidence in the measures of the government, and the security of property.”

For the manner in which the different parties feel on the Church question we must refer the reader to the book itself. The subject is discussed with force and clearness, and contributes in no small degree to the discontented and distracted state of the country.

Much indeed seems wrong in the policy and management of the Government; much neglected,—things in themselves of comparatively easy correction being conducted with a perverseness, an apathy, and a disregard to details of internal regulation, that must tend to irritate the people constantly, and in their most ordinary course of life. The villanous condition of the roads, is on many occasions the theme of our heroine’s bitter complaint and severe description,—the local authorities and the people themselves being, we should think, fully as much to blame as the Colonial Office at home. Here is the account, and within a smaller space, of another tantalizing and oppressive grievance, which surely might be without much legislation rectified. Mr. Rowland Hill is required in Canada:—

“The poor emigrants who have not been long from the Old Country, round whose hearts tender remembrances of parents, and home and home friends, yet cling in all the strength of fresh regret and unsubdued longing, sometimes present themselves at the post-offices, and on finding that their letters cost three shillings and fourpence, or perhaps five or six shillings, turn away in despair. I have seen such letters not here only, but often and in greater numbers at the larger post-offices; and have thought with pain how many fond, longing hearts must have bled over them. The torture of Tantalus was surely nothing to this.

“At Brandtford I saw forty-eight such letters, and an advertisement from the postmaster, setting forth that these letters, if not claimed and paid for by such a time, would be sent to the dead letter-office.

“The management of the Post-office in Upper Canada will be found among the ‘grievances’ enumerated by the discontented party; and without meaning to attach any blame to the functionaries, I have said enough to show that the letter-post of Canada does not fulfil its purpose of contributing to the solace and advantage of the people, whatever profit it may bring to the revenue.”

Abiding still by what has a bearing upon the political questions, the discontents, and party views which agitate the two provinces, we quote part of what is said by Mrs. Jameson on the project of uniting them :—

“ The project of uniting them into one legislature, with a central metropolis, is most violently opposed by those whose personal interests and convenience would suffer materially by a change in the seat of government. I have heard some persons go so far as to declare, that if the union of the two provinces were to be established by law, it were sufficient to absolve a man from his allegiance. On the other hand, the measure has powerful advocates in both provinces. It seems, on looking over the map of this vast and magnificent country, and reading its whole history, that the political division into five provinces, each with its independent governor and legislature, its separate correspondence with the Colonial Office, its local laws, and local taxation, must certainly add to the amount of colonial patronage, and perhaps render more secure the subjection of the whole to the British crown; but may it not also have perpetuated local distinctions and jealousies—kept alive divided interests, narrowed the resources, and prevented the improvement of the country on a large and general scale ?”

There is a great variety as well as a remarkable complexity of disputed questions. For a long time, and not unconnected with the Church, a dispute regarded the establishment of an endowed University. At last an Act has been passed which abolishes the necessity of any religious test or qualification whatever in those who enter as scholars, and places the establishment under the partial controul of the judges and legislature, instead of the exclusive direction of the clergy—one important triumph of liberalism certainly. The system to be pursued in the granting of lands is another fertile ground of dispute; the manner in which the appropriation of the Clergy Reserves takes place giving rise also to much of the very bitterest spirit. Just let it be borne in mind that when Upper Canada was separated from the Lower Province (in 1791), one-seventh part of the lands was set apart for the maintenance of the Clergy; and the Church of England, as being the established church, claimed the entire appropriation of these lands. Now the Roman Catholics, under the old conditions, by which the maintenance of their church was provided for on the conquest of the colony, also put in their claim, as did the Presbyterians on account of their influence, as well as the Methodists on account of their number; so that there is a pretty field for the discussion and the experiment of the voluntary system.

We must now let Mrs. Jameson be heard in relation to matters of less political tendency: and first of certain social phenomena which are far from being flattering to the Canadians. Here is a disheartening picture taken from the vicinity of Detroit :—

“ I hardly know how to convey to you an idea of the difference between

the two shores ; it will appear to you as incredible as it is to me incomprehensible. Our shore is said to be the most fertile, and has been the longest settled ; but to float between them (as I did to-day in a little canoe made of a hollow tree, and paddled by a half-breed imp of a boy)—to behold on one side a city, with its towers and spires and animated population, with villas and handsome houses stretching along the shore, and a hundred vessels or more, gigantic steamers, brigs, schooners, crowding the port, loading and unloading ; all the bustle, in short, of prosperity and commerce ; and, on the other side, a little straggling hamlet, one schooner, one little wretched steam-boat, some windmills, a Catholic chapel or two, a supine ignorant peasantry, all the symptoms of apathy, indolence, mistrust, hopelessness ! Can I, can any one, help wondering at the difference, and asking whence it arises ? There must be a cause for it surely ; but what is it ? Does it lie in past or in present—in natural or accidental circumstances ? in the institutions of the government, or the character of the people ? Is it remediable ? is it a necessity ? is it a mystery ? what and whence is it ? Can you tell ? or can you send some of our colonial officials across the Atlantic to behold and solve the difficulty ?”

Not unconnected with the striking contrast here drawn, must be the miscellaneous and recent order of emigrants that are located on the British side ; the wants being of that sympathy arising from origin, length of abode, and all those ramifications which so imperceptibly but powerfully bind an old community. The simple fact, as stated by Mrs. Jameson, that intemperance prevails even more destructively among the Canadians than in the States, is sufficient to account for an inferior civilization, and all the symptoms of negligence and mismanagement. But is the following disparity to be set down to the people's habits—a disparity which is rather ominous ? The neighbourhood of Niagara furnishes the contrast :—

“ The opposite shore, about a quarter of a mile off, is the state of New York. The Americans have a fort on their side, and we also have a fort on ours. What the amount of *their* garrison may be I know not, but our force consists of three privates and a corporal, with adequate arms and ammunition, i. e. rusty firelocks and damaged guns. The fortress itself I mistook for a dilapidated brewery.”

Having mentioned the oft-described cataract, and being about to present some sketches of scenery and life, let us see how our heroine acquits herself in reference to the tremendous phenomenon :—

“ Well ! I have seen these Cataracts of Niagara, which have thundered in my mind's ear ever since I can remember—which have been my ‘ childhood's thought, my youth's desire,’ since first my imagination was awakened to wonder and to wish. I have beheld them, and shall I whisper it to you ? but, O tell it not among the Philistines !—I wish I had not ! I wish they were still a thing unbeheld—a thing to be imagined, hoped, and anticipated ; something to live for : the reality has displaced from my mind an allusion far more magnificent than itself—I have no words for my utter

disappointment: yet I have not the presumption to suppose that all I have heard and read of Niagara is false or exaggerated; that every expression of astonishment, enthusiasm, rapture, is affectation or hyperbole. No! it must be my own fault. Terni, and some of the Swiss cataracts leaping from their mountains, have affected me a thousand times more than all the immensity of Niagara. Oh, I could beat myself! and now there is no help! the first moment, the first impression is over—is lost; though I should live a thousand years, long as Niagara itself shall roll, I can never see it again for the first time. Something is gone that cannot be restored. What has come over my soul and senses? I am no longer Anna—I am metamorphosed—I am translated—I am an ass's head, a clod, a wooden spoon, a fat weed growing on Lethe's bank, a stock, a stone, a petrification, for have I not seen Niagara, the wonder of wonders; and felt—no words can tell what disappointment?"

But all is not so disparaging, nor does it suggest itself to us that our heroine is always alike insensible to the sublimer scenes of nature. Take a winter landscape from her pencil:—

"I think that but for this journey I never could have imagined the sublime desolation of a northern winter, and it has impressed me strongly. In the first place, the whole atmosphere appeared as if converted into snow, which fell in thick, tiny, starry flakes, till the buffalo robes and furs about us appeared like swansdown, and the harness on the horses of the same delicate material. The whole earth was a white waste: the road, on which the sleigh-track was only just perceptible, ran for miles in a straight line; on each side rose the dark, melancholy pine-forest, slumbering drearily in the hazy air. Between us and the edge of the forest were frequently spaces of cleared or half-cleared land, spotted over with the black charred stumps and blasted trunks of once magnificent trees, projecting from the snow-drift. These, which are perpetually recurring objects in a Canadian landscape, have a most melancholy appearance. Sometimes wide openings occurred to the left, bringing us in sight of Lake Ontario, and even in some places down upon the edge of it: in this part of the lake the enormous body of the water and its incessant movement prevents it from freezing, and the dark waves rolled in, heavily plunging on the icy shore with a sullen booming sound. A few rods from the land, the cold grey waters, and the cold, grey, snow-encumbered atmosphere, were mingled with each other, and each seemed either. The only living thing I saw in a space of about twenty miles, was a magnificent bald-headed eagle, which, after sailing a few turns in advance of us, alighted on the topmast bough of a blasted pine, and slowly folding his great wide wings, looked down upon us as we glided beneath him."

To *rough* it during a winter campaign in Upper Canada, which is said not to be so severe in regard to climate as the Lower Province, will be no joke for feather-bed soldiers, should any such be ordered from England on active service during the threatened troubles. We read, in one place, that "the cold is at this time so intense, that the ink freezes while I write, and my fingers stiffen

round the pen ; a glass of water by my bed-side, within a few feet of the hearth (heaped with logs of oak and maple, kept burning all night long,) is a solid mass of ice in the morning."

Among the most remarkable of Mrs. Jameson's sketches will be found one which regards the growth as well as the *killing* of timber. The fact noticed, that when primeval forests are cleared, another growth of quite a different species springs up spontaneously in its place, is not new to us. There are latent seeds, we believe, in every part of the earth, that require only an opportunity to develop themselves. We have seen the clay dug many feet down in a well, disclose, when spring arrived, vegetation, and the vegetation too of plants nowhere found in the neighbourhood on the surface. But to proceed to other notices—in regard to forest history:—

"We passed by a forest lately consumed by fire, and I asked why, in clearing the woods, they did not leave groups of the finest trees, or even single trees, here and there, to embellish the country? But it seems that this is impossible; for the trees thus left standing, when deprived of the shelter and society to which they have been accustomed, uniformly perish; which, for mine own poor part, I thought very natural. A Canadian settler hates a tree, regards it as his natural enemy, as something to be destroyed, eradicated, annihilated by all and any means. The idea of useful or ornamental is seldom associated here, even with the most magnificent timber trees, such as among the Druids had been consecrated, and among the Greeks would have sheltered oracles and votive temples. The beautiful faith which assigned to every tree of the forest its guardian nymph, to every leafy grove its tutelary divinity, would find no votaries here. Alas! for the Dryads and Hamadryads of Canada! There are two principal methods of killing trees in this country, besides the quick, unfailing destruction of the axe; the first by setting fire to them, which sometimes leaves the root uninjured to rot gradually and unseen, or be grubbed up at leisure, or, more generally, there remains a visible fragment of a charred and blackened stump, deformed and painful to look upon: the other method is slower, but even more effectual; a deep gash is cut through the bark into the stem, quite round the bole of the tree. This prevents the circulation of the vital juices, and by degrees the tree droops and dies. This is technically called *ringing* timber. Is not this like the two ways in which a woman's heart may be killed in this world of ours—by passion and by sorrow? But better far the swift fiery death than this '*ringing*,' as they call it!"

When reading of the monarchs of the woods, of stately or gigantic trees which have stood unmolested for uncounted ages, one is not unnaturally reminded of the aboriginal inhabitants of the measureless wilds. Two or three sketches of the Indians will at present suffice. Mrs. Jameson visited the northern shores of Lake Huron, and the Indian Missionary settlements on the island of Mackinaw. She was also, in the course of her numerous journeys, a short time among the Chippewas, where she was adopted as a sister, by the

name, when translated, of the *White or Fair English Chieftainess*. We quote an instance of Chippewa determination : life is sweet, or, at least, generally passionately desired and protected :—

“ A short time ago a young Chippewa hunter, whom he knew, was shooting squirrels on this spot, when by some chance a large blighted pine fell upon him, knocking him down and crushing his leg, which was fractured in two places. He could not rise, he could not remove the tree which was lying across his broken leg. He was in a little uninhabited island, without the slightest probability of passing aid, and to lie there and starve to death in agonies, seemed all that was left to him. In this dilemma, with all the fortitude and promptitude of resource of a thoroughbred Indian, he took out his knife, cut off his own leg, bound it up, dragged himself along the ground to his hunting canoe, and paddled himself home to his wigwam on a distant island, where the cure of his wound was completed. The man is still alive.”

The following are specimens of Pottowottomie dandyism and frankness :—

“ One of these exquisites, whom I distinguished as Beau Brummel, was not indeed much indebted to a tailor, seeing he had neither a coat nor anything else that gentlemen are accustomed to wear. But then his face was most artistically painted, the upper half of it being vermillion, with a black circle round one eye, and a white circle round the other ; the lower half of a bright green, except the tip of his nose, which was also vermillion. His leggings of scarlet cloth were embroidered down the sides, and decorated with tufts of hair. The band, or garter, which confines the leggings, is always an especial bit of finery ; and his were gorgeous, all embroidered with gay beads, and strings and tassels of the liveliest colours hanging down to his ankle. His moccasins were also beautifully worked with porcupine quills : he had armlets and bracelets of silver ; and round his head a silver band stuck with tufts of moose-hair, dyed blue and red : and, conspicuous above all, the eaglefeather in his hair, shewing he was a warrior, and had taken a scalp—i. e. killed his man. Over his shoulders hung a blanket of scarlet cloth, very long and ample, which he had thrown back a little, so as to display his chest on which a large outspread hand was painted in white. It is impossible to describe the air of perfect self-complacency with which the youth strutted about.

“ A distinguished Pottowottomie warrior presented himself to the Indian agent at Chicago, and observing that he was a very good man, very good indeed, and a good friend to the Long-knives (the Americans), requested a dram of whiskey. The agent replied, that he never gave whiskey to good men ; good men never asked for whiskey, and never drank it. It was only bad Indians who asked for whiskey, or liked to drink it. ‘ Then,’ replied the Indian quickly, in his broken English, ‘ me damn rascal ! ’ ”

Formal courtship,—

“ When a young Chippewa of St. Mary’s sees a young girl, who pleases

him, and whom he wishes to marry, he goes and catches a loach, boils it, and cuts off the tail, of which he takes the flat bone, and sticks it in his hair. He paints himself bewitchingly, takes a sort of rude flute or pipe, with two or three stops, which seems to be only used on these amatory occasions, and walks up and down his village, blowing on his flute, and looking, I presume, as sentimental as an Indian can look. This is regarded as an indication of his intentions, and throws all the lodges in which there are young marriageable girls in a flutter, though probably the fair one who is his secret choice is pretty well aware of it. The next step is to make presents to the parents and relatives of the young woman. If these are accepted, and his suit prospers, he makes presents to his intended; and all that now remains is to bring her home to his lodge. He neither swears before God to love her till death—an oath which it depends not on his own will to keep, even if it be not perjury in the moment it is pronounced—nor to endow her with all his worldly good and chattles, when even by the act of union she loses all right of property: but apparently, the arrangements answer all purposes to their mutual satisfaction.”

Chippewa courtship, and loach-charms,—the *ringing* of timber,—and the general misery which prevails in every part of the world visited by our heroine between man and wife, are made the texts of more or less speculation and chivalrous defence of her own sex. We have at an early part of our paper seen that Mrs. Jameson would make the passion of love a subject of education and legislation; she elsewhere objects to a general good being obtained at the expense or sacrifice of the few,—to the doctrine of “moralists and politicians, that it is for the general good of society, nay, an absolute necessity, that one-fifth part of our sex should be condemned as the legitimate prey of the other, (how many moralists, we wonder, have preached up this necessity,) pre-doomed to die in reprobation, in the streets, in hospitals, that the virtue of the rest may be preserved, and the pride and the passions of men both gratified.” Some strange words for a woman to utter follow this indignant passage; but we go to another paragraph, where we find this more genial and perhaps Quixotic sentiment,—“I, as a woman, with a heart full of the most compassionate tenderness for the wretched and the erring among my sister women, do still aver, that the first step towards our moral emancipation is that law which will leave us the sole responsible guardians of our own honour and chastity. It may seem,” she continues, “at first view, most pitiable that not only the ban of society, but also the legal liabilities, should fall on the least guilty (reference is made to certain clauses in our new Poor-law act); and hard indeed will be the fate of many a poor, ignorant delinquent, for the next few years, unless those women who take a generous and extended view of the whole question (the whole question meant, refers to the making the remedy in cases of seduction more effectual, and for the provision of children born out of wedlock by the supposed fathers, &c.) be prepared to soften the horrors that will ensue by

individual help and acts of mercy." Now we do think that the idea is not more fanciful and impracticable of making the passion of love or any other passion the subject of positive and precise teaching and legislation, than the hope is extravagant of the sex becoming the sole responsible guardians of their honour and chastity. The whole frame of society must be purified and the morals of every class elevated before any one branch can confidently cherish the idea of a separate guardianship and regeneration. The fact has however been, and still continues to prevail, (we do not say inimically to the interests of society,) that women are in general the party who most strenuously and constantly repudiate their erring sisters; thus frequently causing despair and the most reckless abandonment to succeed transgression that might have been repented of.

But we must shun such delicate and difficult subjects, and close our paper with one or two extracts relative to Canadian life, manners, and appearances; introducing the sketches with a short notice of Sir John Colborne, "whose mind," says our heroine, "appeared to me cast in the antique mould of chivalrous honour, and whom I never heard mentioned in either province but with respect and veneration." Concerning a Librarian at Detroit we read,—

"Wishing to borrow some books, to while away the long solitary hours in which I am *obliged* to rest, I asked for a circulating library, and was directed to the only one in the place. I had to ascend a steep staircase, so disgustingly dirty, that it was necessary to draw my drapery carefully round me to escape pollution. On entering a large room, unfurnished except with book-shelves, I found several men sitting or rather sprawling upon the chairs, and reading the newspapers. The collection of books was small; but they were not of a common or vulgar description. I found some of the best modern publications in French and English. The man—gentleman, I should say, for all are gentlemen here—who stood behind the counter, neither moved his hat from his head, nor bowed on my entrance, nor showed any officious anxiety to serve or oblige; but, with this want of what *we* English consider due courtesy, there was no deficiency of real civility—far from it. When I inquired on what terms I might have some books to read, this gentleman desired I would take any books I pleased, and not think about payment or deposit. I remonstrated, and represented that I was a stranger at an inn; that my stay was uncertain, &c.; and the reply was, that from a lady and a stranger he could not think of receiving remuneration; and then gave himself some trouble to look out the books I wished for, which I took away with me. He did not even ask the name of the hotel at which I was staying; and when I returned the books, persisted in declining all payment from 'a lady and a stranger.'

"Whatever attention and politeness may be tendered to me, in either character, as a lady or as a stranger, I am always glad to receive from any one, in any shape. In the present instance, I could indeed have dispensed with the *form*; a pecuniary obligation, small or large, not being much to my taste; but what was meant for courtesy, I accepted courteously—and so the matter ended."

Militia and a field day,—

"The whole house was in unusual bustle, for it was the 4th of June, parade day, when the district militia were to be turned out; and two of the young men of the family were buckling on swords and accoutrements, and furbishing up helmets, while the sister was officiating with a sister's pride at this military toilette, tying on sashes and arranging epaulettes; and certainly, when they appeared—one in the pretty green costume of a rifleman, the other all covered with embroidery as a captain of lancers—I thought I had seldom seen two finer-looking men. After taking coffee and refreshments, we drove down to the scene of action. On a rising ground above the river which ran gurgling and sparkling through the green ravine beneath, the motley troops, about three or four hundred men, were marshalled—no, not marshalled but scattered in a far more picturesque fashion hither and thither; a few log-houses and a saw-mill on the river-bank, and a little wooden church crowning the opposite height, formed the chief features of the scene. The boundless forest spread all around us. A few men, well mounted, and dressed as lancers, in uniforms which were, however, anything but uniform, flourished backwards on the green sward, to the manifest peril of the spectators; themselves and their horses, equally wild, disorderly, spirited, undisciplined: but this was perfection compared with the infantry. Here there was no uniformity attempted of dress, of appearance, of movement; a few had coats, others jackets; a greater number had neither coats nor jackets, but appeared in their shirt-sleeves, white or checked, or clean or dirty, in edifying variety! Some wore hats, others caps, other their own shaggy heads of hair. Some had firelocks; some had old swords, suspended in belts, or stuck in their waistbands; but the greater number shouldered sticks or umbrellas. Mrs. M * * * told us that on a former parade day she had heard the word of command given thus—'Gentlemen with the umbrellas, take ground to the right! Gentlemen with the walking-sticks, take ground to the left!' Now they ran after each other, elbowed and kicked each other, straddled, stooped, chattered; and if the commanding officer turned his back for a moment, very coolly sat down on the bank to rest. Not to laugh was impossible, and defied all power of face. Charles M. made himself hoarse with shouting out orders which no one obeyed, except, perhaps, two or three men in the front; and James, with his horsemen, flourished their lances, and galloped, and capered, and curveted to admiration. * * The parade day ended in a drunken bout and a riot, in which, as I was afterwards informed, the colonel had been knocked down, and one or two serious and even fatal accidents had occurred; but it was all taken so very lightly, so very much as a thing of course, in this half-civilised community, that I soon ceased to think about the matter."

An American driver may be allowed to bring up the rear in our review of these volumes, varied, rich, and elegant in regard to information, sentiment, and speculative opinions, as all must allow them to be,—the work of a singular and exalted mind:—

"One dark night, I remember, as the sleet and rain were falling fast and our Extra was slowly dragged by wretched brutes of horses through what seemed to me 'sloughs of despond,' some package ill-stowed on the roof, which in the American stages presents no resting-place either for

man or box, fell off. The driver alighted to fish it out of the mud. As there was some delay, a gentleman seated opposite to me put his head out of the window to inquire the cause; to whom the driver's voice replied, in an angry tone, 'I say, you mister, don't you sit jabbering there, but lend a hand to heave these things aboard!' To my surprise, the gentleman did not appear struck by the insolence of this summons, but immediately jumped out and lent his assistance. This is merely the manner of the people; the driver intended no insolence, nor was it taken as such, and my fellow travellers could not help laughing at my surprise."

ART. VII.—*Music and Friends; or, Pleasant Recollections of a Dilettante.* By WILLIAM GARDINER. 2 Vols. London: Longman. 1838.

It is, we repeat, our study to present each month as much variety of matter as possible; and accordingly we sometimes, for the purpose of producing this result, bestow upon works of an inferior order a degree of attention which would not otherwise be expended—and were it not to relieve the grave, the lofty, and the argumentative, by an intermixture of the light and the lively. Our motive for noticing the present production may be set down to this principle; for these "*Pleasant Recollections*" will amusingly occupy a vacant hour at any time. The work, in fact, contains a strange medley, anecdotes, opinions, and crotchets about everything and about every—no, not every body exactly, but every remarkable personage who may for three-fourths of a century have come, or been driven within the sphere of Leicester, or upon whom the author in the course of his various journeyings may have pounced. It is a book full of gossip, the gossip of a garrulous old man, who knows a good deal, but not so much as he supposes,—and who has made some noise in the world, but not to an extent great enough from his home to herald over England two goodly octavos.

Mr. Gardiner, who informs us that he first beheld the light in March of 1770, is a stocking-manufacturer, on a large scale, we believe, in Leicester. He is not unknown in the musical world, not only on account of his knowledge of the art, and his enthusiastic devotion to it, but his "*Sacred Melodies*," his "*Lives of Haydn and Mozart*," his "*Oratorio of Judah*," and his "*Music of Nature*," are works of considerable merit; some of them, especially the last mentioned, containing, if not sound, at least, ingenious theories.

Upon the strength of the notice he has obtained on account of these works, and a due share of self-complacency, Mr. Gardiner in his old age has thought that there is room in the literary world for a sort of autobiography, in which however there is nothing like a systematic arrangement, but a record of every thing which first came up, and as it first came. This want of plan is particularly illustrated by the insertion of hundreds of songs, airs, and glees, some of them, no doubt, worth preserving, but preserved generally in such

parts of the work as have not a shadow of connection with them. With regard to the anecdotes and opinions, though some of them are stale, there is no want of vivacity in the retailing of them ; so that, as already intimated, the work will amuse, and never fatigue.

After these few observations there is occasion for little more at our hands than to pick out here and there a few of the most curious fragments. We might, indeed, if the opportunity was sufficiently tempting, have a good deal to say concerning the opinions broached on the most serious, and, among many men, the most engrossing subjects. But instead of doing so, we shall content ourselves with such musical and miscellaneous notices as appear to us best calculated to interest our readers.

Music, of course, is the principal theme with our author ; and therefore we cannot do better than begin with his early taste for the art. He fixes upon an incident in childhood, which he believes first gave a direction to his taste, going as far back as the period when he was only about two years of age, of which stage in his history he professes to have some clear recollections. The incident specially alluded to is described in the following words :—

“ Having been put into a suit of nankeen, which had a smart appearance, Dr. Arnold, our near neighbour, requested to have my clothes tried on his son, who was of the same age. For this purpose I was carried in the morning to the Doctor's house, stripped and put to bed to the historian, Mrs. Macauley. To be thus uncereemoniously denuded, made me very indignant ; to pacify me, they set agoing the chimes of a musical clock which stood by the bed-side. I was greatly delighted, and so reconciled to my situation, that it was with difficulty I could be taken away ; and I consider this incident to have first awakened my attention to the beauty of musical sounds.”

We dare to say, that for years afterwards, when he was naughty, the promise of a musical clock to be given at some future period, was often employed to pacify him, and that thus the incident and subject were imprinted and preserved in his memory. He seems not, however, by his proximity to Mrs. Macauley, to have imbibed any peculiar tinge of her genius or tastes, though, of course, she was a warm nurse.

There seems to have been nothing very wonderful as regards precocity or heart-stirring events in the early life of our author. But he has anecdotes of others that may well supply the deficiency. Thus—

“ About the year 1782, young Crotch was brought to Leicester as a musical prodigy, being then not more than five years old. He was brought first to our house and played upon the piano-forte as he sat upon his mother's knee. At that time there was not more than two or three piano-fortes in the town or neighbourhood ; mine was esteemed a good one, made by John Pholman, I suppose in Germany, and before any were

made in England. Upon this instrument Crotch first exhibited his extraordinary talent in Leicester. I laid before him Handel's organ concertos, which, without difficulty, he played at sight. He was a delicate, lively boy, and next, to music, was most fond of chalking on the floor. I was much surprised to see how readily he sketched a ship in full sail, during which I struck some notes on the piano, forming a confused sound, and requested he would tell me the notes of which it was composed. This he did instantly while so employed. A concert was convened of the amateurs at the Exchange for his benefit, at which he performed several pieces to the admiration of the audience. After this, he exhibited his talent upon the violin, which he played left handed, and being very small of his age, he stood in a chair to lead the concert. In one of the pieces he stopped Mr. Tilley, who was the principal violoncello, and pointed out a passage, infant as he was—that our grave performer had played incorrectly. Such early indications of talent gave high expectations of future greatness, and had he not gone into the schools to be saturated with the rigid harmonies of the ancients, which sealed up his genius, we might have boasted of a native Mozart."

It would appear from the hints contained in this extract, that if our author was not in regard to precocity another Crotch, he yet had made good proficiency in the knowledge and practice of music when young. His critical notices and records regarding the art and its professors or amateurs, we think, are always striking and generally enthusiastic. Take a specimen regarding another prodigy, viz., Beethoven. The occasion is the introduction of a celebrated violin trio in 1794, by means of the Abbé Dobler, chaplain to the elector palatine. The Abbé, who visited Leicester, had, on his leaving home, packed up the piece along with other works by other foreign composers :—

" On arriving at Leicester, he sought my acquaintance, and with the assistance of Mr. Valentine, the professor, this trio of Beethoven was first played in the year 1794, many years previous to its being known in London. How great was my surprise on hearing this composition, accustomed as I had been to the smooth-swimming harmonies of Corelli, the articulated style of Handel, and the trite phraseology of the moderns!—for at that time we had only one symphony of Haydn, and not a note of Mozart. What a new set of sensations, I repeat, did this composition produce in me! It opened a fresh view of the musical art, in which sounds were made to excite the imagination entirely in a different way. The music I had hitherto heard was disposed in a certain order, agreeably to fixed rules—a species of language in which, on hearing the first word you could tell what would be the last; and in many cases the succession of notes seemed to be the mere result of the mechanical motion of the fingers. By Beethoven's music the most natural and pleasing reminiscences were awakened in me, which the strains of the old school never could have produced. The effects of simple melody, connected with pleasing words, must have existed from all time, and its consequent pleasure must have been felt by every people; but in the compositions of Beethoven,

we have an art, *sui generis*, in which sounds by themselves operate upon the imagination, without the aid of words, raising it to the highest regions of thought."

Mr. Gardiner's competency to pronounce on the principles and effects of musical tones may be discovered from what he says concerning bell tuning :—

"The tuning of bells is a difficult task, inasmuch as some of them do not emit a distinct or homogeneous tone. As all bells utter more sounds than one, they should be so cast that the key-note predominates over every other sound, and that the harmonics should be the 12th and 17th above the low low note. This combination produces that sprightly ringing tone which every one admires. A beautiful instance of this occurs in the old five o'clock bell at St. Mary's. In the still of the morning you may hear the harmonics, if you are at a distance, long before the real tone reaches you. But there is a great caprice in bells; they utter all sorts of tones. The tenor of St. Martin's gives out the minor third, which imparts to it a mournful effect. The lively bell at St. George's is the note A, which is not a foundation note: an attentive listener may hear the key-note F murmuring a major third below."

A number of anecdotes and descriptions, more or less connected with music, are scattered throughout these volumes. Take an account of bygone habits :—

"The Maypole, with its pastimes, and the games of single-stick and wrestling, have now disappeared. These were the sports of the ruder part of the peasantry; the artisans, who were more cultivated, had their amusements at home: they were members of the village choir, and on the wake Sunday, every one that had a voice, and could lend a hand with hautboy, bassoon, or flute, repaired to the singing-loft in the church, to swell with heart and voice the psalm or anthem: the clowns below gaping with mute surprise. These harmless recreations are for ever gone. The quavering strains of Arnold, Tansur, Knapp, and Bishop, we hear no more."

Mr. Gardiner appears to lament over this change, especially when it touches his particular hobby; and yet he is, we should suppose, a liberal, a whig at least, and not exactly a conservative member of that party. There is a good deal of puling, we believe, in certain quarters, about the good old times, just as the juveniles of the present day will have to whine over the remembered delights and their youthful associations some fifty or sixty years hence. Every change brings its blessings as well as its evils.

An inhabitant of Leicester of such mark in the place as our author, must needs have something to relate concerning the celebrated Robert Hall; and yet when we read that a Leicester gentleman, who had been visiting London, where he heard a great deal about the extraordinary man and preacher, on his return called upon

the author to know who Hall was, it does not follow that our expectations shall be fully verified. Mr. Gardiner, however, was not so unobservant of genius, whether of a precisely kindred sort with his own or not, or so incurious as to remain for any length of time in the predicament of the inquiring townsman who had returned from London. The particulars and the criticism that we now quote are characteristic of both persons :—

“ In dedicating ‘ The Sacred Melodies’ to the Prince Regent, I was desirous of wording my address so as not only to express the honour conferred upon me, but to pay a due compliment to the Prince’s taste and knowledge in music ; and I waited upon my neighbour, the Rev. Robert Hall, to request his approval before I printed it. This was my first interview with that extraordinary man, who had left Cambridge to reside in his native county. He received me kindly, and talked much about music, of which he was passionately fond, but said he had no ear. This I could scarcely believe, as the melody of his language, I remarked, was strikingly beautiful. ‘ But, Sir,’ he replied, ‘ I can’t sing a note.’ ‘ Though you neither sing nor play, had you paid as much attention to musical sounds as you have done to the music of words, you would have been as refined in music as you are in language.’ ”

Of Mr. Hall as a preacher :—

“ My townsman, Gerrard Andrews, Dean of Canterbury, was a fine orator. His style, like that of the Bishop of Llandaff, was bold and energetic. With a fine open pronunciation, and great good sense, he powerfully penetrated his hearers ; but Mr. Hall impressed you with the idea that he was an inspired man. He began with hesitation, in a low and feeble tone. So great was the action of his mind in lessening the vital functions, that he could scarcely breathe. His voice ‘ trembled beneath the images his fancy created, and would have poured forth a more copious stream had it not been overawed by his imagination.’ As he proceeded his voice gained strength and flexibility, his utterance became more rapid, and so neat was his delivery, that I have distinctly heard twenty and thirty syllables in a breath. When he had got fairly into his subject, and had launched himself, it was a display of human intellect which no words can describe. His hemming cough then left him, and by falling back a little in his pulpit, he acquired a pendulum-like motion that seemed to steady him in his discourses. A person remarking to Mr. Hall that he reminded him of Mr. Robinson, of Cambridge, he replied, ‘ Sir, Mr. Robinson had a musical voice, and was master of all its intonations ; he had wonderful self-possession, and could say *what* he pleased, *when* he pleased, and *how* he pleased ; while my voice and manner are naturally bad, and far from having self-command, I never entered the pulpit without omitting to say something that I wished to say, and saying something that I wished unsaid. Besides all this, I ought to have known that for me *to speak slow was ruin.*’ ‘ Why so ?’ ‘ I wonder that you, a student of philosophy, should ask such a question. You know, Sir, that force or momentum is conjointly as the body and velocity ; therefore, as my voice is feeble, what is wanted in body

must be made up in velocity, or there will not be, cannot be, any impression.' We have had all the short-hand writers from London to take down his sermons, but the moment (it might be said) he had got *under weigh* they invariably laid down their pens in amazement and despair. Indeed, nothing but an active mind and close attention could keep up with him, so as to take in his ideas as he uttered them; to write them down was impossible. His powers of *amplification* were unlimited; he would run through eight or ten epithets in a breath, each one enhancing the grandeur of the thought. When arrived at this state, it was evident he was dead to all external objects, and was revelling among the magnificent images of his fancy."

Mr. Hall was constitutionally in regard to body and mind, and his experience with respect to both, different from most men. Mr. Gardiner says,—

"When I called upon Mr. Hall I generally found him with a book in one hand and a pipe in the other; and often in such agony with the pain in his back, that, to alleviate it, he would lay his whole length upon the floor; even in this position I have found him smoking and reading. He told me that he had read more of Latin and Greek than of his own language; and, in a conversation he had with Mr. Green, he said 'Do you know, Sir, for the last five or six weeks, I have read from five o'clock in the morning until seven or eight at night. I mean literally reading, Sir, all that time, without ever going out, except now and then on an evening.' He looked pale; I said, 'Sir, you will only injure your health by such hard study.' 'Oh, Sir,' he replied, 'I find I am obliged to do so; I have no pleasure in walking out, and it occupies my mind; besides, Sir, you know I have many reading men in my congregation, and I must keep the upper hand, I should not like any of my hearers to know more than myself. I have given up modern publications, they are so verbose that I can get few ideas from them; yet when I take one up I cannot lay it down till I have read it through, Sir; then I am vexed and dissatisfied at the waste of time; besides, I like to go to the originals, Sir, and drink at the *fountain* of knowledge.'"

Liberal constructions of Hall; he said,—

"Dr. Priestley, it is acknowledged, was a Socinian; but it was not under that character that he was eulogized. It was as the friend of liberty, the victim of intolerance, and the author of some of the most brilliant philosophical discoveries of modern times, for which he was celebrated throughout Europe, and his name enrolled as a member of the most illustrious institutions; so that my eulogy was but a feeble echo of the applause which resounded from every civilized portion of the globe. And are we suddenly fallen back into the darkness and ignorance of the middle ages, during which the spell of a stupid and unfeeling uniformity bound the nations in iron slumber, that it is become a crime to praise a man for talents which the whole world admire, and for virtues which his enemies confessed, *merely because his religious creed was erroneous*? If anything could sink orthodoxy into contempt, it would be its association with such gothic barbarity of sentiment, such reptile meanness."

Take now some particulars concerning another preacher:—

"Dr. Ford, the rector of Melton, was an enthusiast in music, very singular in his manners, and a great humorist. His passion for sacred music was publicly known, from his constant attendance at most of the musical festivals in the kingdom. I have frequently met him, and always found him in ecstasies with Handel's music, especially the 'Messiah.' His admiration of this work was carried to such an excess, that he told me he never made a journey from Melton to Leicester that he did not sing it quite through. His performance served as a pedometer by which he could ascertain his progress on the road. As soon as he had crossed Melton Bridge he began the overture, and always found himself in the chorus, 'Lift up your heads,' when he arrived at Brooksby Gate; and 'Thanks be to God,' the moment he got through Thurmaston tollgate. As the pace of his old horse was pretty regular, he contrived to conclude the Amen chorus always at the cross in the Belgrave Gate. Though a very pious person, his eccentricity was, at times, not restrained even in the pulpit. It need not be stated that he had a pretty good opinion of his own vocal powers. Once, when the clerk was giving out the tune, he stopped him, saying, 'John, you have pitched too low—follow me.' Then, clearing up his voice, he lustily began the tune. When the psalmody went to his mind he enjoyed it; and, in his paroxysms of delight, would dangle one or both of his legs over the side of the pulpit during the singing. When preaching a charity sermon at Melton, some gentlemen of the hunt entered the church rather late. He stopped, and cried out, 'Here they come; here come the red-coats; they know their Christian duties: there's not a man among them that is not good for a guinea.' The doctor was himself a performer, had a good library of music, and always took the 'Messiah' with him on his musical journeys. I think it was at a Birmingham festival that he was sitting with his book upon his knee, humming the music with the performers, to the great annoyance of an attentive listener, who said, 'I did not pay to hear you sing.' 'Then,' said the doctor, 'you have that into the bargain.'"

Frederick the Great was not only a lover of literature, but he cherished a taste for music. Mr. Gardiner's friend, the Abbé Dobler, told the following story about the King:—

"His majesty was an early riser, and in the summer, soon after four o'clock, would stroll, in a common dress, into the country. As he was returning from one of his walks, he was joined by a young curate, cheerily smoking his pipe. 'Good morning, friend,' said the king, 'my pipe is out; can you give us a light?' when the stranger, in a humorous manner, presented a pistol tinder-box at the king; and, as he struck down the flint, sharply cried, 'Snaps!' The king could scarcely refrain from laughing; lit his pipe, and said, 'What! are you for Berlin?' 'Yes,' said he, 'and, I am afraid, upon a sleeveless errand.' 'What may that be?' 'Why, there is a living to be given away, and my mother would have me try for it; but I stand no chance, though I've got my credentials with me, for these matters go by favour.' 'But don't you know any great man at court,' said the king, 'that could speak for you?' 'No none; none that would serve me; to be sure there is the Baron Shultz, who was my father's friend, but he knows me not.' 'I would have you call on the lord Chamberlain.'"

said the old gentleman, ' I dare say he would listen to you. They now came to a point where the roads separated, and the king's pipe being out, he again asked for another light, and the curate presented his pistol with another ' Snaps !' On arriving at Berlin the petitioner determined to brave the proposed interview, and sallied forth to the palace, where, to his great surprise, he was courteously received and desired to wait. Presently the chamberlain made his appearance, took his petition, saying the gift of the living was in the king, and that his majesty would shortly grant him an audience. Terrified at this unexpected command, in trepidation he advanced to the royal apartment, not daring to look up. The moment he had entered the king met him, and in a loud voice, as he thrust the benefice into his hand, cried ' Snaps !' The petitioner, recognising the sound of his voice, raised his eyes, and discovered in his majesty the good old gentleman whose pipe he had lit in the morning. Overcome with joy, he retired with expressions of the deepest gratitude for his unexpected good fortune."

Who is the richest man in England, and the second richest in Europe ?

" The private wealth of the present Mr. Arkwright has grown to such an enormous sum, by his unostentatious mode of living, that excepting Prince Esterhazy, he is the richest man in Europe. A few years back I met his daughter, Mrs. Hurt, of Derbyshire, on a Christmas visit at Dr. Holcomb's, and she told me that a few mornings before, the whole of her brothers and sisters, amounting to ten, assembled at breakfast at Willsley Castle, her father's mansion. They found, wrapt up in each napkin, a ten thousand pound bank-note, which he had presented them with as a Christmas-box. Since that time I have been informed that he has repeated the gift, by presenting them with another hundred thousand pounds."

How shall we connect Mr. Arkwright with music ? The Strutts, who were the early friends and associates of the man with whom wondrous improvements in manufacturing machinery are so closely identified, can name one of their family who has a refined taste in the art, and is a warm and practical promoter of it :—

" To give a higher taste to the work-people at Belper, Mr. John Strutt has formed a musical society, by selecting forty persons, or more, from his mills and workshops, making a band of instrumental performers and a choir of singers. These persons are regularly trained by masters, and taught to play and sing in the best manner. Whatever time is consumed in their studies, is reckoned into their working hours. On the night of a general muster you may see five or six of the forge-men, in their leather aprons, blasting their terrific notes upon ophicleides and trombones. Soon after the commencement of this music-school it was found that the proficient were liable to be enticed away, and to commence as teachers of music. To remedy this, the members of the orchestra are bound to remain at the works for seven years. Mr. Strutt has ingeniously contrived an orchestra, with the desks and boxes containing the instruments, to fold and pack up, so that, with the addition of a pair of wheels, the whole forms a carriage, and,

with an omnibus for the performers, he occasionally moves the *corps de musique* to Derby, or the surrounding villages, where their services are required for charitable occasions. The liberality with which this musical establishment is supported is as extraordinary as its novelty. As an incentive to excellence, when he visits town, he occasionally takes half-a-dozen of his cleverest people with him, who are treated to the opera and the concerts to hear the finest performers of the age."

We next quote a good anecdote about a puzzle :—

"The Woods of Lancashire are a distinguished family for character, wealth, and talent; the eldest son, John Wood, has been returned member of Parliament for Preston several times, and proved himself a steady supporter of civil and religious liberty. A laughable circumstance once took place upon a trial in Lancashire, where the head of the family, Mr. Wood, senior, was examined as a witness. Upon giving his name, Ottiwell Wood, the Judge, addressing the reverend person, said, 'Pray, Mr. Wood, how do you spell your name?' The old gentleman replied,—

O double T
I double U
E double L
Double U
Double O D

Upon which the astonished lawgiver laid down his pen saying it was the most extraordinary name he had ever met with in his life, and, after two or three attempts, declared he was unable to record it. The court was convulsed with laughter."

Our last extract from these amusing and miscellaneous volumes shows how stockings and musical notation may be combined and associated:—

"In this place I beg leave to record a circumstance in which Mr. Salomon rendered me a service before I had the pleasure of knowing him. I had a small present that I wished to be conveyed to the great Haydn, the nature of which the following letter will explain. I sent it to Mr. Salomon, with a request that he would forward it to his friend:—

"To Joseph Haydn, Esq., Vienna.

"Sir,—For the many hours of delight which your musical compositions have afforded me, I am emboldened (although a stranger) to beg your acceptance of the enclosed small present, wrought in my manufactory at Leicester. It is no more than six pairs of cotton stockings, in which is worked that immortal air, 'God preserve the Emperor Francis,' with a few other quotations from your great and original productions. Let not the sense I have of your genius be measured by the insignificance of the gift; but please to consider it as a mark of the great esteem I bear to him who has imparted so much pleasure and delight to the musical world.—I am, dear sir, with profound respect, your most humble servant,

"WILLIAM GARDINER.

"Leicester, Aug. 10, 1804.'

"The war was raging at the time, and as Mr. Salomon had no reply, we concluded it never arrived at its place of destination."

ART. VII.—*The Life of Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the American Armies, and First President of the United States; with his Diaries and Speeches, and various other Papers.* By JARED SPARKS. London: Colburn.

THE work before us is a most important addition to our literature. The character of the individual whose life is portrayed in its pages transcends all vulgar praise. The interest of the events which form the subject-matter of these volumes, is inferior to none in history. We may add, that the qualifications of the compiler are everything that the most sanguine could have wished for; and that in the execution of his task, he has shown himself to be a most skilful, judicious, and impartial biographer.

We consider Mr. Sparks to have rendered a most essential public service to his own country and to Europe, and by judiciously performing his great undertaking, he has prevented it from falling into incompetent and ill qualified hands, and spared his country the shame and sorrow of seeing low passions, and mean prejudices, and party biases of any kind, incorporated into a work which of all others should be beyond their reach.

We cannot but think, that the countrymen of Washington are under especial obligations to the British government for the extraordinary liberality with which their archives were opened to Mr. Sparks. We have reason to think, that he enjoyed a freedom of access to the papers preserved in the public offices, which would not readily have been granted to a British subject, and that this liberality had its strong motive in national amity. When it is considered, that the great objects of Mr. Sparks's researches were the events of a war with Great Britain, it cannot be deemed an ordinary exercise of magnanimity. Equal liberality was displayed by the ministry in France, though of course, in that quarter, in reference to the American war, less reason existed for an opposite course. It must be satisfactory to the liberal and distinguished individuals who extended these important acts of courtesy to Mr. Sparks, that he has furnished them no cause to regret their generosity.

The most remarkable documents which Mr. Sparks has been enabled to collect, connected with the American revolution, will be considered, by most readers, the correspondence between George the Third and Lord North. This document proves that from a very short period after the commencement of the war, until its final termination, Lord North was decidedly opposed to the prosecution of it, and for that reason was desirous of retiring from the ministry. The papers in question further prove, that the responsibility of continuing the war must be, if not entirely, yet nearly so, attached to the King. While on this topic, we will, to prove our assertion, present the reader with an extract from the letter of King George the Third to Lord North, of the month of June, 1779:—

"No man in my dominions desires *solid* peace more than I do. But no inclination to get out of the present difficulties, which certainly keep my mind very far from a state of ease, *can incline me to enter into the destruction of the empire*. Lord North frequently says, that the advantages to be gained by this contest can never counterbalance the *expense*. I own that in any war, be it ever so successful, if persons will sit down and weigh the *expense*, they will find, as in the last, that it has impoverished the nation enriched [?]; but this is only weighing such events in the scale of a tradesman behind his counter. It is necessary for those whom Providence has placed in my station, to weigh whether expenses, though very great, are not sometimes necessary to prevent what would be more ruinous than any loss of money. The present contest with America I cannot help seeing as the most serious in which this country was ever engaged. It contains such a train of consequences as must be examined to feel its real weight. Whether the laying a tax was deserving all the evils, that have arisen from it, I suppose no man could allege, without being thought more fit for Bedlam than a seat in the Senate; but, step by step, the demands of America have risen. Independence is their object, which every man, not willing to sacrifice every object to a *momentary and inglorious* peace, must concur *with me* in thinking this country *can never submit to*. Should America succeed in that, the West Indies must follow, not in independence, but in dependence on America. Ireland would soon follow, and this island reduce itself to a poor island indeed."

After making proper acknowledgments to Lord Holland for the highly valuable documents before alluded to, Mr. Sparks expresses his thanks to Mr. Justice Story, for the very lively interest he has taken in the work, and the benefit derived from his laudable assistance :—

"To Mr. Samuel A. Eliot, also," (he adds,) "I would here make a public acknowledgment of the substantial and valuable aid he has, in various ways, lent to my undertaking, the successful issue of which has been promoted in no small degree by his friendly offices and personal exertions."

The biographer in reference to the life of Washington states, that he has endeavoured to follow as closely as possible the order of times, making the narrative as personal as could conveniently be done, introducing collateral events to no farther than was necessary to give completeness to the design. Incidents of a private and personal nature, together with authentic anecdotes, have been interwoven by Mr. Sparks; but these are not so numerous as we could have wished them to be. It is to be regretted that pains were not taken years ago to collect the then surviving reminiscences of Washington, before the authentic and the fabulous had got inextricably mingled. The compiler in allusion to this makes the following observations :—

"I have seen," he remarks, "many particulars of this description which I knew to be not true, and others which I did not believe. These have been avoided; nor have I stated any fact, for which I was not convinced

there was credible authority. If this forbearance has been practised at the expense of the reader's entertainment, he must submit to the sacrifice as due to truth and the dignity of the subject."

There perhaps never lived a man in respect to whom it was so unimportant from what ancestry he sprung ; but it is a matter of curiosity to inquire to whom belongs the honour of his descent. When Henry the Eighth suppressed the religious houses and bestowed their endowments on his favourites, he granted, in 1538, to Lawrence Washington, gentleman, of Northampton, " the manor of Sulgrave, parcel of the dissolved priory of St. Andrew, with all the lands in Sulgrave and Woodford, and certain lands in Stotesbury and Colton, near Northampton, late belonging to the said priory, with all the lands in Sulgrave late belonging to the dissolved priories of canons Ashley and Catesby." The consideration of this grant is not stated. From this Lawrence Washington, who died seised of the same manor of Sulgrave in 1583-4, George Washington is lineally descended. Farther back the family is not traceable.

Among the descendants of Lawrence Washington of Sulgrave, Henry Washington was distinguished for his brave and resolute defence of Worcester in the civil wars. A letter written by him to General Fairfax, who summoned him to surrender to the army of the Parliament on the 16th May, 1646, is preserved, which shows a spirit not unworthy of the name :—

" It is acknowledged by your books, and by report out of your own quarters, that the king is in some of your armies. That granted, it may be easy for you to procure his Majesty's commands for the disposal of this garrison. Till then, I shall make good the trust reposed in me. As for conditions, if I shall be necessitated, I shall make the best I can. The worst I know and fear not ; if I had, the profession of a soldier had not been begun nor so long continued by your Excellency's humble servant."

Tradition reports Washington inquisitive, docile, and diligent, early evincing a taste for military manœuvres ; with a passion for athletic exercises and field sports which never deserted him, and possessing an ascendancy over his fellow pupils, in virtue of the early manhood of his deportment, and the firmness of his boyish probity. Authentic memorials of these early days remain. His school books have been preserved from the time he was thirteen years old. They represent him as entering at that age on the study of geometry. But there is one of a still earlier date, strongly characteristic of his cast of mind. It contains what he calls *forms of writings*, such as notes of hand, bills of exchange, receipts, bonds, indentures, bills of sale, land warrants, leases, deeds, and wills, written out with care, the prominent words in large and round characters, in imitation of a clerk's hand. This would have been deemed a precocious development of taste for the hereditary calling, in the son of some ex-

ceedingly knavish scrivener ; but for the offspring, not yet thirteen years of age, of a prosperous Virginia gentleman, a lad, moreover, fond of military exercise and field sports, this early aptitude for rigid precision of business forms a point of character, by which the Washington of after life was eminently distinguished.

The most curious portion of the contents of the school-book alluded to, is a system of practical maxims for the government of conduct, drawn from miscellaneous sources. On this subject Mr. Sparks makes the following remarks :—

“ In studying the character of Washington, it is obvious that this code of rules had an influence upon his whole life. His temperament was ardent, his passions strong, and, amidst the multiplied scenes of temptation and excitement through which he passed, it was his constant effort and ultimate triumph to check the one and subdue the other. His intercourse with men, public and private, in every walk and station, was marked with a consistency, a fitness to occasions, a dignity, decorum, condescension, and mildness, a respect for the claims of others, and a delicate perception of the nicer shades of civility, which were not more the dictates of his native good sense and incomparable judgment, than the fruits of a long and unwearied discipline.”

Washington was on the point of quitting the soil of his native country at the most susceptible period of life. He was about to enter a path of duty and of advancement, in which, if he had escaped the hazards and gained the prizes of his career, he could scarcely have failed to be carried to distant scenes,—to be employed in foreign expeditions, in remote seas, perhaps in another hemisphere. He would certainly have failed of the opportunity of preparing himself, in the camp and the field, in the French war, to command the armies of the revolution. The following is an extract from a letter written to Lawrence Washington by his father-in-law, William Fairfax, dated the 10th of September, 1746 :—

“ George has been with us, and says he will be steady, and thankfully follow your advice as his best friend. I gave him his mother's letter to deliver, with a caution not to show his. I have spoken to Dr. Spencer, who I find is often at the widow's [Mrs. Washington's], and has some influence, to persuade her to think better of your advice, in putting George to sea with good recommendations.”

The following extract on the same subject was written by Mr. Robert Jackson to Lawrence Washington, and dated at Fredericksburgh, the 18th of October, 1746 :—

“ I am afraid Mrs. Washington will not keep up to her first resolution. She seems to intimate a dislike to George's going to sea, and says several persons have told her it was a bad scheme. She offers several trifling objections, such as fond, unthinking mothers habitually suggest ; and I find that one word against his going has more weight than ten for it. Colonel Fairfax seems desirous he should go, and wished me to acquaint you with

Mrs. Washington's sentiments. I intend shortly to take an opportunity to talk with her, and will let you know the result."

Nothing, however, could overcome the repugnance of his widowed mother ; and from that repugnance, in all human appearance, America preserved her Washington. Immediately after this, he went to reside with his brother Lawrence at Mount Vernon. The winter was devoted to his favourite study of the mathematics, and to practice in surveying. Here he formed or cultivated the acquaintance of Lord Fairfax and other members of his family, with which family his brother Lawrence was connected by marriage.

Lord Fairfax possessed an immense landed estate between the Potomac and Rappahannoc rivers, extending back to, and beyond, the Alleghany Mountains. These lands had never been surveyed. Precisely at this period the attention of men of adventure had begun to stretch away beyond the Blue Ridge ; a region now filled with a dense population, with all the works of human labour, and all the bounties of a productive soil ; then shaded by the native forests, infested with savages, and claimed as the dominion of France. That portion of the country which lay nearest the settlements had been granted, for the most part, probably to large proprietors in extensive tracts, which had never been surveyed. Settlers were forcing their way up the streams, selecting their fertile places, and occupying the lands without title. It became a very important object with the proprietors, in the absence of any system of public surveys like that which now prevails, to have their estates accurately divided into lots and measured. Lord Fairfax had formed so favourable an opinion of the general capacity of young Washington, and his fitness for this employment, that he confided to him the important trust of surveying his estates. A journal of his first surveying expedition is still preserved. It is filled with details, which, slight as they are in themselves, are, from such a source, of high interest. The following letter sets him before us in all the truth of real life :—

" Dear Richard ; The receipt of your kind favour of the 2nd instant afforded me unspeakable pleasure, as it convinces me that I am still in the memory of so worthy a friend,—a friendship I shall ever be proud of increasing. Yours gave me the more pleasure, as I received it among barbarians and an uncouth set of people. Since you received my letter of October last, I have not slept above three or four nights in a bed ; but, after walking a good deal all the day, I have lain down before the fire on a little hay, straw, fodder, or a bearskin, whichever was to be had, with man, wife, and children, like dogs and cats ; and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire. Nothing would make it pass off tolerably but a good reward. A doubloon is my constant gain every day, that the weather will permit of my going out, and sometimes six pistoles. The coldness of the weather will not allow of my making a long stay, as the lodging is rather

too cold for the time of year. I have never had my clothes off, but have lain and slept in them, except the few nights I have been in Fredericktown."

The youthful Washington was the prey of other cares, as some letters written about this time shew, than those incident to his laborious professional excursions in the mountains. The following is a specimen of this portion of the correspondence :—

" Dear Friend Robin ; As it is the greatest mark of friendship and esteem, which absent friends can show each other, to write and often communicate their thoughts, I shall endeavour from time to time, and at all times, to acquaint you with my situation and employments in life, and I could wish you would take half the pains to send me a letter by any opportunity, as you may be well assured of its meeting with a very welcome reception.

" My place of residence at present is at his Lordship's [Lord Fairfax's], where I might, were my heart disengaged, pass my time very pleasantly, as there is a very agreeable young lady in the same house, Colonel George Fairfax's wife's sister. But that only adds fuel to the fire, as being often and unavoidably in company with her revives my former passion for your Lowland beauty ; whereas, were I to live more retired from young women, I might in some measure alleviate my sorrow, by burying that chaste and troublesome passion in oblivion ; and I am very well assured, that this will be the only antidote or remedy."

He acquitted himself in his labours as a surveyor, to the entire satisfaction of his employers ; his labours were liberally compensated ; and, in the opportunity which he possessed of learning the position of valuable lands, no doubt he had it in his power still further to promote his interest. He became acquainted with a portion of country then little known, but which was shortly to become the theatre of his first military service. He was brought into close contact with a class of men whom he was shortly to meet in another character, and had some intercourse with the natives of the forest. He soon received a commission as a public surveyor, which gave authority to his surveys, and enabled him to enter them in the county offices. This circumstance, conjoined with a character for accuracy, diligence, and probity, secured him all the employment which he desired in this lucrative pursuit.

In these occupations he had made himself so favourably known, that, on the division of the province into several military districts, which took place at this period in consequence of the alarms of French and Indian hostilities, he was appointed in one of them to the place of Adjutant-general, with the rank of Major. It was his duty in this capacity to assemble and exercise the militia, to inspect their arms, and enforce all requisitions of the militia law, with the responsibility of preparing the troops under his command for actual service in the war which was supposed to be impending. As an

illustration of Mr. Sparks's narrative style, may be instanced, among others, his sketch of the battle of Monongahela, more commonly known as Braddock's defeat, one of the leading incidents in the early life of Washington :—

“ At this time Colonel Washington was seized with a raging fever, which was so violent as to alarm the physician ; and, as an act of humanity, the general ordered him to proceed no further, till the danger was over ; with a solemn pledge that he should be brought up to the front of the army before it should reach the French fort. Consigned to a waggon, and to the physician's care, he continued with the rear division nearly two weeks, when he was enabled to be moved forward by slow stages, but not without much pain from weakness and the jolting of the vehicle. He overtook the general at the mouth of the Youghiogany River, fifteen miles from Fort Duquesne, the evening before the battle of the Monongahela.

“ The officers and soldiers were now in the highest spirits, and firm in the conviction, that they should within a few hours victoriously enter the walls of Fort Duquesne. The steep and rugged grounds, on the north side of the Monongahela, prevented the army from marching in that direction ; and it was necessary in approaching the fort, now about fifteen miles distant, to ford the river twice, and march a part of the way on the south side. Early on the morning of the 9th, all things were in readiness, and the whole train passed through the river a little below the mouth of the Youghiogany, and proceeded in perfect order along the southern margin of the Monongahela. Washington was often heard to say during his lifetime, that the most beautiful spectacle he had ever beheld was the display of the British troops on this eventful morning. Every man was neatly dressed in full uniform, the soldiers were arranged in columns and marched in exact order, the sun gleamed from their burnished arms, the river flowed tranquilly on their right, and the deep forest overshadowed them with solemn grandeur on their left. Officers and men were equally inspirited with cheering hopes and confident anticipations.

“ In this manner they marched forward till about noon, when they arrived at the second crossing-place, ten miles from Fort Duquesne. They halted but a little time, and then began to ford the river and regain its northern bank. As soon as they had crossed, they came upon a level plain, elevated only a few feet above the surface of the river, and extending northward nearly half a mile from its margin. Then commenced a gradual ascent at an angle of about three degrees, which terminated in hills of a considerable height at no great distance beyond. The road from the fording-place to Fort Duquesne led across the plain and up this ascent, and thence proceeded through an uneven country, at that time covered with wood.

“ By the order of march, a body of three hundred men, under Colonel Gage, made the advanced party, which was immediately followed by another of two hundred. Next came the general with the columns of artillery, the main body of the army, and the baggage. At one o'clock the whole had crossed the river, and almost at this moment a sharp firing was heard upon the advanced parties, who were now ascending the hill, and had proceeded about a hundred yards from the termination of the

plain. A heavy discharge of musketry was poured in upon their front, which was the first intelligence they had of the proximity of an enemy, and this was suddenly followed by another on their right flank. They were filled with the greatest consternation, as no enemy was in sight, and the firing seemed to proceed from an invisible foe. They fired in their turn, however, but quite at random and obviously without effect.

“ ‘The general hastened forward to the relief of the advanced parties ; but, before he could reach the spot which they occupied, they gave way and fell back upon the artillery and the other columns of the army, causing extreme confusion, and striking the whole mass with such a panic, that no order could afterwards be restored. The general and the officers behaved with the utmost courage, and used every effort to rally the men, and bring them to order, but all in vain. In this state they continued nearly three hours, huddling together in confused bodies, firing irregularly, shooting down their own officers and men, and doing no perceptible harm to the enemy. The Virginia provincials were the only troops who seemed to retain their senses, and they behaved with a bravery and resolution worthy of a better fate. They adopted the Indian mode, and fought each man for himself behind a tree. This was prohibited by the general, who endeavoured to form his men into platoons and columns, as if they had been manœuvring on the plains of Flanders. Meantime the French and Indians, coucealed in the ravines and behind trees, kept up a deadly and unceasing discharge of musketry, singling out their objects, taking deliberate aim, and producing a carnage almost unparalleled in the annals of modern warfare. More than half of the whole army, which had crossed the river in so proud an array only three hours before, were killed or wounded. The general himself received a mortal wound, and many of his best officers fell by his side.’

“ ‘During the whole of the action, as reported by an officer who witnessed his conduct, Colonel Washington behaved with ‘the greatest courage and resolution.’ Captains Orme and Morris, the two other aides-de-camp, were wounded and disabled, and the duty of distributing the general’s orders devolved on him alone. He rode in every direction, and was a conspicuous mark for the enemy’s sharp-shooters. ‘By the all-powerful dispensations of Providence,’ said he, in a letter to his brother, ‘I have been protected beyond all human probability or expectation ; for I had four bullets through my coat, and two horses shot under me, yet I escaped unhurt, although death was levelling my companions on every side of me.’ So bloody a contest has rarely been witnessed. The number of officers in the engagement was eighty-six, of whom twenty-six, were killed, and thirty-seven wounded. The killed and wounded of the privates amounted to seven hundred and fourteen. On the other hand, the enemy’s loss was small. Their force amounted at least to eight hundred and fifty men, of whom six hundred were Indians. According to the returns, not more than forty were killed. They fought in deep ravines, concealed by the bushes, and the balls of the English passed over their heads.”

Previous to Washington leaving the army upon the close of the French war, he was elected to the House of Burgesses. His duties in the field at this period necessarily prevented his personal atten-

dance at the poll, and being a candidate for the county which had been the theatre of his military command, his duties had oftentimes required of him to impress the property, to oppose the wishes, and sometimes to disappoint the expectations of the people. These things being taken into account, his triumph over four competitors for the representation of the county, was considered an eminent proof of public confidence. While attending to his duties at the House of Burgesses an incident occurred, which has been often dwelt upon as an episode not frequently met with in the history of legislation ; we proceed to extract it :—

“ By a vote of the House, the Speaker, Mr. Robinson, was directed to return their thanks to Colonel Washington on behalf of the Colony, for the distinguished military services he had rendered the country. As soon as Colonel Washington took his seat, Mr. Robinson, in obedience to this order, and following the impulse of his own generous and grateful heart, discharged the duty with great dignity, but with such warmth of colouring and strength of expression, as entirely confounded the young hero. He rose to express his acknowledgments for the honour ; but, such was his trepidation and confusion, that he could not give distinct utterance to a single syllable. He blushed, stammered, and trembled for a second ; when the Speaker relieved him by a stroke of address, which would have done honour to Louis the Fourteenth in his proudest and happiest moment. ‘ Sit down, Mr. Washington,’ said he, with a conciliating smile, ‘ your modesty equals your valour ; and that surpasses the power of any language that I possess.’ ”

During the period which elapsed from the above occurrence until the breaking out of the revolutionary war, about fifteen years, he continued a member of the House of Burgesses, seven years for the County of Frederic, and afterwards for that of Fairfax. His attendance during the several sessions, appears from a record in his own handwriting, to have been most punctual. He seldom spoke, never indulged in any declamatory harangues ; the influence he at this time possessed in the House appears to have arisen from attention to business, good sense, disinterestedness, integrity beyond suspicion, and general good character. His opinion as to the proper course to be observed by a member of a legislative assembly, may be gathered from the following letter to his nephew :—

“ ‘ The only advice I will offer,’ said Washington, ‘ if you have a mind to command the attention of the House, is to speak seldom but on important subjects, except such as particularly relate to your constituents ; and in the former case, make yourself perfectly master of the subject. Never exceed a decent warmth, and submit your sentiments with diffidence. A dictatorial style, though it may carry conviction, is always accompanied with disgust.’ ”

In the interval between his retirement from the army and the Revolution, the legislative labours of Washington, though unremitted, occupied but a small part of his time. His principal pursuits were

agricultural. He attended to his extensive plantations with the greatest assiduity, and most laborious punctuality. The business of a plantation in Virginia partook at this period to a considerable extent of the nature of commercial transactions. Tobacco was the great staple, and to this Washington gave his attention. The crop was forwarded by himself to his agents in London, Liverpool, and Bristol, and the returns were made in part of such articles of English manufacture as were required in his household. From the period of the Revolution the biography of Washington is the history of the war consequent upon that event. To attempt anything like a sketch of the subsequent portion of his life, would be absurd and manifestly impossible within the space allotted us for this article. We can therefore but offer our readers a few miscellaneous notices extracted at random, to give them a general glimpse of the subject. Intimating in the first place, that there is not a topic of the least importance in his career, in reference to which Mr. Sparks has not given all the information which could be obtained. In noticing the nomination of Washington to the office of Commander-in-chief of the American armies, we may state that the choice was made by ballot, and was unanimous. A short time after this appointment Mr. Adams, in a letter to Mr. Gerry, thus expresses himself of Washington :—

“ There is something charming to me in the conduct of Washington. A gentleman of one of the first fortunes upon the Continent, leaving his delicious retirement, his family and friends, sacrificing his ease, and hazarding all in the cause of his country ! His views are noble and disinterested. He declared when he accepted the mighty trust, that he would lay before us an exact account of his expenses, and not accept a shilling for pay.”

We select from among the curious and original materials collected by Mr. Sparks, the following letter which accompanied the official account of the battle of Bunker Hill, transmitted by General Gage to England :—

“ The *success*, of which I send your Lordship an account by the present opportunity, was very necessary in our present situation, and I wish most sincerely that it had not cost us so dear. The number of killed and wounded is greater than our forces can afford to lose. The officers, who were obliged to exert themselves, have suffered very much, and we have lost some very good officers. The trials we have had show the rebels are not the despicable rabble too many have supposed them to be ; and I find it owing to a military spirit, encouraged among them for a few years past, joined with an uncommon degree of zeal and enthusiasm, that they are otherwise. When they find cover they make a good stand, and the country, naturally strong, affords it to them ; and they are taught to assist its natural strength by art, for they intrench and raise batteries. They have fortified all the heights and passes around this town, from Dorchester to Medford or Mystic, and it is not impossible for them to annoy the town.”

This battle occasioned the recall of Gage, who was succeeded in his command by General Howe. In relation to the momentous events of the 19th of April 1775, Lord Dartmouth thus expresses himself in a letter :—

“ I am to presume, that the measure of sending out a detachment of your troops to destroy the magazines at Concord was taken after the fullest consideration of the advantages on the one hand and the hazards on the other of such an enterprise, and all the probable consequences that were to result from it. It is impossible for me to reflect upon this transaction, and upon all its consequences, without feelings, which, although I do not wish to conceal them, it is not necessary for me to express.”

We have also a letter written by General Gage to Lord Dartmouth on the 24th of July 1775, which gives a clear insight into the state of affairs at that period :—

“ The rebellion being general, I know of no better plan to quell it, than that I mentioned to your lordship in a former letter. This province began it, I might say this town; for here the arch-rebels formed their scheme long ago. This circumstance brought the troops first here, which is the most disadvantageous place for all operations, particularly when there is no diversion of the rebel forces, but all are collected into one point.”

Our limits almost prevent any further quotation from the curious details with which these volumes are replete. The reader will observe them upon every page. The narratives of the various battles of the revolutionary war are all original compilations by Mr. Sparks, from a careful examination of the mass of documents contained in General Washington's collections. The “ cabal of Conway,” commonly so called, is treated by the biographer of Washington with a praiseworthy discretion. This cabal was a short-lived and public intrigue, exploding by the first hint of its existence; though annihilated in the bud, some mystery has been thought to hang over its precise objects as well as the motives of those concerned in it. The following letter of the General himself to Patrick Henry, probably gives us the generic character of this incident in his public career :—

“ I cannot precisely mark the extent of their views; but it appeared in general, that General Gates was to be exalted on the ruin of my reputation and influence.”—“ General Mifflin, it is commonly supposed, bore the second part in the cabal; and General Conway, I know, was an active and malignant partisan.”

To attempt an abstract of the correspondence of Washington during the revolutionary war would be impossible, we must therefore content ourselves with observing that the labours of Mr. Sparks will, familiar as is the praise of Washington, add fresh lustre to his fame, and justify the language of eulogy which has in reference to him become proverbial throughout the world; these letters present to

our view the spectacle of a person invested with high and various civil and military trusts, during the continuance of a momentous struggle, engaged in transactions the most arduous and perplexing, and of a character that required the greatest delicacy, carrying on a voluminous correspondence, under the pressure and urgency of military haste, yet seldom writing a line that required to be qualified, let alone, retracted or explained. Washington exhibits self-possession, more than any other hero of a revolution ; never was he seen borne off by passion or yielding to depression ; we find him showing the same serene composure when retreating with his panic-stricken and defeated army through the Jerseys, as well as when, at the head of the united forces of France and America, he grants terms of capitulation to Lord Cornwallis.

The religious character of the hero of the American Revolution forms the theme of a very interesting notice in Mr. Sparks's work. He observes, that he engages in the inquiry, not because the subject requires an argument, but because there have been "in certain quarters discussions tending to throw doubts over his religious belief." He states that there is a uniform tradition in the place of his birth and where he was educated, that he was brought up under religious influences. His earliest writings still preserved, contain deep religious impressions. In 1774, a fast-day was appointed by the House of Burgesses, of which he was a member, and there is an entry in his diary, that he "went to church, and fasted all day." It was his regular practice to attend church in the forenoon of every Sunday. The afternoon of these days he passed alone in his room, and the evening with his family. Mr. Sparks sums up the various questions involved in this discussion of the religious and devotional points of Washington's character in the following manner :—

"After a long and minute examination of the writings of Washington, public and private, in print and in manuscript, I can affirm, that I have never seen a single hint, or expression, from which it could be inferred, that he had any doubt of the Christian revelation, or that he thought with indifference or unconcern of that subject. On the contrary, whenever he approaches it, and indeed whenever he alludes in any manner to religion, it is done with seriousness and reverence.

"The foregoing observations have been made, not by way of argument, but merely as a statement of facts ; for I must end, as I began, by saying, that I conceive any attempt at argument in so plain a case would be misapplied. If a man, who spoke, wrote, and acted as a Christian through a long life, who gave numerous proofs of his believing himself to be such, and who was never known to say, write, or do a thing contrary to his professions, if such a man is not to be ranked among the believers of Christianity, it would be impossible to establish the point by any train of reasoning. How far he examined the grounds of his faith is uncertain, but probably as far as the large portion of Christians, who do not make theology a special study ; and we have a right to presume, that a mind like his would not receive an opinion without a satisfactory reason. He was educated in

the Episcopal Church, to which he always adhered ; and my conviction is, that he believed in the fundamental doctrines of Christianity as usually taught in that Church, according to his understanding of them ; but without a particle of intolerance, or disrespect for the faith and modes of worship adopted by Christians of other denominations."

Perhaps there is no portion of the life of Washington so important as the period that elapsed from the close of the Revolution till his death. It is during this time that he is unfolded to our view in connexion with the Constitution and organization of the United States' government, and with its foreign and domestic politics during the early part of the French Revolution. Much to illustrate these are given by Mr. Sparks, but we are compelled to draw our summary of his life and character to a close. Throughout this period, from the influence of Washington the United States are in no small degree indebted for their happy escape from the peculiar dangers incident to their condition. To contemplate the action of such an individual's mind in the various elements of contemporary society, is one of the noblest employments in which a reflecting man can be engaged in ; and to one who wishes to embalm in his memory an influence at once so salutary and so permanent as is exhibited in Washington's career, we would recommend the perusal of the volumes before us. Before we dismiss this work we wish again to bear testimony to the persevering patience, extent of labour and toil, and rigid integrity of the Editor. The task could not have been undertaken, or, if undertaken, it certainly could not be completed in the manner it has been by one less in love with his theme than Mr. Sparks has throughout shown himself to be. The supplementary and illustrative researches are of the most valuable and important character, and gives to the work one of its most interesting features.

ART. VIII.—*Memoirs of Charles Mathews, Comedian.* By MRS. MATHEWS. 2 vols. London : Bentley. 1838.

THE sentiment we have uniformly experienced on hearing of the death, or on reading the life of an Actor whom we have often admired,—who has transported us by means of his resistless appeals, and sent emotions to the heart never to be forgotten, whether of tenderest or magnanimous sympathy, or whether laughter-moving like to burst the sides,—is one in which melancholy predominates. It may be that we know his private life to have been as gross as his public personations were perfect and refined ; or it may be that he who *became* the king so well on the stage, was, when seen in his untinselled condition, and when he did not, in consequence of a curious and wonderful endowment of nature, throw himself into the delineated character, carrying out by an assumed passion, or a temporary inspiration, the poet's creation,—if not a weak minded, yet

an uninformed being, and really unworthy of consideration in society. But all actors are not either debased, vulgar, or uneducated. Charles Mathews, for instance, was learned beyond the majority of those who claim to be members of the profession to which the term is customarily applied ; he was accomplished in as far as the fine arts go, above most amateurs ; he was in regard to manners and tastes of a fashionable description, a model for our squirearchy ; and in point of morals his character stands fair. In short he was what is understood by the best meaning of the word, gentleman. To use the words of a contemporary journal, he was "the man that made the hours of Byron light—that impressed an idea of intellectuality upon Sir Walter Scott—that relaxed the kingly pride of George the Fourth," And yet a perusal of these volumes has produced a species of sadness, not experienced in reading for the first time the biography of a king or a poet. Whence does this difference arise ?

Something, indeed, a great deal of the sentiment alluded to, must be owing to the fact that an actor's productions of art die with himself. Another truth is, that he who could so well personate the character of others, in the most remarkable phases or passages of life, has not only passed away for ever, and is lifeless, but that the very death-scene which he may often have represented with wonderful truth, has in reality been gone through by him. But upon our minds another sentiment, which is far from being of a cheerful kind is this, that he who assiduously and professionally has, during all the active years of his existence amongst us, devoted himself to the office of personating the characters of others, has been employed in a frivolous business, a business that not only attracted the idlest, and ourselves during our idlest hours, but what is more, that the genius who possessed such rare powers of attraction, and exhibited them so constantly, had, like all other men, weighty concerns of his own, which were in great danger of being overlooked, or carelessly attended to, owing to the mere circumstances of his profession. It may be all very well to talk of the actor's calling as entitled to the same liberal construction which that of any other of the arts obtain—to say that a man is never better employed than in the performance of the part which his lawful business imposes upon him,—and that the theatre is one of the best schools for teaching morality. Allowing all this in theory, (which is a vast deal more than many will do,) the fact is, that the community,—that the civilized world, has ever regarded the Player's life with disparagement, arising not merely from the general character of its professors, but from the very nature of the profession. The most respectable players themselves have for the most part been averse to their sons and daughters following in their steps,—a strong evidence, if not of their intrinsically objectionable nature, at least of an acquiescence in the prevalent way of thinking and feeling by parties who must be supposed most conversant with the subject and most tenacious of its rights. The

considerations which we have noticed and others that might be mentioned, contribute, we think, to the production of those unsatisfying and therefore melancholy associations which we have constantly encountered upon the decease of an actor, or when called to peruse the records of his life.

But to put aside all sentimentalism, we now address ourselves to the particular case before us, and to notice some of the most prominent passages in the *Memoirs*, after premising that we shall not proceed further than to that period in them, when Mathews was on the eve of becoming a *London Star*. The fact is, the present two volumes do not go much beyond this, the remainder of the life being as yet unpublished.

The great and uniformly accorded character of Mathews as a Comedian in regard to his most remarkable province, viz., that of a *mime*, is this, that he created while he imitated,—that he made not only a faithful resemblance, but added vivid touches from his own fanciful pencil, embodying the very manner and substance of his subject's thoughts. To those who have never beheld him on the stage, or, what was not less to be sought after, who have never met him in a private circle, some of the numerous autobiographical documents which constitute by far the best parts of the present volumes, will afford some idea of his peculiar genius and powers.

Charles Mathews was the seventh son of a bookseller in the Strand, and was born in June 1776. His father was one of the strictest of the Methodistic or Saintish order of his day ; and hence many of the most curious notices in the early life of the Comedian, and several of his strongest biases and most resolute steps. The stock in trade of old Mr. Mathews may be gauged from the following sample, as given by his son,—

“ Such as ‘ Deep things of God, or Milk and Strong Meat for Babes and Fathers in Christ ;’ ‘ Nine Points to tie up a Believer’s Small-clothes ;’ ‘ Collins’ Spouse under the Apple-tree ;’ ‘ Hooks and Eyes for Believers’ Breeches ;’ ‘ A High-heeled Shoe for a Limping Christian.’ ”

The *serious* bookseller seems, however, to have admitted among his miscellaneous stock some publications of more modern repute, such as the religious tracts which Hannah More began to write, before she had altogether withdrawn from the gay world, and from being courted by such men as Garrick. We find that on one occasion she and “ Davy ” actually paid a visit to the shop in the Strand, when little Charles was introduced to them. Take his own account of the scene :—

“ He, Garrick, took me in his arms ! Yes, I was touched, embraced, fondled by the immortal David ! That I cannot describe my sensations will easily be believed when I state that I could not by possibility have been three years old, inasmuch as I was born on the 28th of June, he

having made his final bow to the public on the 10th in that same year—(a fact I would impress on the numerous persons who during my life have pestered me with the question, ‘Do you remember Garrick, Mr. Mathews?’ my answer having always been, ‘No, sir, I can prove an *alibi*.’)—Well, he took me in his arms, and, like a near-sighted lady who said, when a coal-scuttle entered the room in place of an expected infant, ‘Dear! how like its father!’ no doubt made some commonplace observation; but my father often declared that he burst into a fit of laughter, and said, ‘Why, his face laughs all over, but certainly on the wrong side of his mouth!’”

Be it observed that Mathews while a child was subject to certain fits which produced a twist in his mouth, a deformity it must have been and was deemed to be for a time; but during the brilliant period of his career, the source of unimagined laughter.

Charles was, there is no doubt, though we had not sufficient evidence of the fact in his own records, a boy of spirit, vivacity and invention. Every year developed new energies, and progress to maturity of those that were inbred. Behold him at school:—

“The usher, Shaw, a lank bony Scotchman—how can I describe him?—squinted ‘more than a gentleman ought.’ He had a barbarous accent, and therefore, I suppose, was selected to teach the ‘Breetish languitch in its oreeginal peurity’ to us cockneys. He was a quaint man—thin as a pitchfork. He used to shamle up and down the school by slow fits, rubbing his gambooge chin with his burnt-umber fingers, and directing little bits of broken unintelligible advice to the leering, sheepish, idle little animals who sat in rows up the room, walking before them like Aaron with his rod. I was at that time particularly fond of carrying a bit of broken looking-glass, to dazzle ‘Shaw’s queer optics’ with. Many were the convulsive, painfully-smothered laughs I and my wicked coadjutors writhed under (while I remained undiscovered) at his simplicity and patience, enduring this infliction day after day, squinting up to discover through what cranny in the blind it was that the sun came in to occasion this annoyance; but at length I was caught in the fact, for while I thought he was looking in an entirely opposite direction, I found he was looking me and my bit of glass full in the face. I was horsed, and now *really* flogged—barbarously birched; while Pompey Pownall roared out, with a voice of thunder, this facetious moral—‘That, sir, will teach you, I hope, not to cast reflections on the heads of the school!’ Here may be traced my first attempts at mimicry. I remember the flogging fellows to this hour—their voice, tone, and manner; and my ruling propensity was thus early called into action at their expense.”

There is affection and pathos breathing throughout the notices of the father, as well as humour and satire; but we shall in another extract, referring to this same saintly personage and his brethren, let the latter mentioned exuberant qualities be seen:—

“About this very period I made ‘my first appearance in public’ at my father’s chapel at Whetstone, where he preached every Sunday.

“‘Brother Oodard’ (Woodward), the butcher, who was my father’s

clerk, suggested that a 'hoppoosition to the borgan of the church,' though in a minor way, might be attractive. He had a son 'as fiddled,' and Wilson the Cobbler was reckoned a capital hand at the bassoon; 'and if Master Charles would but jine 'em and play the flute,' what an effective orchestra might be formed without trouble or expense! The scheme was immediately carried into execution; we had several 'practizings,' as Woodward called them, which made no little noise in the village, and our first public performance being announced by whisperings into the ears of the pious only (as we hoped), the meeting was crowded to suffocation—literally 'overflowed,' as the play-bills have it.

"Pope's 'Vital spark of heavenly flame' was the piece selected for our *début*; and I can as perfectly recollect as I can any event within one week of the time of my penning this, the arrangement I made for a 'good part,' as the actors would say: I mean, the care and caution I used to make the flute the 'first fiddle':—*flauto primo* was not enough for my inordinate ambition. Now, as this was a 'four-part-song,' as our choristers called it, we expressly forbade the rest of the congregation from joining in until the whole had been sung through once; and then they were to sing chorus *only*. I had been a principal singer in this really beautiful piece of music before we aspired to instrumental accompaniment; but here came the puzzle—I had been *primo tenore*, and 'Brother Wizzun' had a 'barrow-tone' voice which he made bass for Sundays, I presume, by the old-fashioned mode of getting his feet well wet on Saturday evening. The interesting elder butcher had a counter-tenour part. Our first notion was to accompany ourselves; but we forgot in the enthusiasm of the moment that those who had to play the wind-instruments could not conveniently play and sing at the same time. The junior slaughterer *Oodard* had here an advantage. Many a blind minstrel had given him a hint that to sing and fiddle together was practicable; but we did not produce sweet sounds by force of elbow, but by dint of lungs, and I was emulous to exhibit my two-fold accomplishments—I considered myself as the principal performer, and I would be heard. If I was to be merely an accompanist, who was to sing my old part? At last it was agreed that the fame we had already acquired by our vocal performances was not to be compromised, and an ingenious arrangement was made to satisfy all parties. There were fugue passages, symphonies, &c.; and the cobbler and myself, with an enthusiasm never to be sufficiently commended, so contrived that we made some of the bumpkins believe that we sang and played at one and the same time. I wish it were within the power of my pen to give effect to this scene; it requires the aid of practical and vocal elucidation to convey it with full force."

Mathews says that he can trace "every feeling, every propensity or peculiarity of mature life," to his school-days,—the severe and ill-judged restraints of his breeding at home suggesting and confirming his tastes. Thus his passion for horse-racing, which continued to the last, is noticed, an exceedingly humorous yet touching and characteristic account being given of the first time he witnessed a scene of the kind. But this we must pass over, that we may come to the commencement of his career in the peculiar line he afterwards so much excelled in and adorned.

At the age of 14 he attended an evening French school, kept by Madame Cotterell, in the neighbourhood of his father's house, where Elliston, four years his senior, was also a pupil. We further read,—

“ Having with some difficulty obtained our mistress's permission, the play of the ‘ Distressed Mother ’ was at length arranged and got up ; and I made my ‘ first appearance on any stage ’ at the theatre over the pastry-cook's shop, first-floor front, in the character of Phoenix. Master Elliston enacted Pyrrhus, and Orestes was really well performed by a very interesting youth of the name of Leftley ; a poetical genius, who distinguished himself in many of the periodical publications of the day. Miss Osborne and Miss Flaxman were among the performers. But Elliston was our evening star, and distanced us all. It was a fine animated performance, and created as much wonder, and elicited as much applause, as the acting of Masty Betty in later days. He was pronounced at once a theatrical genius of the first order, and his future pursuits in life fixed in the minds of all his auditors, if not in his own. All I can recollect of my tragic attempt is, that it had an effect—a powerful effect. The audience laughed as much *at me* as, I am proud to say, they have since laughed *with me*.”

Here follows an account of his second appearance upon a similar stage :—

“ The following year we got up the ‘ Orphan ; ’ (I the chaplain ;) Elliston was again our Magnus Apollo. His voice had had twelve months more mellowing, and he gave a specimen of his vocal powers on this occasion by singing, between the play and farce, ‘ To Anacreon in Heaven,’ at a table, with punch-bowl and glasses, while the scholars sat round as chorus. A gayer specimen of juvenile jollity I have never witnessed. His joyous exuberance of mirthful enjoyment was worthy Bacchus himself : he looked the rosy god when he chuckled over

‘ The myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine.’

His laughter-loving eye and round dimpled face were never displayed to more advantage even in after-days, when crowded audiences gave their testimony to his mirth-inspiring comic powers ; and to the praise and the good taste of our critics at the pastry-cook's be it spoken, they predicted his future greatness. Having a bad part in the tragedy, I stipulated for a character in the afterpiece. A one act farce, called ‘ A Quarter of an Hour before Dinner ’ (written by Mr. Rose, second master of Merchant Tailors' School, and often acted at the Haymarket,) was selected, in which I enacted Mr. Lovel, and, I have every reason to believe, *without the slightest approbation*.”

Elliston is touched off to the life in these notices, particularly the last. But the mania of Mathews for the stage during his juvenile years cannot be sufficiently appreciated unless he be shown off in his father's house :—

“ On every occasion of my father's absence, instead of standing behind

the counter I mounted upon it, and with a round ruler for a truncheon, red ink for blood, the kitchen poker for a sword, and a towering goose-quill fixed on one side of my hat, turned up for the purpose, the skirt of my coat thrown gracefully over my left shoulder for a mantle, and a red tape garter encircling my knee, did I exhibit myself, to the great edification of his apprentices."

But exhibitions of the kind were not to be confined to school-house or counter; neither was the aspirant to narrow his studies or his pleasures by keeping them within the bounds of home. "One dark and gloomy night, oh! fatal night," he actually stole into a real theatre, and had all his incipient zeal set in a blaze, never afterwards to be extinguished but by the extinguisher of universal life. Upon the heels of this momentous occurrence he performed at a private theatre, and astonished some who were judges; not only his delineations of dramatic characters, but his imitations being loudly applauded.

We must observe, that about the period of which we have last been speaking Mathews edited the *Thespian* at a guinea a week; but his literary debut was of an earlier date; for we find at the age of 14 he translated the "*Princess of Cleves*," which was published in monthly contributions in the "*Ladies' Magazine*."

Proceeding with his theatrical career, we have to notice that Litchfield and he at one time clubbed and payed the manager of the Richmond theatre fifteen guineas to be allowed to perform *Richard* and *Richmond*,—Mathews taking the latter character. Something too good to be passed over by us attaches to this adventure:—

"I cared for nothing except the last scene of *Richmond*, but in that I was determined to have my full swing of carte and tierce. I had no idea of paying seven guineas and a half without indulging my passion. In vain did the tyrant try to die, after a decent time; in vain did he give indications of exhaustion; I would not allow him to give in. I drove him by main force from any position convenient for his last dying speech. The audience laughed: I heeded them not. They shouted: I was deaf. Had they hooted, I should have lunged on in unconsciousness of their interruption. I was resolved to show them all my accomplishments. Litchfield frequently whispered, 'Enough!' but I thought with *Macbeth*—

'Damn'd be he who first cries, Hold! enough!'

"I kept him at it; and I believe we fought almost literally 'a long hour by Shrewsbury clock.' To add to the merriment, a matter-of-fact fellow in the gallery, who in his innocence took everything for reality, and who was completely wrapt up and lost by the very cunning of the scene, at last shouted out, 'Damn him! why does not he shoot him?'

"His present majesty William IV. was in a private box, with Mrs. Jordan, on this occasion, having been attracted from Bushy by the announcement of an amateur *Richard*; and I heard afterwards that they were both in convulsions of laughter at the prolongation of the fight, which that most

fascinating and first of all great actresses never forgot. Years after, when we met in Drury Lane green-room, I was relating amongst other theatrical anecdotes, the bumpkin's call from the gallery in commiseration of the trouble I had in killing Richard, when she shook me from my feet almost, by starting up, clasping her hands, and in her fervent, soul-stirring, warm-hearted tones, exclaiming, 'Was that *you*? *I was there!*' and she screamed with laughter at the recollection of my acting in Richmond, and the length of our combat. She thought it was my friend's love of acting that induced him to spin it out. She was loud in praise of his personation of Gloucester; and a very sensible, judicious reading of the character it doubtless was."

Our hero at length wrung from his parents a most reluctant consent to leave home and take to the stage. This was in the year 1794. Dublin was the place of his destination. Here he experienced many sad vicissitudes. He seems to have not only given no promise of future excellence, but to have been on the eve at times of starving. A good deal must be laid to the account of his being cast for parts for which he had neither natural capacity nor sufficient training. He sometimes fasted for two days at a time; and how otherwise could he do on twelve shillings a week. His theatrical friends, among whom was the celebrated Cooke, would have had him to return to his parental roof, where he was sure of being most kindly received as a repentant prodigal son. But pride and a real love of the profession he had chosen forbade. We shall not follow him either here or elsewhere closely through his trials, his failures of success, and the various incidents that chequered his life. One passage in his history, during his first visit to Ireland, must, however, be quoted, not merely as showing how nearly his theatrical enterprize was of being abruptly put an end to, but how vividly and powerfully he could use his pen. Mathews and a brother actor were strolling on the banks of the Shannon, studying their parts. The scene and the fineness of the day tempted our hero to strip and to bathe. He was no swimmer; and the following were the consequences:—

"I felt the sensation of slipping down a precipice! Cataracts, thunder, lightning, seemed suddenly to environ me! The agonizing sensation of finding myself irrecoverably shut out in an instant from all human aid! a thousand racking thoughts of my distant home! my parents' distress! succeeded each other with the most frightful rapidity during the brief space of time that I was impotently struggling for recovery. But oh! the ruling passion, strong in death—dare I confess it?—my mind was occupied, for a brief second, by conjecture who could act Lissardo that night if I were drowned? Then, the worse than agony of renewed hope, when for a brief second I beheld the fair face of day, the sunny cloudless sky, after my immersion below (for I rose twice, sufficiently above the surface to see distinctly my friend Seymour seated in the meadow, intent upon his book). I made an important attempt at a shout to him. I hoped I had articulated, but it must have been a faint scream. Alas! he saw me not. Again I sank!—and can comprehend the 'catching at a straw,' for my sensations,

which are now vividly before me, were those of perishing in an unfinished building, where the beams of the floor were above my head. I struggled to grasp them, with a wild and frantic action, with my hands above my head!—Drowning has been variously described. I have not experienced any other manner of dying, certainly, but I cannot conceive any mode more painful. The tremendous noise of the rushing waters in the ears; the frightful flashing of light, as if surrounded by sparks from fire-works; the sense of suffocation! and oh! who can describe the sensations I briefly felt upon my second bound from the bed of the river to the surface! Again I attempted a feeble cry! Again I saw my studious companion; and again I had the conviction that I was unseen!”

His companion, at the last extremity, saw and saved him.

In the autumn of 1795, Mathews left the emerald isle, and passed over to Wales. Here his low comedy and imitations obtained a certain degree of encouragement; and here also he formed some important acquaintanceships; the most remarkable of which was that with an interesting orphan girl, the child of respectable parents,—her father having been Dr. Strang, of Exeter,—who, after a very short courtship, became his wife. The present biographer is her successor, and gives upon the whole a fair and favourable sketch of the other's character, disposition, and conduct,—though there is a little too much of the “good, well-meaning sort of girl” character attributed,—the writer evidently feeling her own superiority, and being fully assured that she alone ever occupied the throne of Mathews' heart.

In reference to these marriages we must notice some circumstances. The present Mrs. Mathews, who was educated to pursue the profession of a public singer, seems to have been attached to the same company with Mathews at the time that the first wife died.

Shortly before the decease of the interesting young woman and wife, she called the writer and him, who was the first husband of the one and then of the other, to her bedside, and entreated that they should unite themselves when she was gone; a proposition at which both recoiled at the time. But see how strangely some events are brought to pass:—

“At the close of the summer a very remarkable instance occurred of a coincidence of dreams, befalling Mr. Mathews and myself, a circumstance which I am induced to relate, since it was attested by witnesses who severally and apart were informed of it, before the dreamers had power to communicate with each other, or their mutual friends. Mr. Mathew's account of his impressions was as follows:—He had gone to rest, after a very late night's performance at the theatre, finding himself too fatigued to sit up to his usual hour to read; but after he was in bed he discovered—as will happen when persons attempt to sleep before their accustomed time—that to close his eyes was an impossibility. He had no light, nor the means of getting one, all the family being in bed; but the night was not absolutely dark—it was only too dark for the purpose of reading: in-

deed, every object was visible. Still he endeavoured to go to sleep, but his eyes refused to close, and in this state of restlessness he remained, when suddenly a slight rustling, as if of a hasty approach of something, induced him to turn his head to that side of the bed whence the noise seemed to proceed; and there he clearly beheld the figure of his late wife, 'in her habit as she lived,' who, smiling sweetly upon him, put forth her hand as if to take his, as she bent forward. This was all he could relate; for in shrinking from the contact with the figure he beheld, he threw himself out of bed upon the floor, where (the fall having alarmed his landlord) he was found in one of those dreadful fits to which I have alluded. On his recovery from it he related the cause of the accident, and the whole of the following day he remained extremely ill, and unable to quit his room. There is nothing surprising in all this; for, admitting it not to be a dream, but one of those cases called nightmare, so frequently experienced (when the sufferer always believes himself under real influences), it was not a case to excite astonishment. The circumstance which rendered it remarkable, was that at the exact hour when this scene was taking place at a remote distance, a vision of the same kind caused me to be discovered precisely in the same situation. The same sleepless effect, the same cause of terror, had occasioned me to seize the bell-rope, in order to summon the people of the house, which, giving away at the moment, I fell with it in my hand upon the ground. My impressions of this visitation (as I persisted it was) were exactly similar to those of Mr. Mathews. The parties with whom we resided at the time were perfect strangers to each other, and living widely apart, and they recounted severally to those about them the extraordinary dream, for such I must call it, though my entire belief will never be shaken that I was as perfectly awake as at this moment. These persons repeated the story to many, before they were requested to meet and compare accounts; there could, consequently, be no doubt of the facts, and the circumstance became a matter of much general interest amongst all those who knew us. That the scene at the bedside of the dying woman simultaneously recurred to the dreamers when awake, was natural enough, and was afterwards confessed. How far the facts which I have here related tended to the serious result of our continued intimacy I will not determine; but it is certain that neither of us regarded it as an impediment at a future period, or a just reason why we should not at last fulfil the desire of her whose wishes were made known to us at a time when it would have been discreditable to both, had we supposed ourselves able to comply with it at any future period of our lives."

Three extracts will suffice to convey the spirit of this volume to near the period when he first astonished the Londoners at the Haymarket. The first is highly descriptive of a well-remembered personage, Tate Wilkinson, the manager of the York theatre:—

"When the young actor entered, he caught the back view of this strange figure, which made no movement either of courtesy or curiosity. Mr. Mathews, after an unsuccessful cough, and a few significant *hems*, which seemed to solicit welcome and attention, ventured at last upon an audible 'Good morning, sir.' This had its effect, and the following col-

loquy ensued. 'Good morning, sir,' said Mr. Mathews.—'Oh! good morning, *Mr. Meadows*,' replied Tate very doggedly.—'My name is *Mathews*, sir.'—'Ay, I know,' wheeling suddenly round, and looking at him for the first time with scrutinizing earnestness from head to foot. Winking his eyes and lifting his brows rapidly up and down, a habit with him when not pleased, he uttered a long drawn 'Ugh!' and exclaimed, 'What a maypole! Sir, you're too *tall* for low comedy.'—'I'm sorry, sir,' said the poor disconcerted youth; but Tate did not seem to hear him, for dropping his eyes, and resuming the brushing of his buckles, he continued as if in soliloquy: 'But I don't know why a tall man should'nt be a very comical fellow.' Then again turning sharply for a reinvestigation of the slender figure before him, he added with gathering discontent, 'You're too *thin*, sir, for anything but the Apothecary in 'Romeo and Juliet'; and you would want stuffing for *that*.'—'I am *very* sorry, sir,' rejoined the mortified actor, who was immediately interrupted by the growing distate and manifest ill-humour of the disappointed manager.

" 'What's the use of being *sorry*? You speak too *quick*.' The accused anxiously assured him that he would endeavour to mend that habit. 'What,' said Tate nappishly, 'by speaking *quicker*, I suppose.' Then, looking at Mr. Mathews, he, as if again in soliloquy, added, 'I never saw anybody so thin to be *alive*!! Why, sir, one hiss would blow you off the stage.' This remark sounding more like good humour than anything he had uttered, the comedian ventured, with a faint smile, to observe, that he *hoped he should not get that one*—when Tate, with affected or real anger, replied, 'You'll get a great many, sir. Why sir, *I've* been hissed—the great Mr. Garrick has been hissed; it's not very modest in *you* to expect to escape, Mr. Mountain.' '*Mathews*, sir,' interposed the mis-called. 'Well, *Mathew* Mountain.'

'No, Sir—' 'Have you a quick study, Mr. Maddox?' asked Tate, interrupting him once more. Mathews gave up the ineffectual attempt to preserve his proper name, and replied at once to the last question, 'I *hope* so, sir.' 'Why (in a voice of thunder) arn't you *sure*?' 'Ye-e-es, sir,' asserted his terrified and harassed victim. Tate shuffled up and down the room, whistling and brushing rapidly, looking from time to time with evident dissatisfaction, if not disgust, at the object of his scrutiny; and, after several of these futive glances, he suddenly desisted from his occupation, and once more stopped abruptly before him.

"It must be understood, that in Tate's first surprise he had forgotten to offer his visitor a seat; therefore Mr. Mathews had remained standing near the door, relieving his weariness, after a long journey, by occasionally shifting his position, like a pupil taking his first lesson from a dancing master; and leaning sometimes upon one foot and then upon the other, in awkward embarrassment. Tate, as I have observed, stopped and inquired if he was a single man? Of course he replied in the negative. 'I'm sorry for it, *Mr. Montague*; a wife's a dead weight without a salary, and I don't choose my actors to run in debt.'—'I hope you will have no cause to complain of me in that respect, sir.' Tate was again busy with his buckle; an obstinate tarnish, 'a damned spot,' called for his most vehement exertion; yet he spared a look or two at his visitor's face. At last, he seemed to have collected all his moral force, and, after another pause, he demanded, 'Pray, when did you have that paralytic stroke,

Mr. Maddox ?' ' I—I never had one at all, sir,' said the now completely mortified youth, with difficulty restraining the tears which were making their way to his eyes ; when Tate, giving him another earnest look, and as if unconsciously drawing his own mouth awry in imitation of the one which had suggested the last question, answered drily and significantly, in Mr. Mathew's tone of voice, as he turned, ' Oh ! I thought you *had !* ' "

Belonging to the theatrical facetiæ of the north, we quote some notices of John Winter, the wardrobe-keeper, and of an actor of the name of Wood :—

" John Winter detested Leeds. It was a favourite assertion of his, that they never would have had occasion to build a gallows at York except ' to hang Leids-folk upon.' When the company were there, he would count the time, after the first few days of the two months they were destined to remain there, and cheat himself thus—' Ah ! hey ! it's one comfort, that at t' end o' t' week after next, I reckon, we shall ha' only five weeks to stay !' An actor of the name of Wood, a native of the county, an excellent man, and who had been a great favourite in his youth, had grown old in the service, with a wife and large family ; yet, though much respected, he never could command any thing like a good ' benefit' in that town. On the occasion now alluded to, there was little more than a sprinkling in pit, boxes, and gallery ; certainly, not receipts enough to pay the expenses of the night. Poor Wood, ' Charlie Wood,' as he was affectionately called, was a man of the most invincible good humour, and imperturbable temper. He peeped through the hole in the green curtain previously to its rising, and with unruffled voice and a half chuckle, in a tone of course not audible to the public, he exclaimed, ' Ah, ha ! very pretty indeed ! Your servant, ladies and gentlemen !' Then turning away, he added—' A very select party, upon my word !' The performers, at the conclusion of the evening, while undressing, remarked upon Mr. Wood's calmness upon an occasion of such disappointment and mortification. Mr. Mathews observing, that ' he must have the patience of Job himself,' Winter replied sharply. ' Job ! Job be d—d ! Job never had ten bairns and a Leids benefit !' "

Dilemma of a great actress :—

" The evening was excessively hot, and Mrs. Siddons was tempted by a torturing thirst to consent to avail herself of the only obtainable relief proposed to her at the moment. Her dresser, therefore, despatched a boy in great haste to ' fetch a pint of beer for Mrs. Siddons,' at the same time charging him to be quick, as Mrs. Siddons was in a hurry for it. Meanwhile the play proceeded, and on the boy's return with the frothed pitcher, he looked about for the person who had sent him on his errand ; and not seeing her, inquired ' Where is Mrs. Siddons ?' The scene-shifter whom he questioned, pointing his finger to the stage where she was performing the sleeping scene of Lady Macbeth, replied, ' There she is.' To the sur-

prise and horror of all the performers, the boy promptly walked on the stage close up to Mrs. Siddons, and with a total unconsciousness of the impropriety he was committing, presented the porter! Her distress may be imagined; she waved the boy away in her grand manner several times, without effect; at last the people behind the scenes, by dint of beckoning, stamping, and calling in half-audible whispers, succeeded in getting him off with the beer, part of which in his exit he spilled on the stage; while the audience were in a uproar of laughter, which the dignity of the actress was unable to quell for several minutes."

ART. IX.—*The History of Egypt under the Ptolemies.* By SAMUEL SHARPE. London: Moxon. 1838.

WHY is it that ancient Egypt does not interest modern readers in the same manner, or to the same degree, that ancient Greece and Rome do? It cannot be that its greatness is much further removed from our times; for, in regard to antiquity, the sympathies of the mind do not particularly note the difference of a thousand years more than of a hundred. It cannot be, that in point of splendour of events, of mightiness of actions, of magnificence of works, that the imagination discovers any inferiority. On the contrary, Egypt was the cradle of science and of the arts; and to that country was Greece and thence Rome, and through them modern Europe, indebted for the most useful and enduring principles that regulate business and embellish life. Nay, at this day no country that was famous in ancient times can present so many relics, or such monuments to interest and to instruct, as does the land we speak of. The banks of the Nile, without a figure of speech, form one continuous museum of grandest architecture,—and the most imperishable records that the earth ever or can produce. What is your paper and your parchment to the inscribed granite? In one respect, we admit, and under one branch of associations, that the country of the Pharaohs obtains a paramount degree of contemplation, an unequalled amount of solemn thought. When we meditate on the history of Abraham, of Jacob, of Joseph, of Moses, of the Israelites; when the mind turns to reflect on the miracles which attest the truth of that book in which the words of eternal life are to be found, how readily and freshly does Egypt present itself,—at a period of its annals too, when Greece and Rome take no hold on our imaginations, have no claim to our sympathies! Still, disjoined from those sacred records which so closely concern our religious faith, the fact is, when compared with Greece and Rome, that this third and most venerable, most massive branch of classic antiquity, as it has a right to be called, stands in the predicament, as respects our sympathies, which has been just now noticed. Why is it so?

To the question now asked, we believe, Mr. Sharpe has suggested

the true, or at least, the principal answer, in using the following words :—" When," says he, " letters first rose in Greece and Rome, the writers found a rich harvest of fable and tradition, out of which they wove those beautiful tales, that we now read as the beginning of Greek and Roman history. The Egyptians were not favoured with historians who could thus fix and hand down to us their traditions ; but, on the other hand, they had from far earlier times carved the names and deeds of their kings on the granite temples, and thus, instead of a rich poetic fable, they have left us a bald reality." We may add, that even this bald reality has been, till comparatively late years, allowed to remain buried or undeciphered, so as to be of no use to the world ; while even those, who have in these late times made the discoveries of such ancient riches, have, for the most part, confined themselves to the simple interpretation or description of what they have seen ; thus, though contributing the most valuable materials to antiquarian knowledge, letting them continue amid all the dryness of antiquarian facts.

One ought not hastily to find fault with an abstinence which may plead in its behalf the demands and laws of severe truth. Still the facts, the records, and the keys to precise interpretation have of late been fast multiplying through the industry of European investigators. It is most gratifying also to have it to say, that in the hands of Wilkinson and others these discoveries have begun to be turned to such interesting and valuable account as ought to rescue ancient Egypt from being treated with apathy by the historical reader, or the student of ancient civilized states and matured institutions, whose effects pointedly and potently reach us at the present day ; while there are good grounds for hoping that the discoveries already so numerous will not only be greatly added to, but that similar talent and industry to what have latterly been bestowed in the work of elucidation, will largely enrich the results, and strengthen the claims upon popular as well as antiquarian attention.

Among the labourers who have assiduously and with success devoted themselves to the development of ancient Egyptian annals and relics, Mr. Sharpe occupies no mean rank. His former publications, all of which we have perused, though certainly without competent knowledge of the subjects,—viz., his " Early History of Egypt, from the Old Testament, Herodotus, Manetho, and the Hieroglyphical Inscriptions,"—his " Egyptian Inscriptions, from the British Museum and other sources : sixty plates in folio,"—and his " Rudiments of a Vocabulary of Egyptian Hieroglyphics,"—sufficiently testify the talent and skill as well as the industry he has brought to bear on some of the most obscure and difficult questions of literary investigation. The present volume, however, will prove to be by far the most interesting and valuable of the series to the general reader. It is, we believe, the most satisfactory history of Egypt under the Ptolemies that exists in our language. It is com-

prehensive yet concise,—full yet clear; and especially remarkable on account of the skill and ease with which the author has fixed upon the prominent and characteristic points of a great nation's history; not merely the history of kings and of battles; of court intrigues and treacherous treaties; but of a people's condition—of the vicissitudes of their commerce,—of their characteristic institutions. Above all, we have been pleased and benefited by his masterly sketch of the great lineaments and of the chief ornaments of the famous Alexandrian School. Vast reading and elaborate study,—the fruits of the reading and study, in fact, of all extant that has been written in ancient or modern times that can throw any light upon the various branches of his subject, together with a knowledge of all the antiquarian discoveries that have been made of inscriptions, relics, and monuments, are here compressed and perspicuously arranged. We need hardly add, that to all this scholarship, and to all the evidences of a sound and liberal judgment, there is the embellishment which literary taste and elegant composition can so richly furnish. Mr. Sharpe, in truth, exhibits not only the ease of a master in disposing of his multifarious, curious, and far-sought-for materials, but he revels amongst them with the heartiness of a lover,

In an Introductory Chapter we have a rapid sketch of all that is known of Egyptian history down to the reign of Ptolemy Soter, which commenced *three hundred and twenty-two* years before the birth of our Saviour. Alexander the Great's conquest of Egypt had been easily accomplished, the people having long groaned under the Persian yoke. Nor was their hearty reception of the invader unwisely bestowed; for the Macedonian was politic as well as warlike. Of course, and as he was obliged, with the view of preserving rule over the nation, he filled the garrisons with troops under the command of his own generals, and appointed governors in whom he could rely; yet he alienated not the minds of the people by needless restraints, nor by any innovations upon their institutions. Our author's remarks upon this species of policy we shall extract:—

“This is perhaps the earliest instance that history has recorded, of a conqueror governing a province according to its own laws, and upholding the religion of the conquered as the established religion of the state; and the length of time that the Græco-Egyptian monarchy lasted, and the splendour with which it shone, prove the wisdom and humanity of the founder. This example has been copied, with equal success, in our own colonial and Indian governments; but we do not know whether Alexander had any such example to guide his views, or whether his own good sense pointed out to him the folly of those who wished to make a people not only open their gates to the garrisons, but their minds to the civil and religious opinions of the conquerors. At any rate, the highest meed of praise is due to the statesman, whoever he may have been, who first taught the world this lesson of statesmanlike wisdom and religious humanity.”

It is by remarks such as these that an author can render ancient or foreign history useful to a country, and chiefly interesting to the reflecting reader. Mr. Sharpe, as we have before said, does not concern himself chiefly with details about king's battles and party strifes; nor shall we seek to select any but such passages in the way of extracts as seem to belong to themes most accordant to his as well as to our own partialities. First of all then, we call attention to the establishment of an institution of great celebrity in the history of the world, and which produced mighty influences on past and present times,—the Alexandrian Museum, which was founded by the first Ptolemy:—

“ But among the public buildings of Alexandria which were planned in the enlarged mind of Ptolemy, the one which chiefly calls for our notice, the one indeed to which the city owes its fairest fame, is the Museum or college of philosophy. Its chief room was a great hall, which was used as a lecture-room and common dining-room; it had a covered walk or portico all around the outside, and there was an *exhedra* or seat on which the philosophers sometimes sat in the open air. The professors or fellows of the college were supported by a public income. Ptolemy was himself an author; his history of the wars of Alexander was highly praised by Arrian, in whose pages we now read much of it; his love of art was shown in the buildings of Alexandria; and those agreeable manners and that habit of rewarding skill and knowledge wherever he could find them, which had already brought to his army many of the bravest of Alexander's soldiers, were now equally successful in bringing to his court such painters and sculptors, such poets, historians, and mathematicians, as soon made the Museum of Alexandria one of the brightest spots in the known world. The arts and letters, which he then planted, did not perhaps bear their richest fruit till the reign of his son, but they took such good root that they continued to flourish under the last of his successors, unchoked by the vices and follies by which they were then surrounded.

“ In return for the literature which Greece then gave to Egypt, she gained the knowledge of papyrus. Before that time books had been written on linen, wax, bark, or the leaves of trees: and public records on stone, brass, or lead; but the knowledge of papyrus was felt by all men of letters like the invention of printing in modern Europe; books were then known by many for the first time, and very little else was afterwards used in Greece or Rome; for when parchment was made about two centuries later, it was too costly to be used as long as papyrus was within reach.”

This Ptolemy, the most sagacious of the Egyptian race of monarchs of that name, was a relative, probably a brother, to Alexander the Great. He was one of his most esteemed generals,—a *somatophylax*, in fact, of the conqueror, the definition of which term is well given in the following paragraph:—

“ A somatophylax, in the Macedonian army, was no doubt at first, as

the word means, one of the officers who had to answer for the safety of the king's person—perhaps, in modern language, a colonel in the body-guards or household troops : but as, in unmixed monarchies, the faithful officer who was nearest the king's person, to whose watchfulness he trusted in the hour of danger, often found himself the king's adviser in matters of state, so, in the time of Alexander, the title of somatophylax was given to those generals on whose wisdom the king chiefly leant, and by whose advice he was usually guided."

Our next extract has a reference to warlike matters ; but these regard principles rather than details or the description of blows and bloodshed. The author is referring to the small force of Greeks who served Ptolemy, which he took with him to face a much larger army consisting chiefly of barbarians :—

"There are in all ages some nations who are so much before others in warlike skill and courage, that no inequality of numbers can make up for it. Not that one Greek could overcome ten barbarians, but that a body of Greeks, if large enough to make an army, with a centre, wings, heavy-armed, light-armed, and cavalry, would never think it worth while to count the crowd of barbarians that might be led against them. The number wanted to make an army has changed with the art of war ; in modern Europe it must be much larger, perhaps ten times what was needed before gunpowder was used ; but we may quote the retreat of the ten thousand under Xenophon to prove that that number was enough with the Greeks. When Greeks met Greeks it is probable that the larger army would conquer, but ten thousand Greeks would beat any number of barbarians. This will help us to understand the low state of discipline among the native Egyptians under Ptolemy ; when measuring his strength against Demetrius, he took no account of their number,—he had twenty-two thousand Greeks and a crowd of Egyptians."

Mr. Sharpe points out to us that it was in the time of Ptolemy the First, that is, Ptolemy Soter, that the wonders of Upper Egypt were first seen by any Greeks who had a love of knowledge and enough of literature to examine carefully and to describe accurately what they saw. Loose and highly-coloured accounts of the wealth of Thebes had reached Greece even before the time of Homer, and again through Herodotus and other travellers ; but nothing was certainly known of it till it was visited by Hecataeus of Abdera, who had been one of Alexander's officers, but who is best known as an author,—part of his writings having been preserved in the pages of Diodorus Siculus. To this the information we now quote may be added.

"Many of the Theban tombs, which are sets of rooms tunnelled into the hills on the Libyan side of the Nile, had even then been opened to gratify the curiosity of the learned or the greediness of the conqueror. Forty-seven royal tombs were mentioned in the records of the priests, of which the entrances had been covered up with earth and hidden in the

sloping sides of the hills, in the hope that they might remain undisturbed and unplundered, and might keep safe the embalmed bodies of the kings, till they should rise again at the end of the world ; and seventeen of these had already been found out and broken open. Hecataeus was told that the other tombs had been before destroyed, and we owe it perhaps to this mistake that they have remained unopened for more than two thousand years longer, to reward the researches of modern travellers, and to unfold the history of their builders."

All the world knows how wonderfully the Greeks improved upon the Egyptians in many of the arts. That of coining and inscribing coins with appropriate devices and legends seem to have been one of the instances ; a method of recording historical facts which may be placed in the same rank with inscriptions upon granite, with this advantage that coins are transmissible in regard to locality, but also with this disadvantage that they are much more apt to be lost. On the subject of these tokens of pride as well as chroniclers of truth, we read in the pages before us, that

"One of the most valuable gifts which Egypt owed to Ptolemy was its coinage. Even Thebes 'where treasures were largest in the houses,' never was able to pass gold and silver from hand to hand without the trouble of weighing, and the doubt as to the fineness of the metal. The Greek merchants who crowded the markets of Canopus and Alexandria must have filled Lower Egypt with the coins of the cities from whence they came, all unlike one another in stamp and weight ; but while every little city or even colony of Greece had its own coinage, Egypt had none. In the first years of his reign Ptolemy might well dislike coining ; he would have been called upon to declare by the stamp upon the coin whether he was king of Egypt, and he seems not to have coined till after he had taken that title.

"His coins are of gold, silver, and copper, and are in a fine style of Greek workmanship."

The art of engraving coins in Ptolemy Soter's reign seems from specimens themselves to have been practised in Abydos and Pelusium. No doubt they were also struck at Alexandria, though the coins of that city that have been preserved are not so marked.

But the art of engraving coins was not the only refined invention that found encouragement from Ptolemy Soter ; indeed the whole of the race, even some of the most degenerate of the dynasty, may be said to have been munificent patrons of learning. But for a moment to abide by the founder of the monarchy, let us cite some notices and anecdotes :—

"Apelles, indeed, whose paintings were thought by those who had seen them to surpass any that had been before painted, or were likely to be painted, had quarrelled with Ptolemy, who had known him well when he was the friend and painter of Alexander. Once when he was at Alexan-

ria, somebody wickedly told him that he was invited to dine at the royal table, and when Ptolemy angrily asked who it was that had sent his unwelcome guest, Apelles drew the face of the mischief-maker on the wall, and he was known to all the court by the likeness.

"It was perhaps at one of these dinners, at which Ptolemy enjoyed the society of the men of letters, that he asked Euclid if he could not show him a shorter and easier way to the higher truths of mathematics than that by which he led the pupils in the Museum; and Euclid, as if to remind him of the royal roads of Persia, which ran by the side of the high-roads, but were kept clear and free for the king's own use, made him the well-known answer, that there was no royal road to geometry.

"At another of these literary dinners, Diodorus Cronus the rhetorician, who is thought to have been the inventor of the Dilemma, was puzzled by a question put to him by Stilpo, and was so teased by Ptolemy for not being able to answer it, that it was said to have embittered the rest of his life. This was the person against whom Callimachus some years later wrote a bitter epigram, beginning 'Cronus is a wise man.'

"Antiphrisus, who was born in Egypt and had studied painting under Ctesidemus, rose to high rank as a painter in Alexandria. Among his best-known pictures were the bearded Bacchus, the young Alexander, and Hippolitus afraid of a bull. His boy, blowing up a fire with his mouth, was much praised for the mouth of the boy, and for the light and shade of the room. His Ptolemy hunting was also highly thought of. He showed a mean jealousy of Apelles, and accused him of joining in a plot against the king, for which Apelles narrowly escaped punishment; but when Ptolemy found that the charge was untrue he sent him a gift of one hundred talents to make amends.

"The angry feelings of Apelles were by no means cooled by this gift, but they boiled over in his great picture of Calumny. On the right of the picture sat Ptolemy, holding out his hand to Calumny who was coming up to him. On each side of the king stood a woman who seemed meant for Ignorance and Suspicion. Calumny was a beautiful maiden, but with anger and deep-rooted malice in her face; in her left hand was a lighted torch, and with her right she was dragging along by the hair a young man, who was stretching forth his hands to heaven and calling upon the gods to bear witness that he was guiltless. Before her walked Envy, a pale, hollow-eyed, diseased man, perhaps a portrait of the accuser; and behind were two women, Craft and Deceit, who were encouraging and supporting her. At a distance stood Repentance, in the ragged black garb of mourning, who was turning away her face for shame as Truth came up to her."

As a further proof of the deep interest which this race of sovereigns took in the advancement of learning, of the arts, and of science, listen to an account of some of the means adopted by Ptolemy Philadelphus, the son of the former:—

"At a time when books were few, and far too dear to be within reach of the many, and indeed when the number of those who could read must have been small, other means were of course taken to meet the thirst after knowledge; and the chief of these were the public readings in the

Theatre. This was not overlooked by Philadelphus, who employed Hegesiac to read Herodotus, and Hermophantus to read Homer, the earliest historian and the earliest poet, the two authors who had taken deepest root in the minds of the Greeks.

“Philadelphus was not less fond of paintings and statues than of books; and he seems to have joined the Achaian league as much for the sake of the pictures which Aratus, its general, was in the habit of sending him, as for political reasons. Aratus, the chief of Sicyon, was an acknowledged judge of painting, and Sicyon was then the first school of Greece. The pieces which he sent to Philadelphus were mostly those of Pamphilus the master, and of Melanthius the fellow pupil, of Apelles.”

The fees paid by pupils to master artists at this time will astound those who think of similar professions at the present day. Pamphilus is said to have received from every pupil seventeen hundred pounds a year. It is also recorded that it was through him that drawing was first taught to boys in Greece as part of a liberal profession.

It was in the reign of Ptolemy Philadelphus that the celebrated Greek translation of either the whole or a great part of the Old Testament was undertaken and completed; a proof of the value he set upon letters as well as of a liberal spirit in regard to creeds. It also appears that during his reign the Museum of Alexandria held the highest rank among the Greek schools, whether for poetry, mathematics, astronomy, or medicine, the four branches into which it was divided. Its library held two hundred thousand rolls of Papyrus; which our author not without good grounds reckons to be about equal to ten thousand printed volumes; for we must remember that hand-writing is different from modern printing in regard to the space it occupies, and also that it would take several rolls to fill one printed volume. Philadelphus not only patronized Greek authors, but Egyptians, such as Manetho, who wrote a history of Egypt, copied from the hieroglyphical writing in the temples. What he wrote, however, is only known in the quotations of other writers, which amounts to little more than a list of kings' names.

We have said that the liberality of the Ptolemies in the promotion of what in modern times are regarded as the most beautiful and precious of man's works; viz., the fruits of study, learning, and refined pursuits, was most munificent. Perhaps it was an ostentatious as much as an enlightened principle that frequently prompted them; for the rewards they bestowed, appear to have been sometimes ridiculously extravagant. For example, we read that Philadelphus rewarded an Alexandrian physician for having cured a brother potentate, by presenting him with a fee of seventeen thousand pounds. We also agree with our author in regard to instances of royal hot-bed patronage, when he says,—

“While we are dazzled by the brilliancy of the clusters of men of letters

and science who graced the court of Alexandria, we must not shut our eyes to those faults which must always be found in works called forth rather by the fostering warmth of royal pensions than by a love of knowledge in the people. The well-fed and well-paid philosophers of the Museum were not likely to overtake the mighty men of Athens, who had studied and taught without any pension from the government, without taking any fee from their pupils; who were urged forward only by the love of knowledge and of honour; who had no other aim than that of being useful to their hearers, and looked for no reward beyond their love and esteem.

"Books may, if we please, be divided into works of industry and works of taste. Among the first we may place mathematics, criticism, and compilations; among the second we ought to find poetry and oratory. Works of industry and care may be found in many ages and in many countries, but those which have gained the praises of all mankind, for their pure taste and fire of genius, seem to have ripened only on those spots and in those times at which the mind of man, from causes perhaps too deep for our search, has been able to burst forth with more than usual strength.

"When we review the writings of the authors of Alexandria, we are forced to acknowledge that they are most of them of the former class; we may say of them all, what Ovid said of Callimachus, that they are more to be admired for their industry and art than for their taste and genius."

To be sure, the exorbitant case we singled out belongs to a department of industry and ingenuity; but we quoted the sum of seventeen thousand pounds merely as a proof of an ostentation which neither indicated the highest taste for appreciating merit, nor that fostering care which was likely to be most wisely or advantageously distributed.

A few of the concluding remarks offered by our author is all that we can find room for further inserting. They are as follows:—

"Thus fell the family of the Ptolemies, a family that had perhaps done more for arts and letters than any that can be pointed out in history. Like other kings who have bought the praises of poets, orators, and historians, they may have smothered the fire which they seemed to foster, and have misled the talents which they wished to guide; but in rewarding the industry of the mathematicians and anatomists, of the critics, commentators, and compilers, they seem to have been highly successful.

"It is true that Alexandria never sent forth works with the high tone of philosophy, the lofty moral aim, and the pure taste which mark the writings of Greece in its best ages, and which ennoble the mind and mend the heart; but it was the school to which the world long looked for knowledge in all those sciences which help the body and improve the arts of life, and which are sometimes called useful knowledge. It was almost the birth-place of anatomy, geometry, conic sections, geography, astronomy, and hydrostatics."

Taking the history of Egypt as a whole, under the Ptolemies, it tells a most impressive story. We might dwell upon the punishment and ruin that followed the vices and crimes of the rulers,

which, indeed, were characteristic of the age. But we rather choose to direct the attention of the reader of Mr. Sharpe's work to the fact that the Egyptians as a nation were verging to decay and dissolution. There was a want of public virtue even to the extent of showing an obliteration of those sympathies that regard royal crimes with a sustained abhorrence, or the most irregular checks of those crimes, assassination. Even the schools of Alexandria, those sanctuaries of study and learning, gradually fell off and lost their respectability; and at length the legions of the Roman republic strode over the land, giving law at the point of the sword, and ruling with a rod of iron.

ART. X.—*The Life and Times of Archbishop Sharp, (of St. Andrews).*

By THOMAS STEPHEN, Med. Lib. King's Coll. Author of "The Book of the Constitution," "Guide to the Liturgy," &c. London: Rickerby. 1839.

It has never been our lot to peruse a more lame and one-sided narrative than the one before us. The extravagance of the author's partisanship is quite ludicrous. We must in fact set it down along with some other most indiscreet and suspicious efforts recently made, as an uncalled for attempt to support the authority and assert the immaculate character of an establishment which is more seriously threatened, and felt to be more vulnerable than such combatants as the present are willing to confess. But the occasion is not of that nature to require formal or anxious refutation by any one. The book itself is its own best impugner; and feeling this to be the case a very simple method will enable us to criticise it satisfactorily, viz., that which merely puts us to the trouble of tying some of its paragraphs together, and letting them be seen in their distorted nakedness. Before doing so, however, we have to inform the author that he is altogether mistaken in thinking that he has added anything of any importance to what has times without number been advanced and fully explained or refuted. Nothing can be more lean or trivial than the manuscripts deposited in the "Episcopal Chest" at Aberdeen, and which he is so proud of having been allowed to examine. Had there been anything in that chest to bolster a desperate argument, it would have long ago been made the most of by some person of sound judgment and adequate ability. We have also to state that a man of an ordinary share of discretion and modesty would not have rested his case upon the authority of the "True and Impartial Account of the Most Reverend Father in God, (a form of expression which Mr. Stephen is manifestly enamoured of,) Dr. James Sharp," which is not only a lying, and studiously unfair story, but—will those of our readers who may not have troubled their heads with ecclesiastical controversies believe it?—which is an anonymous

production. Besides this respectable source, to be sure, reference is sometimes made to the statements of the Privy Council, the persecuting tribunal itself, of which Sharp was the most active and designing organ. There is also frequent reference made to the authority of such an avowed and cynical partisan as Mr. Kilpatrick Sharp, which, together with a tissue of the feeblest special pleading, at one time telling only part of the truth, and still oftener perverting facts and contradicting history, constitute this long-winded and ponderous production. But now for a few of the precious paragraphs, beginning with the Preface, nor passing untouched the Introduction. Inverted commas, and a mark of exclamation being sometimes the extreme of our critical labour, upon the exquisite morsels.

Mr. Stephen declares,—“ I have taken a different view from the leading historian of the reigns of the royal brothers : but have not advanced any opinion or fact without adducing ample authority!!” “ Christianity was gradually received into Scotland from South Britain, most probably in the rear of the Roman armies, and the church in (Mr. S. is wary not to make use of the preposition *of* but *in*,) Scotland was merely an extension of the ancient British church.” “ The church was unquestionably ! planted in South Britain by St. Paul.” “ Whosoever the glad tidings of salvation was (were) brought to that kingdom (Scotland), blessed be the name of the Most High, who predestinated it unto the adoption of Children by Jesus Christ, and vouchsafed, even in the day-spring of the gospel, graciously to remember and visit it. And may He who seeth in secret, reward those openly who, though unknown to fame, were the messengers of salvation.” Not to ridicule too severely this canting style of speech, which equals anything which the author can laugh at in the language of those Presbyterians whom he honours himself by uniformly calling *fanatics*, just fancy the rewarding of those now *openly* who have been called to their account many hundred years ago. This is praying for the dead with a witness. “ The violence of the Covenanters, aided by the timid non-resistance of the Episcopal clergy, succeeded in forming Presbytery on the nation, *much against* the ‘ inclinations of the people.’ As a nation, it has shown itself unworthy of the sacred deposit of the apostolical succession, by the sacrilegious murder of three Archbishops of St. Andrew’s, and the proscription of the whole Episcopal order with which Christ promised to be till time should merge into eternity. This murderous proscription they (they and it change places with admirable promptitude) have bound upon their souls by a solemn oath. Our Saviour’s affectionate lamentation over Jerusalem applies with full force to that kingdom, which has indeed killed the prophets, and stoned those who were sent. Matt. xxiii. 37—39. Repeatedly has the attempt been made to gather them into the apostolic fellowship, but they would not ;

and therefore they have cut themselves off from the communion of the church catholic, and have been given up to a state of anarchy and division."

Poor Scotland! unchristian Scotland! immoral, distracted, benighted Scotland! "The whole Episcopal order, with which Christ promised to be till time should merge into eternity!" How few Christians must there be in the world! All men, all who follow not the English Episcopalian teachers and priests,—these being confined to a portion merely of the subjects of Queen Victoria,—are deserters or are aliens. Comfortable picture—charitable Mr. Stephen!

"*Malignants* was a term of infamy which was indiscriminately applied by the rebels and Covenanters, or in other words, the religious hypocrites of those days, to all who feared God and worked righteousness, and who honoured the King. In the slang of the time, therefore, a *Malignant* meant a good and true man, one who served God and honoured the King." How easy it is to call people by bad names!—and hypocrite is one of the most sweeping and convenient. A man, a writer consults his own dignity,—does he not?—when he indulges constantly in such forms of phraseology, instead of adducing evidence or arguments. We must be allowed, however, to suggest, that many many hundreds of these Scotch hypocrites suffered the most revolting tortures of the body, submitted to the greatest worldly sacrifices, and prayed for their enemies, while enduring all the agonies of death, rather than relinquish their professed faith. Anomalous hypocrites, one is apt to say, and worse than fools.

But pray Mr. Stephen, have you not put it to yourself whether you may not in your zeal have preferred a rash charge? Have you endeavoured to transport yourself to the situation of the many whose names we could now write, of those who died upon the scaffold, or under the hands of a ferocious and drunken soldiery during the reigns of the two "royal brothers" in the sister kingdom, and put it to yourself if you, had been in their place, how you would have deported yourself? Or do you deem it a slight thing, if peradventure you may have maligned but one true disciple of Him who was mocked and slain by bloodthirsty and relentless persecutors nearly two thousand years ago? We suspect that there is something more grave in this matter than a flippant and crude writer is apt on putting his pen to paper to apprehend. A good and prudent man would rather make a covenant with himself, never to utter a word than offer insult to the memory of one who may be among the hosts of the Blessed. But we must go on with our samples:—

"Charles, however much to his honour, was fixed in his resolution, and said his father always communicated at Christmas, Easter and Whitsunday, and he was resolved to follow so good an example; besides, he did

it then to procure a blessing from God on his intended voyage. Happy had it been for himself and the people whom God had committed to his charge, had he always continued in this frame of mind. But we have to thank the Solemn League and Covenant and its adherents for, murdering his father and driving himself, at the inexperienced age of eighteen, into Popish countries, where he learnt all the vices and debauchery of that most profligate religion, and finally apostatized into it. This evil and the ultimate ruin and extinction of that illustrious line of princes, is entirely owing to the sacrilegious covenant which binds its deluded votaries to persecute and extirpate the church, and to rebel against the sovereign."

Had Charles remained in England all his life, and never lost the benefit of Episcopal guides and examples, the amiable and pious young man would, of course, have died as pure as a nun, and been a saint in the calendar! Saint Charles would have sounded pleasantly enough. But then these vile Popish countries, these vicious Catholics! It must afford Presbyterians some relief to have yoke-fellows who sometimes are made to bear the indignant reproaches of Mr. Stephen.

Mr. S., in speaking of the Scottish Presbyterian system of Church government, consisting, as he correctly enumerates of a series of tribunals, the General Assembly being the highest, exclaims, "How is it possible, that such inquisitorial tyranny could be long endured." The man seems to think that the system had only a brief existence. A total stranger to the history of Scotland would infer from such a passage that Episcopacy long ago had resumed its *benign* and unopposed controul. But just let the Church of England call in the aid of our author and send him as a Missionary to the North to preach up the excellence of his Church,—let Parliament back him if it chooses, and if his message and his views be hailed with joy and rapture, then, but not till then, shall we believe that the people of Scotland either in city or town, are ready to exchange the "inquisitorial tyranny" of her church government for all the indulgence or rewards that Episcopacy has to offer. We fancy that no such embassy, however, will either be recommended or undertaken. The hierarchy of England seem to have enough to do to keep their own edifice in order and to preserve it intact, to rush into deeper trouble.

We read further on in the volume than we have yet dipped the following enlightened statement:—

"Patronage was the law and practice of the nation from the beginning of its Christianity till 1647, when, by divine permission, rebellion proved successful, the king's authority extinct, and the Covenant supreme. The cheat of popular election then became fashionable, and the Presbyterian ministers, among other illegal usurpations, took upon them the disposal of churches and benefices. In these elections the people have, in reality, no more power than under patrons; and ministers are as much imposed on

them under this juggle, as by the lawful patron. At first, however, the sound of the name enchanted the people ; in fact, this juggle was invented to draw their attention off more important designs. The party finding their strength increasing, pursued their design more effectually ; and the illegal convention of two of the estates, without the royal authority, which called itself a parliament, in the year 1649, abolished patronage. ' This act,' says Mr Willison, ' is worthy to be written in letters of gold.' Its enactment should also please the Voluntaries of the present day."

To this we only reply that Mr. Stephen seems to be totally ignorant of the prevailing opinion in Scotland with regard to Patronage, not only on the part of the mass of the people, but now of the best informed and the pious. He must also be quite in the dark as to the working of the non-patronage system. The weight of facts is quite against him.

Nothing is more frequently uttered by Mr. S. and nothing is more notoriously untrue, than that the " popular feeling in Scotland " was ever in favour of the restoration of Episcopacy. The entire mind of the nation, its most endeared associations, pronounce a totally different sentence, as every Englishman who may chance to make a tour in the land knows. Fiction as well as redundant history might have informed our author on this point.

In his wailing over the losses which the Episcopal clergy sustained in Scotland, and of the opposition they encountered, Mr. S. in one passage which we have stumbled on, affects to cherish a most charitable feeling. He says—" It is to be hoped that the ' accusers of the brethren,' (meaning by brethren the Scottish Bishops,) knew not what they did, and that they will be forgiven ; but certainly they knew not of what spirit they were of." Upon this vapid and clumsily expressed sentence we have only to say that the Presbyterians knew very well what they did,—that they did their work well, firmly and consistently,—and that perhaps the proudest boast the present and past generations ever indulged, is when the achievement of their independency of a hated establishment is the theme of congratulation.

There is an exceedingly instructive paragraph on the subject of ordination and the call to the Ministry, which we cannot deny ourselves the satisfaction of quoting, enriched as it is by anxiously dove-tailed citations :—

" ' No qualifications,' says Dr. Potter, ' are sufficient to empower any man to exercise any function or office in the church, who has not been first approved and commissioned by those whom God has invested with authority for that end.' Whoever is so invested, although he may not have the qualification of holiness, yet all his ministrations are valid. The clergy ought to be pre-eminently holy ; but their personal holiness is not so absolutely necessary as their *authoritative* qualification : that is, that they be duly sent or ordained by the imposition of the hands of a bishop. Dr. Hicks and all other sound divines of the catholic Church of England,

maintain that men of the most eminent virtues and abilities, were they as full of the Holy Ghost and of wisdom as were the seven deacons, have neither power nor authority to act as ministers of the gospel, without the imposition of the bishop's hands. If, on the other hand, they have been lawfully ordained, though they may, by their wickedness, deprive themselves both of wisdom and virtue, and resist the motions of the Holy Spirit, yet all their ministrations are valid and effectual. 'The seven deacons,' says Dr. Potter, 'were antecedently distinguished from the rest, by their great and eminent qualifications; and one of them, in particular, is said to be a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost; and yet they were not permitted to exercise the least of ecclesiastical ministries, till the apostles had ordained them by prayer and laying on of hands.' Episcopacy is a positive, divine, and apostolical institution; as such, it is absolutely necessary in the church; and can only be kept up by an uninterrupted succession. This succession has been uninterruptedly enjoyed by the Church of England, from the days of St. Paul, who undoubtedly founded that church. Such a succession of Episcopal ordination being absolutely necessary to the ruling of the church, the English bishops were willing and desirous of communicating this privilege to the Church of Scotland. The Socinians were the first who denied the necessity of a succession of legitimate ordination; and the Presbyterians are obliged to shelter themselves under the same objection, because they had no predecessors from whom they could claim. They succeeded no one from whom they could derive such a power; but proceeded from themselves, and were the original of their own authority, consequently are of human institution. 'Now,' says Mr. Thorndyke, 'seeing Presbyters never received by their ordination authority to ordain others, seeing no word of God gives it them; seeing all the rules of the whole church take it from them; the attempt of our Presbyters in ordaining without or against their bishops, must needs be void and to no effect, but that of schism in dividing the church upon so unjust a cause; they could not receive the power of the keys from them that had nothing to do to give it; and therefore, in celebrating the eucharist, they do nothing but profane God's ordinances.' If their celebration of the eucharist be 'profane,' it must follow that their baptisms are also invalid and null; and the more unlawful, because done in direct opposition to the bishop's authority; or in other words, in defiance of the church."

Towards the close of the work we also read thus,—

"We come now, in the melancholy conclusion of this history, to record one of the blackest deeds which disgraces the annals of any country. It is the more disgraceful, inasmuch as it has been sedulously inculcated into many otherways good people, that this sacrilegious murder was a lawful deed, and just punishment. The guilt of this foul murder still rests on those who approve of it; and the sacred blood of that father of the church still cries to heaven. Punishment soon followed this unparalleled crime, by having, as a nation, both the candle and the candlestick removed from the land. A moral cloud has hung over it for a century and a half; but which is now beginning to be dispelled. An ignorant and fanatical race of barbarous field-preachers has been succeeded by a body of respect-

able ministers, among whom learning is beginning to revive. A remnant of that church planted by Archbishop Sharp, and watered with his blood has survived the shock of revolution, and the fire of a persecution unparalleled since the pagan persecutions of the primitive church, and has again taken root downward, and is now bearing fruit upwards; while scarce a vestige of its sworn enemies, the Covenanters, is now to be seen; that particular sect having dwindled into a few congregations, very small in number, and still smaller in respectability, and holding no communion with the other Presbyterian sects in that divided country. They occasionally hold a solemn fast for renewing the League and Covenant, but although they retain its spirit, its actual obligations they are unable, from change of circumstances, to fulfil. The Antiburgher and Burgher seceders still cherish the Covenant, and the latter periodically renew it. Although that document stands in the Westminster Confession of Faith, yet it is but justice to the Scottish establishment to say that it is a dead letter. Nevertheless, decency requires that they should expunge it from their formulary, before they lay claim to what however has never been conceded, the character of a 'sister church.'

The man is crazy. Why Sir, you should know that the church of, not *in* Scotland, is by the acknowledgment of the British constitution, by the laws of the empire, as much and as purely an independent Establishment as the "Sister" that is so fondly spoken of. The Queen dare not say otherwise, and if she should ever visit that loyal, moral, and enlightened nation, she will without doubt join, as she is bound to do, in the worship of the Presbyterian Church and countenance by her presence its formulary. About the stale and extravagant doctrine that the English Bishops are the direct and only successors of the Apostolical Church, the Keepers of the Keys, we need not waste a word. A school-boy would be more than a match for our author on this point. We have read somewhere that there was a pretty long reign of the Romish Church in England,—an establishment which Mr. S. regards with supreme abhorrence. Who then ordained or had a right to ordain the first Episcopal Bishop?

One passage more is all that we shall quote from a work which consists of a continuous string of assertions and assumptions that for the most part are contrary to the best authenticated history, and the most notorious facts. Speaking of the Covenanting clergy who had by a tyrannical government been driven from their churches. Mr. S. says,—

"Welsh and Arnott rode through the country with guards, amounting to fifty, and sometimes as many as a hundred well armed and mounted. In this manner they attacked the houses of the Episcopal clergy, and abused their persons and families. Welsh publicly declared that it was as lawful to kill the Episcopal clergy as it was for the Israelites to kill the Canaanites. These violent and repeated outrages so alarmed and distressed the established clergy, that some of the more timorous apprehen-

sive for their own and their families lives, resigned their charges. These barbarities exercised by the Covenanting ministers and their followers in the west of Scotland, were the *cause* of the severities to which, in self-defence, the government was driven. The privy council, therefore, determined to execute the laws against these conventicles. They issued proclamations for the capture of Welsh and Arnott, and some other seditious preachers; but the sheriffs in the seditious districts refused to act. In suppressing these field-meetings they were not only preserving the king's peace, but acting in conformity with an act of a Presbyterian General Assembly. It was the Act of Assembly, 1647, and no Presbyterian will deny the authority of that assembly, intituled, 'Act against such as *withdraw* themselves from the public worship *in their own congregation*.' It expressly prohibits all the members of their kirk from leaving their own congregations, except in urgent cases, made known to and approved by the Presbytery. And if any contravened this act, the minister to whom such persons resorted was recommended to advise them to remain in their own parish; but if still disobedient, the minister and session of their own parish were commanded to cite the wanderers before the Presbytery, &c. But separation and schism had now become epidemical, and many went to these field-meetings out of curiosity and over-persuasion of neighbours. The sober part of the community, however, became disgusted with the mixture of sedition and blasphemy, which they heard from the itinerant preachers, and returned quietly to their parish-churches."

Of course Sharp is a saint and a martyr of untarnished character with our author. The fact of his being, profanely and blasphemously some may think, called "a father in God," according to the phraseology of the Episcopal church, goes far to secure for him Mr. Stephens' homage; while all who have ever called in question his holiness and innocence,—much more all who have justly denounced his memory as that of a traitor and a wholesale murderer, are abused as fanatics and liars. The celebrated Wodrow, and Dr. Burns, the able editor of that impartial and most industrious historian's great work, very frequently receive the severest drubbing our author can bestow. Neither Wodrow nor Burns, however, require our interposition. The former has long held and will continue to hold the highest rank amongst our chroniclers. The opinion and testimony of Charles James Fox, alone, in his History of the Early Part of the Reign of James II., will have more weight than all that such rampant bigots as Mr. Stephen will ever have with the world. The great statesman says, "No historical facts are better ascertained than the accounts of them which are to be found in Wodrow. In every instance where there has been an opportunity of comparing these accounts with the records, and other authentic monuments, they appear to be quite correct."

As to Dr. Burns, we have to inform Mr. S. that it will require another sort of combatant than the one whose heavy volume is now before us, to maintain a contest with him. That gentleman is an

ornament even to the Church of Scotland and one of her ablest, most accomplished champions. He is a man of exemplary piety, laborious, and beloved by thousands of his countrymen. He is profoundly acquainted with the annals of the nation on both sides of the Tweed; nor would the offer of a Bishopric tempt him to misrepresent historical truth, or truth in any shape. Nay, Dr. Burns regards the business of writing and publishing as a matter of conscience, and feels that he will have to answer to the judge of the quick and the dead for whatever he promulgates. He does not take up his pen when ignorant of his subject; much less does he cherish an unhallowed spirit of passionate partizanship, or bitter hatred of any sect. Let any one read his notes on Wodrow and the result will be admiration as well as conviction, to the complete discomfiture of all who may attempt to enter the lists against him on that arena.

We have only to add that it is impossible to read any considerable portion of the present work without feeling that its author would resort to the same sort of outrage against Presbyterians, did the law permit, that shed streams of blood during the reigns of the two "royal brothers," and that he would enforce that "oppression that maketh men mad."

ART. XI.—*Letter to the Queen on the State of the Monarchy.* By a Friend of the People. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1838.

THIS Letter, although the author of it were a personage of less note than the learned Lord to whose fertile pen it is generally attributed, would, on account of the striking statements which it contains, relative to the monarchy, deserve our attention. Whether Lord Brougham has written it or not signifies very little, if its startling assertions be all true; for in that case the nation is on the verge of a mighty revolution, or, at least, one of the three estates is so seriously threatened that the very name of sovereign and royalty may, ere long, be only things to be talked of as belonging to the past. Perhaps, however, a calm and dispassionate mind may regard some of the pictures which the ardent and eloquent writer has conjured up as the creatures rather of an exaggerating fancy, than of sober reality. Still, whatever may be the fact and truth, the noise which the pamphlet is producing, and the importance of some of its doctrines taken abstractedly warrant a degree of notice to which such ephemeral publications are not usually entitled.

One thing is certain and singular about this Letter: it speaks to the highest person in the empire in a tone of freedom, and indeed rudeness, regarding it merely in a polite sense, that must offend the generality of readers; and since the writer expresses himself strongly to the effect that her Majesty's popularity is fearfully on the wane, the result must be not only for a time to arrest this unpleasant im-

pulse, but to turn the flood of popular feeling to flow in a totally opposite direction.

The Letter may be regarded as consisting of two parts, and on account of the manner in which it treats of two distant topics. First, the writer addresses himself directly to the Queen as one responsible to the nation as regards the choice and competency of her ministers; and, secondly, the imperfect state of the Franchise is largely and vehemently dwelt upon. The idea, or dictum, is elaborately ridiculed, that the Sovereign "can do no wrong." But although the Queen be handled not very mercifully, and although the frailty of the tenure by which she wears the crown be repeatedly urged, as if the writer really believed that her Majesty might be tempted to throw away the sceptre if not in pure disgust from sheer terror, yet the full bitterness, amounting to something like rancorous violence, of the production, is levelled against the ministers, Lord Melbourne, as their chief and the Queen's principal and favourite adviser, being manifestly the mark of invective and exposure, arising in no small degree, we suspect, from personal considerations. If it be the fact that Lord Brougham is the author, the spirit and influence of the Letter will be materially modified in so far as the public is concerned by this feature; while, as regards the Queen, it is difficult to conceive how the writer can expect that his anxiety "to conciliate her Majesty's favour to his principles, to gain her approval of his opinions," can be cordially met. We quote two paragraphs that may serve to illustrate our meaning as well as the temper of the writer.

"The fate of your present ministry is sealed. But the struggle to displace it will shake other powers than those of Downing-street. If you be your father's daughter, and your uncle's niece, you are not made of very yielding materials. Besides, you are young, and quite without experience. The indolent careless individual who (with the help of his Canning-school companions) governs you as entirely as he leaves parliament and the country to govern themselves, no doubt tells you—"It is all nothing, all a fancy, all a dream; nothing in it, nothing at all." He has an universal contempt for all opinions, all doctrines—this he mistakes for being practical; indeed, for all subjects whatever—which he thinks is profound; nay, for all men, not even excepting himself—which he fancies is sagacious and enlarged. Of course he laughs at the people, and laughs much at their leaders; forgetting that men may be very respectable who, by mere accident, are following contemptible-enough leaders—as truly the present fortunes of the ministerial party might easily have taught him, had he really known as much as he pretends of the maxim which, in old times, was said to come down from heaven: forgetting, too, that the difficulty in great popular movements is not to find good leaders, but numerous followers, and that the former may very swiftly be changed when the latter are quite ready. As his constant maxim seems to have been, both personally and officially, "*Anything for a quiet life*," doubtless he has inculcated the same seductive and perilous

doctrine upon his young mistress ; and it would be wise and well, if all she had to trouble her repose, were the question, who should be asked to dinner, or who to dance ? or if all the occupations of her station were, to do what her ministers seem resolved she shall wear out her life in performing—endless entertainments, constant amusements, everlasting parties, unceasing exhibition, and perpetual locomotion. But, Madam, if your whole duties consisted in these things, we might have them all performed just as well at a much lower rate. I will not say, with Thomas Paine, that “an able-bodied man might be easily got to do the work of king for five hundred a year ;” but assuredly a great saving might be made upon our royal establishment, if at the head of it there were not placed a great functionary, whose services require such a rare union of talent and judgment with firmness and with virtue, that I conscientiously believe it is hardly possible to pay for it too highly. But then we *do* pay very dear for it ; and we must have something like it, or we are cheated. If, then, the maxim of “*Anything for an easy life*” is to rule the sovereign, as it does the ministry, the people must have their share of it too ; and, believe me, Madam, there is nothing that would more tend to give them an easy life than a cheaper government. This is a doctrine which your ministers of course will laugh at. They can only lose their places. Nay, the same men who, to serve King William, gave up all enmity to reform ; and, when they had got all they could by being reformers, to serve your Majesty, gave up reform itself,—how do I know that they would not, to serve the people, give up all enmity to a commonwealth, as soon as they saw such a change inevitable ? They assuredly never defended monarchy more stoutly than they did rotten boroughs ; and, to tear them from Windsor, would take no greater wrench than it did to sever them from Old Sarum.”

“ They are *your* ministers, *you* are pleased to keep them filling up all *your* offices, and constantly about *your* person. You are surrounded by them, and by their partizans of either sex, in a manner hitherto unknown to the people of this country. Downing-street, Whitehall, are no longer the resort of the cabinet. The official residences are deserted ; and one palace holds the Sovereign and the servants of the public. This novel, inconvenient, and not very seemly excess of royal favour, is at once injurious to the public service, and personally advantageous to the ministry : for, although it must necessarily prevent them from attending to the duties of their several departments, and thus make them far worse ministers than they might, by more diligence and harder work, become ; they care mighty little for this, provided they gain a further hold over your mind, and show the country more strikingly how unbounded their influence is over your Majesty. The absolute impossibility of thus holding any communication whatever with the numberless parties who have daily claims upon their attention, is manifest. Whatever business they may transact, beyond royal promenades, and rides, and banquets, must needs be transacted in writing ; and consequently the affairs of this country are now carried on pretty much as they would be if those to whom they are intrusted were living abroad. When you return to London, some months hence, no doubt part of this serious evil might be removed ; but only part. The ministers will be in London, and we shall no longer be governed by course of post ; yet the chief among them will have their whole time

divided between sleeping and attendance in your palace : no time for calm discussions ; none for careful preparation of despatches, and other state papers ; none for meditation, to inform and enlarge their views, on the great questions that occur ; none for reading, if they ever think of so vulgar an occupation. A set of men who really and truly require every kind of help to conceal, if it cannot lessen the poverty of their natures, and enable them to keep up a respectable appearance among politicians ; thus throw away all chances of bettering their condition ; and the poorest statesmen ever seen among us, they who most wanted all the little helps to be gleaned from unremitting industry, are become also the most idle, and the least economical of their little resources."

The writer has been referring to the O'Connell influences immediately before, which he declares, in so far as the Irish are concerned, is drawing speedily to a close ; and if Brougham be the party, he pays back to the Agitator some part of that debt which he may be supposed to owe from Dan's recent speeches. We should like to know how these two unscrupulous persons will deport themselves when next they meet, face to face, in such a place as Exeter Hall, and have such a question to interest them equally as that of slavery. Besides, the country has a deep interest in their characters and squabbles. We wish that such men as Brougham and O'Connell adequately experienced a sense of the good or the evil they may do by making a wrong movement, by uttering a rash word. Their abilities which have procured for them extraordinary notice ought not to be sported loosely.

But to come to some of the weightier matters connected with the present pamphlet, and to forget who may be its author, or who the person is to whom it is addressed, we say that wholesome truths may be ungraciously uttered, that opportune facts may be harshly urged. Who for example, can deny that the Queen is young and inexperienced,—that her duties are momentous,—that the occasion is in various respects unprecedented,—and that more may be at an early day demanded than the country ever before required. Take the picture, as given by the writer, of her Majesty's situation :—

" Nor let any one here take the trouble of reminding me, that children have aforesaid held, or been supposed to hold, the sceptre, both in France and in England. Yes, they were suffered to hold it with fingers too tiny even to grasp its narrow end ; and no man, in those days, ever thought of questioning whether some more rational form of polity were not more fitted for rational beings. But do we live in times when, as in Louis XIV.'s case, the infant monarch, yet unendowed with reason, and incapable even of speech, could be shown before his council, as consenting to the appointment of a regent and guardian of his realm ? or when, as in our Sixth Harry's instance, a slaving idiot could be called upon to satisfy the ' longing desire of his faithful commons,' by making a sign that he heard their prayer ? It is fit that you and those about you should recollect, that long since these regal times, have come the republican times of

England and of France—when all monarchy was trampled under foot—when the imprescriptible right of men to govern themselves, whenever they are qualified for administering their own affairs, was proclaimed to a consenting world; nay, when, for a while at least, that period was anticipated in both countries, and a commonwealth established somewhat sooner than the people were prepared to exercise their full share of political power. Since even the more recent of these great, and, for the reason just given, unsuccessful experiments was made, we have seen improvements proceeding with the strides of a giant, in Europe as well as in America; and we have also found that, with a thing so excellent as a giant's strength, men have learned the wise and the humane lesson, how tyrannous it is to use it like a giant. Nevertheless, the power is acquired. On the western side of the Atlantic, it is exerted without control; and it is your fate to have the experiment tried in your person, how far a monarchy can stand secure in the nineteenth century, when all the powers of the executive government are intrusted to a woman, and that woman a child."

The writer declares, and we hope erroneously, that the exuberant loyalty which attended the Queen's Accession and Coronation have fearfully diminished,—that the people are ashamed of their wayward expressions, of the trance in which they for a season were thrown, and that they are marking and ready to mark every aberration from propriety, to construe rigorously every action that the over-lauded novice may perform either directly or figuratively. Now our observations by no means guide us to this alarming conclusion. It cannot of course, be seriously expected that the people should vociferously rejoice when there is no special and prominent passage in her Majesty's history to signalize or commemorate. A coronation festival cannot occur every year. At the same time can any one suppose that, were her dignity in jeopardy, a simultaneous expression of affection love and patriotism would not burst forth to mock all past illustration? We deny that the Queen is unpopular; we deny that her fair fame will be compromised by anything which her present confidential advisers are likely to do. But while we assert all this, we are free to admit that the Letter-writer has corrected and exposed a prevalent falsity in regard to the ethics of government, viz., that the word *sovereign* is in this country a mere figure of speech, as regards the executive power, just as the crown is a figure for the sovereign. There is a vast deal indicated by the statement we are now going to extract,—and that deal, we believe, is now occupying the minds of many inquirers and reasoners:—

"I know well enough the lesson which you and all sovereigns have been made to learn by heart, that the king of this country has no responsibility. In one sense this is true; and, in that sense, nothing but a violation of the constitutional law, or a subversion of the dynasty, can make you responsible. In that sense, your celebrated ancestors, the first

Charles and the second James, were wholly irresponsible. It required a rebellion, to make the martyr of the one; and a revolution, to make an exile of the other. But there is a sense in which you are just as responsible as the meanest of your subjects. Morally, you are responsible; and really, as things are now-a-days managed, I know none of your ministers more responsible than yourself. They may lose their places indeed; so far your condition is less precarious than theirs, and depends less upon your conduct. But punishment for a bad minister, or, which is the same thing, for a man who has the talents to shine as an agreeable member of society, and who chooses to play at being minister because he finds (he says) the excitement of it pleasant; for the public guilt of such a man there is no punishment, by the modern practice of our government, beyond that to which kings are as liable as their servants—the hatred and the scorn of the country. If the just demands of your people shall be disregarded; if their lawful rights shall still be withholden from them; if the men who have abandoned all their principles, forfeited every pledge, truckled to each adversary in proportion as he was wrong and strong; deserted each friend who preferred being in the right to being in their good graces;—if these men shall still be suffered to rule the country in *your* name, and in *your* name to obstruct the progress of general improvement, then, Madam, be you well assured that a day of reckoning will soon come, in which you, and not they, will have to stand the scrutiny of four-and-twenty millions of people, resolved to make their pleasure known, and to speak very plainly their whole mind upon *your* conduct. It is not very safe for a whig ministry to turn their backs upon the country, and seek only the favour of the court. It is somewhat new and strange for a popular party to be in opposition to the people, and to hang, for their whole support, by the frail thread of royal favour. That the doom of such a government is sealed, no one can doubt; that it can only be averted by a speedy, a sudden, an entire repentance and amendment of life, is absolutely certain. But *you*, Madam, are any thing rather than a mere spectator of all this unprecedented scene. There is one act for which you and all sovereigns are answerable: of choosing the Ministers, the sole and undivided responsibility rests upon the Sovereign. In that act there can be no adviser responsible in any sense that is intelligible to plain understandings. Lawyers may quibble; the metaphysicians of politics may subtilize; the transcendental doctors of our constitution may refine, and try to persuade us of what they themselves cannot comprehend—that the man who takes the office which his sovereign tenders him is the responsible adviser of the offer thus made. No person of ordinary straight-forward understanding ever will bring his faculties to put any reliance upon such a fiction. Its want of all foundation in fact is obvious to the meanest capacity. So far it resembles the fictions in which the law delights. But it is not only unfounded in truth; it is contrary to the plain truth, nay, to the possibility of truth; and he who can believe or imagine that any person is answerable for another's resolving to send for him and employ him, may next understand how Baron Trenck could fall into a pit, and then run home for a ladder to clamber out of it. Believe me, whatever those subtle doctors may say, the bulk of mankind look to the SOVEREIGN, and to the SOVEREIGN alone, as the party responsible for the choice of the minister."

Having quoted some passages illustrative of the author's *animus* and of the weighty doctrines he inculcates as regards what he is pleased to call an impending crisis, we have pleasure in following him on the question of Franchise ; the Reform Act,—that bloodless but most imperfect measure, having acknowledged a principle and let in the first rush of a power that is not to be resisted or modified by the tardiness of any ministry,—by the favouritism of any ruler. See how in Brougham-style the writer pleads the cause of the artisan journeymen throughout the realm :—

“ The workmen in the towns are, without any doubt and with hardly any exception, fully qualified to exercise the franchise ; and, generally speaking, they are incomparably fitter to be intrusted with it than the small shopkeepers, let me say, than any shopkeepers whom it has been my lot to know. Their intelligence is great, and it is daily increasing. Their information upon political subjects is not exceeded by that of any rank in the community. Many classes, and most numerous classes of these, are persons of extraordinary skill in difficult crafts ; many unite a refined taste with expert manual dexterity ; many work at things which require great scientific knowledge. Think only of the outrageous folly of a test which allows the most ignorant creature that ever walked upon two legs, to vote, because he rents a small hovel, and which no book, or pamphlet, or penny magazine, or even weekly paper, ever entered ; and excludes from all voice, at all elections, whether municipal or parliamentary, a journeyman optician, whose lodgings are filled with mathematical instruments and works of natural philosophy, and who occupies his leisure hours in studying the discoveries of Newton and Laplace. But, again I say, independence is more valuable than even knowledge ; which, politically considered, is chiefly valuable because it makes a man think for himself, and scorn the dictation of a master, and spurn at the bribes of a candidate. Are the ten-pound shopkeepers men who scorn dictation and spurn at bribes ? Are they, the smooth-tongued simpering creatures of the counter and the till, men to think for themselves, and disregard the frowns of a customer ? Nay, suppose them protected by the ballot, are their hearts independent ? On the contrary, I am fully persuaded that there is no class in the community more thoroughly the slaves of low grovelling prejudices ; more truckling to their superiors, of course more insolent to those below them, more bent upon rising to the levels above them, more anxious to increase the interval that separates them from those beneath. They are, according to all my observation of men, the most aristocratic in their propensities of the whole community. In a lord's presence they stand not upright ; a lady's carriage at their door, sets their heart a-fluttering. To ape the worst fashions of the silliest portions of mankind, is their delight. To live a little as they do, whose pecuniary difficulties arising from such extravagances they know full well, and to their cost, is the chiefest object of their exertions ; and in pursuit of it they often land in the Gazette. While the honest journeyman is toiling to earn his livelihood, eager to improve his mind, faring hard, and rising early to give his children a better education than he had himself ; these small gentry of the shop are keeping their children as ignorant as them-

selves, in order that they may be mistaken for 'gentlefolks' when they go to guttle and guzzle at their shabby villas; which, mean as they are, they cannot afford to keep; while their thoughts and those of their females are running upon '*them there things as the quality does.*' The present system *judiciously* intrusts the franchise to this class, by the thousand; while not a journeyman has it. But there are not any men in the whole world more truly independent than the journeymen. As they are well informed and skilful, sober and industrious, so are they free. The slaves of no low vanity which makes men in easy circumstances poor by making factitious wants beyond their means, they have enough to support them, and not enough to pamper and spoil. A good workman is to the full as independent of his master as the master is of him; in many crafts, a great deal more so. Among those men you never hear any demand for the ballot. No: they demand the right to vote! Give them *that*, and they will exercise it, like men, in the face of day; and leave the little shop-keeper, smirking behind the counter when my lady condescendingly steps in, to sneak behind the ballot-box, when my lord is pleased to command his vote—or his account. Yes! these men, the ornament, the pride, and the glory of their country, are not suffered to choose her parliament; and are condemned to political annihilation. Those men, whose exquisite skill and admirable dexterity carries the fame of your arts into every sea that a ship can plough, teaches envy to the proudest of your rivals, and inculcates admiration almost to worshipping, on every tribe, however remote, as soon as its existence is known—whose miraculous industry maintains a struggle against all disadvantages of climate and of soil with the most favoured nations of the earth; nay, even bears up against the intolerable burdens which representatives, they never had any choice in choosing, have laid upon them: these men, from whom our whole capacity of continuing the government is derived, who nourish our commerce, who supply our revenue, whose genius and whose toil are necessary to our existence—are treated as if they were beasts of burden; and never are suffered to interfere in the management of those public affairs which, but for them, would be hurled into instant confusion and destruction! These are they who now demand, not the ballot, but the **FRANCHISE**; and the **FRANCHISE** they must, they will, they shall have!

There is significant truth in this passage, a truth too, not preached for the first time by Lord Brougham, and one which we cannot but conceive is dear to and worthy of him, though we should regard his best days.

Before we conclude we shall quote a passage illustrative of the writer's exaggerated statements and corroborative of our belief that his strictures, advice, and warnings, do not precisely hit the exigencies of the present era in our history. He says,—and we put the paragraph into large type the more satisfactorily to shew its extravagance,—“I have given my solemn warning, as a friend both to prince and people: and most probably I have given it in vain. Where was ever the monarch whom revolt did not take by surprise? Like the deceived and the dishonoured husband, the sovereign is always the last person whose eyes are opened to his position—and

for the same reason ; he wishes to be deceived, and all around him are ready to gratify him, by preventing the hateful truth from penetrating to his ears. Thus slumbers the monarch softly upon the collected materials of the political explosion ; as the inhabitants of Vesuvius do, while the eruption is about to sweep them away. But his sleep is less pardonable than theirs, both because he always has repeated warnings, and because he is placed by Providence as a sentinel to watch over the safety of his people."

Perhaps we could not adduce a better proof of the writer's misrepresentations than thus by citing a paragraph in which a mere comparison, according to the flowers of speech, is made to beguile and mislead the mind, where a plainer and less ardent authority would have hesitated and felt that the interests at stake were too mighty and solemn to be the subject of oratorical flourish. Our last remark is, that we think the writer's vituperation, in a measure neutralizes its proposed intent, but that it will be productive of some good in a way not contemplated by him.

NOTICES.

ART. XII.—*History of England, from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.* By Lord MAHON. Vol. III. London: Murray. 1838.

THIS is the last volume of a satisfactory work. The author may be a Tory ; but, at least in this part of the performance, nothing has met our notice that the most liberal regard to truth and generous construction can find fault with. The noble author has evidently studied accuracy throughout rather than a display of extreme opinions or elaborately fine writing. And yet as a specimen of literary composition, while familiar and simple, it is neat even to elegance ; or, perhaps we shall explain ourselves better by saying that it bears the stamp of a mind whose riches and accomplishments are so abundant and prevailing as to require nothing like effort or a Sunday dress to set them off. In regard to the higher objects of history, Lord Mahon's work will hereafter be consulted as by far the fullest and the least servile production that the era comprised by him has ever suggested or secured.

This third and concluding volume extends over about ten years ; viz., from 1738 to 1748. Of course there is abundant matter for detail and criticism in reference to domestic intrigue and political insincerity. The Walpole ministry and Queen Caroline are not unfertile themes. But the great feature of the period, in the estimation of ordinary readers will be the fortunes of Prince *Charlie* and the rebellion of *forty-five*, which the noble author has illustrated with remarkable success,—the "Stuart Papers" affording him novel and valuable materials. It will be best to confine our extracts to this romantic subject, not merely for the sake of interesting our readers, but for the proper purpose of testing the writer's talents and taste. Accordingly we alight upon the young adventurer and copy his portrait belonging to that fresh era of manhood—the twenty-

fourth year. Who can wonder after examining this picture that the prince should have commanded the strongest and the dearest sympathies of Scotchmen and romance-lovers?

“ Charles Edward Stuart is one of those characters that cannot be portrayed at a single sketch, but have so greatly altered, as to require a new delineation at different periods. View him in his later years, and we behold the ruins of intemperance—as wasted, but not as venerable as those of time; we find him in his anticipated age a besotted drunkard, a peevish husband, a tyrannical master,—his understanding debased, and his temper soured. But not such was the Charles Stuart of 1745! Not such was the gallant prince full of youth, of hope, of courage, who, landing with seven men in the wilds of Moidart, could rally a kingdom round his banner, and scatter his foes before him at Preston and at Falkirk! Not such was the gay and courtly host of Holyrood! Not such was he, whose endurance of fatigue and eagerness for battle shone pre-eminent, even amongst Highland chiefs; while fairer critics proclaimed him the most winning in conversation, the most graceful in the dance! Can we think lowly of one who could acquire such unbounded popularity in so few months, and over so noble a nation as the Scots; who could so deeply stamp his image on their hearts that, even thirty or forty years after his departure, his name, as we are told, always awakened the most ardent praises from all who had known him,—the most rugged hearts were seen to melt at his remembrance,—and tears to steal down the furrowed cheeks of the veteran? Let us, then, without denying the faults of his character, or extenuating the degradation of his age, do justice to the lustre of his manhood. The person of Charles —(I begin with this, for the sake of female readers)—was tall and well-formed; his limbs athletic and active. He excelled in all manly exercises, and was inured to every kind of toil, especially long marches on foot, having applied himself to field sports in Italy, and become an excellent walker. His face was strikingly handsome, of a perfect oval and a fair complexion; his eyes light blue; his features high and noble. Contrary to the custom of the time, which prescribed perukes, his own fair hair usually fell in long ringlets on his neck. This goodly person was enhanced by his graceful manners; frequently condescending to the most familiar kindness, yet always shielded by a regal dignity, he had a peculiar talent to please and to persuade, and never failed to adapt his conversation to the taste or to the station of those whom he addressed. Yet he owed nothing to his education: it had been intrusted to Sir Thomas Sheridan, an Irish Roman Catholic, who has not escaped the suspicion of being in the pay of the British government, and at their instigation betraying his duty as a teacher. I am bound to say that I have found no corroboration of so foul a charge. Sheridan appears to me to have lived and died a man of honour; but history can only acquit him of base perfidy by accusing him of gross neglect. He had certainly left his pupil uninstructed in the most common elements of knowledge. Charles’s letters, which I have seen amongst the Stuart Papers, are written in a large, rude, rambling hand, like a schoolboy’s. In spelling, they are still more deficient. With him ‘humour,’ for example, becomes *umer*; the weapon he knew so well how to wield, is a *sord*; and, even his own father’s name appears under the alias of *Gems*. Nor are these errors confined to a single language: who—to give another instance from his French—would recognise a hunting-knife in *cooto de chas*? I can,

therefore, readily believe that, as Dr. King assures us, he knew very little of the history or constitution of England. But the letters of Charles, while they prove his want of education, no less clearly display his natural powers, great energy of character, and great warmth of heart. Writing confidentially, just before he sailed for Scotland, he says, 'I made my devotions on Pentecost Day, recommending myself particularly to the Almighty on this occasion to guide and direct me, and to continue to me always the same sentiments. which are, rather to suffer any thing than fail in any of my duties.' His young brother, Henry of York, is mentioned with the utmost tenderness; and, though on his return from Scotland he conceived that he had reason to complain of Henry's coldness and reserve, the fault is lightly touched upon, and Charles observes that, whatever may be his brother's want of kindness, it shall never diminish his own. To his father, his tone is both affectionate and dutiful: he frequently acknowledges his goodness; and when, at the outset of his great enterprise in 1745, he entreats a blessing from the pope, surely, the sternest Romanist might forgive him for adding, that he shall think a blessing from his parent more precious and more holy still."

Now for the other side of the picture :—

"In his youth, Charles, as we have seen, had formed the resolution of marrying only a Protestant princess; however, he remained single during the greater part of his career, and when, in 1754, he was urged by his father to take a wife, he replied, 'The unworthy behaviour of certain ministers, the 10th of December, 1748, has put it out of my power to settle any where without honour or interest being at stake; and were it even possible for me to find a place of abode, I think our family have had sufferings enough, which will always hinder me to marry, so long as in misfortune, for that would only conduce to increase misery, or subject any of the family that should have the spirit of their father to be tied neck and heels, rather than yield to a vile ministry.' Nevertheless, in 1772, at the age of fifty-two, Charles espoused a Roman Catholic, and a girl of twenty, Princess Louisa of Stolberg. This union proved as unhappy as it was ill assorted. Charles treated his young wife with very little kindness. He appears, in fact, to have contracted a disparaging opinion of her sex in general; and I have found in a paper of his writing about that period. 'As for men, I have studied them closely; and were I to live till fourscore, I could scarcely know them better than now; but as for women, I have thought it useless, they being so much more wicked and impenetrable.' Ungenerous and ungrateful words! Surely as he wrote them, the image of Flora Macdonald should have risen in his heart and restrained his pen. The Count and Countess of Albany (such was the title they bore) lived together during several years at Florence, a harsh husband and an intriguing wife; until at length, weary of constraint, she eloped with her lover Alfieri. Thus left alone in his old age, Charles called to his house his daughter by Miss Walkinshaw and created her Duchess of Albany, through the last exercise of an expiring prerogative. She was born about 1753, and survived her father only one year. Another consolation of his dotage was a silly regard, and a frequent reference, to the prophecies of Nostradamus, several of which I have found among his papers. Charles afterwards returned to Rome with his daughter. His health had long been declining, and his life more than once despaired of;

but in January 1788 he was seized with a paralytic stroke, which deprived him of the use of one half of the body, and he expired on the 30th of the same month. His funeral rites were performed by his brother, the cardinal, at Frascati. In the vault of that church lie mouldering the remains of what was once a brave and gallant heart; and beneath St. Peter's dome, a stately monument, from the chisel of Canova, has since arisen to the memory of James the Third, Charles the Third, and Henry the Ninth, kings of England—names which an Englishman can scarcely read without a smile or a sigh!"

ART. XIII.—*Historical Tales of the Southern Counties.* 2 vols. London: Saunders and Otley. 1838.

THESE *Tales of the Southern Counties*, not *Countries* as the title reads, owing to a typographical error in the last number of our journal, are the production of a young man, we presume, as well as of an aspirant for public favour who has never before attempted a work upon a plan so extensive and difficult to execute. If such be the case we congratulate him, the performance being full of promise and positive beauty. It appears to us that the author has not merely made himself intimately acquainted with the periods and the local traditions he seeks to illustrate, but that he possesses the art and the taste to fuse such materials into effective stories. His style is remarkable for its grace, while his imagination is keenly alive to the picturesque.

The *Tales* are three in number, viz, "The Sea Kings," being a story of the times of Alfred the Great, "Sir Walter Tyrrel," a Norman story, and "William of Normandy." We cannot of course, undertake to mangle any of the three by an outline of the plot, nor shall we mar any of the best scenes by fragments which would be doing injustice to a nicely connected narrative. It will not, however, be acting unfairly either to author or reader if we extract two or three paragraphs from the very beginning of the first story.

"On the southern coast of Sussex, near its western extremity, bordering on Hampshire, a huge shapeless cliff of chalk-down, called Bow-hill, raises itself, eight or nine miles inland, overlooking the tract of level and fertile country which spreads from the foot of the declivity down to the sea-shore, like a gigantic sentinel detached from the main body of the South Downs, and forming an advanced guard. The eastern and south-eastern sides of this elevation are scooped out into several deep and abrupt dells, the largest of which is clothed with thickets of holly, ash, and juniper, and distinguished by a grove of yew trees, of such an age and enormous size as are seldom or never to be met with elsewhere, except single in some of our country church-yards, forming altogether a secluded scene of extraordinary and picturesque beauty. A few scattered trees of the same sort are also to be found on the summit of the hill, but stunted and distorted in their growth by the effects of the south-western blasts, which sweep keenly over the waste, impregnated with salt spray from the channel and the great Atlantic ocean. Short furze and heather clothe the ground between them, varied here and there with dwarfish blackthorns, whose branches are twisted into a thousand fantastic and capricious shapes, and variegated

with the black and white mosses and lichens, which thrive in abundance on every stick and stone.

" But a very different scene is presented to the eye on descending into the low country, and entering on the rich fertile district lying south of the city of Chichester, called anciently the Manwode. There the land is intersected by broad ditches, whose sides are waving with tall rushes, and the banks decorated with large and luxurious ferns, among which the broad shining green leaves of the hart's-tongue or spleenwort bear witness to the dampness of the alluvial soil. Heavy crops of all kinds of grain everywhere meet the eye, and large herds of kine are seen lazily chewing the cud under the elms and among the grey willows. About the end of the seventh century, this territory or barony was granted by King Edilwalch, monarch of the South Saxons, to St. Wilfred, formerly Archbishop of York, who landed on the coast, and converted the inhabitants to Christianity. It is recorded that two hundred and fifty of the natives were baptized by the St., who, ' at the same time enfranchised them of all bodily servitude and bondage, (as expressed by an old writer,) whom he made free both in bodie and soul,' they having been given to him as slaves attached to the soil, in the same manner as other cattle. Nearly two hundred years had now elapsed since the first Christian church was raised, and the inhabitants had lived in content and tranquillity, under the peaceful rule of Wilfred's successors in the episcopal office, employing themselves in agriculture and fishing. Their houses were, it is true, only clay huts, thatched with rushes ; but there was an air of order and cheerfulness about the inhabitants that showed they had felt the benefit of the glad message preached to them. ' of peace on earth, good will towards men.'

" Several small churches diversified the landscape with their low wooden spires, and though of no more imposing materials than a modern barn, yet the interior of these rural sanctuaries exhibited a neatness and cleanliness that would put to shame the mouldy and damp mildewed walls of many of those edifices which have been reared in their places.

" Near one of these stood a cottage of scarcely more pretensions as to size than those which surrounded it —"

We like to see the characteristic features of any province or locality of Old England framed as a picture by such neat and elegant hands, as the above sketch evinces. It is hardly necessary to state that whoever can at starting do so well, will when he warms and approaches the active scenes of the story rise with his subject, and throw off with ease, freedom, and skill, whatever his fancy has outlined and whatever his delicate taste wishes to grace. We have derived much pleasure, and, we think, some instruction from these modest volumes,—modesty and talent being usually combined, as these qualities undoubtedly are, in the present instance.

ART. XIV.—*The Comic Almanack, for 1839.* By RIGDUM FUNNIDOS, GENT. London: Tilt.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK by his "righte merrie" Cuts pertaining to the months of 1839, proves himself to be inexhaustible. Who "Rigdum Funnidos" may be we do not know; but we must also bestow upon that humourous personage unlimited praise for what he has contributed to this "Ephemeris in Jest and Earnest, containing all things, fitting for such a

work," The announcement in the title-page that there are a dozen of Cuts, does by no means convey anything like the whole truth, The number and variety of characteristic and illustrative scratches, black dots, and whimsicalities are absolutely endless and all replete with meaning. None of these things, however, can conveniently be transferred to our pages ; and therefore in keeping with our proper calling, we must resort to the letter-press : and in that letter-press what can be more suitable than the verses belonging to the 20th of June, 1838, the day on which Serjeant Talfourd withdrew his Copyright Bill ? The tune is, " How to Screw on Author."

" O Longman, Longman, Orme, Browne, Green, and Co.
And other dons of Paternoster Row !

O enemies of authors here below,
From those who're great to those who are but so—

so;

Against you Slop indignant does complain,
Clanks in your face his literary chain ;
Stop, tyrants ! who, for your peculiar gain,
By day and night the contents of his brain

drain.

He sows the seed, you gather in the crops ;
You sack the till, and he supplies your shops :
You quaff champagne, while meanest malt and hops
Do scarcely once a fortnight enter Slop's

chops.

So wickedly does fortune treat our crew :
So partially she deals betwixt us two !
Nothing can miserable authors do
But squeeze and squeeze, while pitilessly you

screw,

Until you squeeze the hapless carcass dry.
For such great wrongs is there no remedy ?
O callous House of Commons ! tell us why
You pass poor authors' wrongs so carelessly

by ?

Be these the terms for literary men :
First pay us authors, let booksellers then
Feed after us who wield the godlike pen.
O what shall I. O. U., learned ION !

when,

Thy happy bill, by law here shall prevail,
Leaving to me (and to my sons in tale),
Of all my works the profit of the sale ;
As for the publishers—why, rat it, *they'll*

fail."

ART. XV.—*Observations on the Foundation of Morals.* By EUGENIUS. London : Longman. 1838.

THESE *Observations* profess to have been suggested by Professor Whewell's *Sermons* on the same subject ; affording a display of no small share

of nice metaphysical reasoning. In perusing the performance, however, Pope's lines about philosophers being "at war about a name," having oft the same meaning, occurred to us. We shall not at present invade the field, but content ourselves with copying the Preface on account of its brief statement of commanding truths.

"It is requested," says Eugenius, "that those who take the trouble to read the following Essay will bear in mind—1st. That special revelation is but little alluded to, because the question discussed relates only to that knowledge of duties which is supposed to be attainable without the intervention of miracles; and, secondly, that reason being the gift of God, all knowledge obtained through this medium is as clearly attributable to *him* as it would be if obtained by intuition or by direct revelation.

"Some persons are wont to talk of the *arrogance* of man in imagining that God has been bountiful enough to enable him, by means of the special gift which distinguishes him from other animals, to discover the duties which he is required to perform. Why it should be imputed as a sin to any man to suppose that our Creator bestowed his greatest gift for the furtherance of his greatest purpose, I know not.

"We must indeed be conscious that the glimmering light of reason can show us but little of all we desire to know: but we shall surely better evince our gratitude by diligently employing the smallest spark of it which we may possess, in the discovery of moral truth, than by abusing it as a useless boon in the prosecution of the most important of all knowledge."

ART. XIV.—*Practical Observations on the Causes and Treatment of Curvatures of the Spine.* By SAMUEL HARE, Surgeon. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1838.

THIS appears to us to be a valuable treatise on certain frightful distortions, which, especially in the case of the tender sex, have been greatly on the increase of late years. The author's experience is of an extraordinary kind in relation to the range of disease treated of; for he tells us that his practice has not only extended to the long period of nearly forty years, but that some years ago, he was himself afflicted with a morbid sensibility of the spine, which must have directed his attention with redoubled force to similar or kindred ailments. In his *Observations on Treatment*, will be found Hygienic directions for the physical culture of youth, as a means of prevention. He has also given an etching and description of an apparatus for the correction of the deformity, which he has found to be of the most decided advantage in the various cases that have come under his care. A number of engravings illustrate the particular deformities instanced; the work altogether having a matured professional character, while the details are rendered plain and deeply interesting to the general reader.

ART. XVII.—*The Writer and Student's Grammar of the English Language.* London: Whittaker. 1838.

A BETTER Grammar than "Cobbett's;" for while it is an improvement upon his plan, it avoids those political and personal examples which that singular and prejudiced man cherished, and the opinions he was ever apt to obtrude.

ART. XVIII.—*Westwood's Entomologist's Text-Book.* London: Orr and Co. 1838.

MR. WESTWOOD is Secretary to the Entomological Society of London, and the contributor to the "British Cyclopædia of Natural History," of most of the papers which have appeared in that popular work, coming under his particular department. The combined uninterrupted form into which these interesting articles are here thrown, must recommend the work as an excellent Text-Book to the students of one of the most engaging and beautiful branches of Natural History.

ART. XIX.—*The Roman Lovers: a Tale.* London: Bull. 1838.

A STORY professing to belong to the times of Vespasian must labour under two disadvantages. First, the general want of sympathy in modern times with ancient manners; and, secondly, which, indeed, accounts in a great measure for the former fact,—the almost total want of knowledge which every writer in our day must experience when the living and characteristic manners of the ancient Romans are to be pictured. The consequence is, that instead of actual and warm life there is seldom anything better than a dry and stiff translation of terms and ideas from the classic writers conveying merely general impressions, or the mere thoughts of a modern in the caricature dress of an ancient. The present story, however, contains a great deal of good writing and thought, albeit, labouring under the artificial drawbacks mentioned. It is superior to many works of the class.

ART. XX.—*An Introduction to the Translation of English Poetry into Latin Elegiacs and Hexameters.* By the Rev. F. B. GRETTON, B. D. London: Whittaker.

THE learned author of this Introduction is Master of Stamford Grammar School. We know not which to admire most in the execution of the work,—the experience or the taste displayed. To students in the higher branches of erudition and literary refinement it will be of eminent service.

ART. XXI.—*The Churches of London. No. XXIV.* London: Tilt. 1839.

WE regularly receive this handsome and valuable work as its successive parts are issued; this succession be it remembered, being regular and in perfect keeping as well as fulfilment of the original promise of the proprietors and publishers. The present number is devoted to St. Swithin's, Cannon-street,—St. Magnus', London-bridge,—and St. Mildred's, Bread-st. The descriptive matter exhibits the usual knowledge and taste as regards historical and architectural particulars.

ART. XXII.—*A Letter to the Lord Chancellor on the Present State of the Law of Lunacy.* London: Crofts. 1839.

A BARRISTER of the Inner Temple is the declared author of this pamphlet, which appears to us to contain, in a short space, sensible suggestions for the amendment of a branch of English law, than which none is more important or interesting that falls under the jurisdiction of the highest equity judge in the land.

ART. XXIII.—*The Works of Ben Jonson. With a Memoir of his Life and Writings.* By BARRY CORNWALL. London: Moxon.

MR. MOXON must have the prospect of a large sale to allure or to allow him to publish this sterling and large volume at a price so moderate as he has put upon it. At any rate he has done the cause of true English literature a service by the speculation; for, however common it may be to hear people speak of "O rare Ben," as a constellation, if not of the first, at least of a secondary magnitude when named along with Shakspeare, we believe he has in the present day very few readers. By students more choice than the multitude of ordinary people, his Plays, Entertainments, Masques, Poems, Translations, &c., ought now to be—and no doubt will be largely sought after, unless some of the finest treasures of our language of a dramatic form, and some of the most perfect pictures of a past age be neglected, when put into an attractive and convenient shape, and made so accessible. The glossary and the index, not to speak of the prefatory Memoir, are a real recommendation, rendering the reprint useful and valuable, and a suitable companion to the Shakspeare which the same spirited publisher has lately brought out.

The Memoir is creditable to Barry Cornwall, chiefly as containing a rapid, impartial, agreeable, and satisfactory sketch of Jonson's history, so far as it has been ascertained and interpreted by the best authorities, Gifford's Life being adopted in the main as regards the poet's moral character, while the estimate of his contemporaries and the view taken of the Drama, is judicious as well as more novel.

We do not think it necessary to trace with the author of the present Memoir the leading particulars in Jonson's chequered history, or to note the dates or the merits of his numerous and miscellaneous works. The following are portions of a general estimate, from which it will be seen that the author of it is no partisan and no indiscriminate panegyrist, which is saying something more than can be advanced concerning Gifford's criticisms and life of the dramatist.

Having spoken of Shakspeare, the sketch proceeds:—

"It is small disparagement to Jonson to say, that he stands second only to so wonderful a man. And we think that, on the whole, he must be held (in the drama) to occupy the *second* place. The palm should always be given to originality, and, amongst the contemporaries of Shakspeare, Jonson was the most original.

"This is no slight praise; considering that amongst them were Marlowe, Beaumont and Fletcher, Webster, Marston, Decker, Middleton, Massinger, Tourneur, Ford, and others. It is true that it would be easy to quote passages from almost any of these poets, superior in single excellence to anything that can be found in the pages of Jonson. But in estimating their value, we must recollect that (with the exception only of Marlowe, who preceded him, and perhaps Massinger) they derived their style, in a great measure, from Shakspeare;—

"As to their fountain, stars
Repairing, in their golden urns draw light.

"Johnson stood alone. His course lay beside that of Shakspeare's; not in his track. He took his way, on a far lower level, it is true, yet on a way that he had himself discovered. He borrowed help, indeed, not unfrequently from his friends the ancients, and illuminated his subjects with

their thoughts ; but, so far as regards the style or constitution of his plays, Jonson was decidedly original. He owed as little to his contemporaries, or to the English poets who preceded him, as Shakspeare himself."

Barry Cornwall, however, will not yield to the habit of comparing Jonson with Shakspeare, as has sometimes been done with the view of elevating the former above his due level, or disparaging the latter in any respect so as to neutralize the distance between them. It has frequently been the case, for instance, to praise the judgment of Jonson at the expense of the other. This method is happily ridiculed and exposed in the Memoir, in the following paragraphs, which will suffice to convey a favourable idea of the writer's sensible and elegant sketch :—

" When we speak of ' judgment,' we must mean judgment in reference to the *entire* drama, not to a mere arrangement of scenes or events (which are little more than its mechanism) but to the construction and development of characters, the conduct and style of the dialogue, and the general truth and completeness of the play. Now, taking all these things into consideration, there cannot, we conceive, be a doubt as to the immense superiority of Shakspeare. In the management of his scenes, Jonson is frequently injudicious, inasmuch as he is very prolix and inactive, making little or no progress in the story ; whilst the speeches, as in ' Catiline,' and other dramas, are tedious beyond those of any contemporary writer. He is injudicious, where he introduces into his dramas a multitude of characters who throw no light upon the story, and lend no interest to it, occupying space that had better have been bestowed upon the principal agents of the plot. He is injudicious, because he has selected subjects of temporary fashion and interest as the ground-works for the display of his humour ; instead of resorting to those qualities of the mind, which, however they may vary with circumstances, are nevertheless permanent in themselves, and matters of interest to all men. Again, the very principle and essence of a play consists in its attracting the sympathy of the audience, for one or more of the persons of the drama ; and yet there is scarcely a male, and not one female character in the entire range of Jonson's plays, concerning whose fate we trouble ourselves even for an instant. It is these drawbacks that,—notwithstanding much good and some beautiful writing, notwithstanding an abundance of sententious sayings, and a great deal of wit and humour,—have banished the dramas of Ben Jonson from the English stage.

" And yet, the works of our author richly deserve the attention of every one desirous of becoming acquainted with English literature. For he is a sound and sensible thinker, at all times. His style is, for the most part, pure and natural ; sometimes, indeed, degenerating into vulgarity, (we mean, beyond what the subject requires,) but rarely exhibiting any of those signs of bombast and pretension which distinguish a weak writer. If Jonson did not feel the highest inspiration of ' the god,' he was at least free from the false afflatus. He had no affectation, no hypocrisy. He never lent himself to mean or dishonest purposes. His objects were to brand vice and ridicule folly ; and he did this with a vigorous hand. Generally speaking, he is sententious, witty, humorous, learned, observant, and acute ; rich in illustration ; frequently airy and fanciful ; rarely pathetic ; and never sublime. In enforcing a proposition, however, he accumulates sentence after sentence, thought after thought, till the original

idea is lost, or looks impoverished, amidst the wealth with which it is surrounded. This not only injures the idea, but mars the truth of his characters. It is the fault even of Sir Epicure Mammon's splendid visions. There is nothing savouring of luxury which the Roman writers have put upon record, that he does not treat us with. A true epicure would have had a more select taste, we think, and have contented himself with fewer delicacies. At all events, he would not have placed all things upon a level; for that shews that he had a true relish for none. He who appreciates wines, likes the best wines, which are few. He who really loves 'the sex,' loves but one woman,—at a time.

"Jonson's great strength lay in satire, and in his power of depicting manners. As a censor of morals, as a corrector of the vices and follies of his age, he deserves especial remark. At those times, he seems really in earnest. He forgets his learning and his books, and sends forth his indignation or his contempt in condensed and vigorous sentences. The invectives which some of his characters lavish on others, are models in their way. The hate or scorn which they exhibit is intense. Nothing can exceed the abuse, except the recrimination. There is no title or epithet wanting, which the dictionary of the vulgar tongue presents: there is no sparing, no relenting; neither delicacy nor remorse. If the accusation is like some biting acid, the retort is the actual cautery.

"As moral satires, or as histories, putting upon record the manners and humours of the age in which he lived, Jonson's plays are extremely valuable. But we cannot prevail upon ourselves to entertain great respect for his (mere) *dramatic* talent. For his characters do not represent men and women, with the medley of vices and virtues common to human nature about them; but each is the personification of some one single humour, and no more. There is no fluctuation—no variety or relief in them. His people speak with a malice prepense. They utter by rote what is set down for them, every one pursuing one leading idea from beginning to end, and taking his cue evidently from the prompting of the poet. They speak nothing spontaneously. The original design of each character is pursued so rigidly, that, let what will happen, the one single humour is ever uppermost, always the same in point of force, the same in its mode of demonstration; instead of being operated on by circumstances, increased or weakened, hurried or delayed, or turned aside, as the case may require.

"Taking them, however, for what they are, they possess great merit. They have nothing to do with the passions, and do not contain the elements of the higher Drama. But as abstractions, or personifications of humours, his people are in excellent keeping. They are full of wit, good sense, and shrewd observation; and exhibit the masculine character of the Author, his learning, his industry, and his perseverance, (not to say inveteracy of purpose) to perfection.

"If Jonson intended, as we will presume, to describe manners, to embody humours, and to scatter his wit and indignation upon the vices and follies of the world around him, he has succeeded in his design. And it would be unjust indeed to try him by a rule that does not apply to his particular case, or to insist that he is wanting in those excellences that he never sought to attain. In his own way he need not fear comparison with any one. It is only when his admirers lift him up, unwisely, to the

height of Shakspeare, that he falls, and seems for a moment to lose his real stature and elevation.

"In enumerating the claims of Jonson upon the admiration of his countrymen, it should not be forgotten that he was creator of the 'Masque,' or the improver of it to such a degree as almost to entitle him to the honours of an inventor. No one has approached him in this respect. No one ever mingled the grotesque and the elegant so well, in these now obsolete amusements. Ben's mind had a gentle and graceful, as well as a rugged aspect. Besides the satire and humour, and strong common sense with which his works abound, there are in them frequent references to what is beautiful in nature—refined and delicate fancies—songs, moving to music—learned, remote allusions, that take us from the 'ignorant present,' into those regions of dim antiquity in which the Poet sought his inspiration. He is never tired with referring to Greek and Roman story, to—

"Sage Nestor's counsels, and Ulysses' slights,
Tydides' fortitude, as Homer wrought them
In his immortal phant'sie, for examples
Of the heroic virtue."

ART. XXIV.—*Tilt's Almanacs, &c. for 1839.*

WE have on the dying of former years been perplexed how to deal in a compact space with Mr. Tilt's multitudinous and multifarious race of Almanacs; but never before did he so confound and astonish us by means of variety, beauty, and utility. Here they are in all shapes, sizes, and hues, at rates counting from single pence to shillings. Not only are there sheets for the wall, leaves for the desks, and *circulars* for the crown of the hat; but there are Sunday Almanacs, Pocket Almanacs, "Useful," "National," "Paragon Almanacs," &c., some with arabesque borders, others richly emblazoned, and all of them astonishingly full of information suitable to their individual titles. Some century hence it will, we have no doubt, be deemed one of the most interesting of antiquarian researches and accumulation, these same annual publications; especially as people are almost universally regardless of them the moment they have run the circuit of the year. The progress of almanac making, since the change of the stamp duties, in regard to them, down only to the commencement of 1839, has already become a curious chapter in the history of modern literature.

We have also received Oliver and Boyd's "Penny" and "Three-penny" Almanacs, than which none are more useful upon a similar scale. For the North they are unrivalled.

ART. XXV.

1.—*Rudiments of the Latin Language.* By the REV. W. FOSTER, A.M.
London: Whittaker. 1838.

2.—*Rudiments of the Greek Language.* By the Same.

THE student who desires to derive the greatest possible benefit from either of these school-books, must possess and ponder both; and then they will reciprocally explain and teach one another. Our reasons for speaking thus will be best conveyed in Mr. Foster's own words, at the beginning of

his Preface to the Rudiments of the Greek. "Upon commencing," says he, "the Greek Grammar, it is desirable that the student, who has made some progress in Latin, should find that the knowledge he has already acquired is of *direct* assistance to him. To effect this, the author has endeavoured to make the Grammars of the Greek and Latin Languages as similar to each other as possible—by observing the same arrangement throughout—by giving, where it could be done, parallel examples in the nouns, verbs, &c. : and by expressing the rules of the Syntax in precisely the same words."

In regard to languages which bear such a close affinity to one another as exists in the case of those under consideration, there are obvious advantages connected with this method. Such as, not merely that of lessening the labour of the teacher, but the far more important one—viz., that of giving early and interesting lessons in the study of comparative and universal grammar. Mr. Foster, who is head master of St. Paul's School, Southsea, has no doubt discovered the advantages of such an arrangement and treatment in the course of his experience.

In both grammars, Mr. F. has introduced certain deviations from the ordinary rules usually adopted in such elementary works as regards conjugations, tenses, declensions, &c. ; with reference to those alterations, which admit of discussions of a more intricate kind than we can here enter into, we can only say that we are not prepared to pronounce him in error ; while, on the other hand, it has long appeared to us, that there is much of ancient prejudice exemplified in the majority of grammars of the dead languages, that cannot bear up against anything like rigid investigation and clear analysis.

ART. XXVI.—*The Coronation. A Poem, in Six Cantos.* By C. G. SHARPLEY, B.A. London : printed for the Author. 1838.

WE gather from the preface that the very loyal and highly delighted author of these Cantos wooed the poetic muse at an early age, till severer efforts of a professional character obliged him to relinquish the day-dreams of youth, and the hope of "winning some leaves of the laurels of Parnassus." The time at length came, however, when during the leisure occasioned by a tedious attack of rheumatism, Poetry became a relaxation, the accession of our youthful Queen presenting itself as an animating theme for about two hundred and sixty octavo pages of verse, and affording an opportunity for a goodly list of subscribers, royal, noble and gentle, to testify their patriotism and joy, as well as their satisfaction at the manner in which the author has acquitted himself. The work, in fact, is dedicated by permission to the Duchess of Kent.

We cannot say, now, that the Coronation mania has subsided and people have had time to come to their senses, that Mr. Sharpley's Cantos warm our feelings so completely as they might have done on a certain day. It must be confessed, at the same time, that there is no lack of earnestness, in the performance, so that the details are often minute, literal, and inventorial to an amusing degree. We shall quote two or three verses, after having been conducted to Westminster Abbey, from which the *trim* of the Poet may be understood :—

"In the *northern* Transept beauty arms
 A host of the fair with all her charms ;
 As lovely as flowers in spring's parterre,
 When shaken by breezes that scent the air,
 And seem, as in mirthful joyance gay,
 To laugh in the face of the golden day.
 Ah Sarem,* thou well might'st turn and gaze,
 To see such a constellation blaze ;
 And own thy beauty ripening sun,
 By the Isles of the West was far out done.
 All velvet the *kirtle's* crimson glow,
 That graces the *Titled Fair* ;
 Open and sloped from the girdle below,
 To show the white uudercoat there.
 Backward the *mantle* of crimson is flung,
 And low are its tasselled *cordons* hung,
 Pure in the bordering *miniver*,
 But spotted the *cape* with ermine fur ;
 And broader those ermine rows we see
 And longer the train, for each higher degree."

The Poet is in raptures with all who are titled, and with the trappings of state. He invites the reader's attention, thus, among many other ecstatic praises :—

"If honour wait on noble birth,—
 Behold the noblest sons of earth :
 If learning veneration claim,—
 Behold the sons of lettered fame :
 If genius,—there are souls, whose fire
 Breathes in the page, or o'er the lyre :
 If wisdom,—there is ripened thought,
 With all the lore of ages fraught,
 Or does the freeborn bosom glow
 Towards those whose guide is honour's star,
 To bear out fame and arms afar ?—
 Behold the brave, who quelled the foe,
 And waded deep through crimson war.
 Hither have thronged both peer and page,
 And dame and damsel in robe of state ;
 The soldier gay, and the senator sage,
 And heralds, in antique weeds to wait ;
 Through the world was temple e'er filled with a crowd
 Of such *beauties* bright, and such *titles* proud ?"

The author intimates that he has a facility in the art of versification ; but this is not always an enviable talent. Yet what is more to the purpose, the publication, it is hinted, has been a remunerating concern. Still we cannot advise him to risk his interests upon a similar scale at any future period ; for it is not to be supposed that special circumstances will ever prove so propitious to the venture ; and we doubt not he might, even when the victim of a tantalizing and painful complaint, be much better employed than in stringing doggerel rhymes together.

* The Turkish Ambassador.

ART. XXVII.—*Guides to Trade and Guides to Service.* London : Knight. 1838.

THE series of industrial Guide-Books which are in the course of publication by Mr. Knight, are intended to prepare young persons for the choice of an occupation, by instructing them in the peculiar duties, and as far as requisite, in the technical details of the various departments of Service or Trade in which they are likely to be engaged as they advance in life; that is to say, to give such a general knowledge of the occupations which the mass of the people are called upon to follow, as may prepare the young for the proper discharge of their duties, and systematize much of the practical information which the adult has now, in most cases, to learn without a Guide. Such is the professed object of these publications. Now, from the specimens which we have seen, as well as upon abstract principles, we are of opinion that by a Guide to a particular Trade, such as that of a "Printer," a good deal of general information may be imparted, though, as regards the manual department of the business,—the activity and the accuracy of the eye, the dexterity and expedition of the fingers, nothing but practice and habit will materially avail. With regard, however, to the Guides to Service, such as that to the "Maid of All Work," we suspect no very extensive degree of benefit or good will attend such sorts of instruction.

In the first place,—the persons who, with few exceptions, enter into the situation mentioned in this country, begin in early life, and are not in a condition to betake themselves to the study and reading of such directories as these Guides; neither are they likely to have their attention ever called to them by their poor parents, who look upon the kind of service in question but as a last resort, and not as a particular, regular, systematized profession, which any one would think of adopting voluntarily.

In the second place,—after the maid has been fairly installed, she has either too much to do, and is too much chagrined to think of studying the principles and details of "All-Work" in books, and, as if for future eminence, in an unwelcome department; or, if she be favourably situated, she looks to be promoted, and is too well pleased with the system which she and her mistress pursue, to listen to mere caterers of stale rules and stale anecdotes with which these Guides are stored.

In the third place,—there is really something offensive and insulting in the very tendering of gratuitous advice by persons in a superior station of life to those who cannot better theirs, or rise to an equal level with the directors. There is necessarily involved or felt, that an impertinent tone of dictation is indulged.

The truth is, that in the artificial state of European society, and particularly as regards servants, the feelings and manners which long ago obtained as to vassalage, serfdom, and bondage, have not to this day been eradicated; while jealousy on the one hand and tyranny on the other widely prevail. Who, in this case, is the strongest? Who the most to blame? which the party for whom Mr. Knight should publish Guide-Books? The proper answer will at once present itself: let him try his hand and advice upon the right party.

What! do we mean to argue that there should be no distinction of ranks, and stations, and functions; that all should be masters; that none should be in servitude; or rather, do we suppose that such an equality can ever exist, while human nature is what it is? By no means;—but we mean

and fearlessly assert, that according to the rule of morals, and for the real benefit of society, there ought to be between master and servant a mutual and equal contract virtually of the following sort:—that there should be no overbearing on the one hand, no departure from the nature of the understood agreement, nothing, in short, that would imply a relinquishment of self-respect on the part of the servant—while, on the other hand, the servant should cheerfully perform certain kinds of labour, for certain stipulated and understood compensations. But the obligations on the master are by no means exhausted even when he has performed his part of the equal contract according to the rules of justice. He has numerous and pressing duties to perform—of an exemplary, a moral, and a religious character. When shall the right views be taken by either party? We answer, not until a great social and moral improvement occur in the whole community; an improvement, however, which we do not expect will in any considerable degree be forwarded by Mr. Knight's *Guides to Service*.

ART. XXVIII.—*The Elements of Practical Geology*. By FREDERICK BURR. London: Whittaker. 1831,

A GREATLY enlarged and indeed, in various respects, a re-cast edition of an excellent introduction to the study of Geology, as well as a clear and full directory to the economic application of principles to practical purposes, as in the case of mining, or other engineering operations.

ART. XXIX.—*Life's Lessons. A Tale*. London: Tilt. 1838.

THIS Tale is by the Author of "Tales that might be 'True;'" and like what might be expected from the titles of both works, the writer has studiously and successfully avoided extravagant romance, and all high wrought narrative in regard to character and incident. "Life's Lessons," however, while a production that inculcates forcibly and truly excellent moral principles and feelings, is a very able and affecting performance.

ART. XXX.—*A New Method of Learning to Read, Write, and Speak a Language in Six Months, adapted to the German*. By H. G. OLLENDORFF. London: Whittaker. 1838.

CAPTAIN BASIL HALL was a Pupil of the Author of this ingenious work; and that gallant gentleman's strong recommendation of the system will go much further than anything we can say of it after a hasty glance. The Captain, indeed, has applied the method to several languages and proved its efficacy. This method is to employ a vast number of questions embracing all leading ideas, or such as are most ordinarily introduced, as well as the names and relations of almost every familiar object, and to frame an answer couched in the same words of the question as nearly as possible. Thus, "Have you a horse?" "I have a horse." The principles and rules of grammar are also made the subject of exercise, the exercises being written and read aloud, before the teacher.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1839.

ART. I.—*Incidents of Travel in the Russian and Turkish Empires.* By J. L. STEPHENS, Esq., Author of “*Incidents of Travel in the Holy Land.*” 2 vols. 12mo. London: Bentley. 1839.

Not very long ago we had before us “*Incidents of Travel*” by the same author, through Egypt, Edom, and the Holy Land; a work which not only pleased us, but which has been favourably received in America, the father-land of the author, and in this country. Mr. Stephens, it now appears, has been bred to the profession of the-law; but with the true spirit of his nation was restless and enterprising enough to undertake a journey through various regions of Asia, Africa, and Europe, before, we presume, anything like weighty business bound him, and without any other apparent purpose than the satisfaction of a rational curiosity.

The travels which formed the subject of the former work were but part of the result of one and the same long journey; and, indeed, the latter part,—Mr. Stephens most probably presuming that his first venture in the way of publishing his *Incidents* would be most wisely confined to the fruits of his most mature experience. In the hands, however, of a person so active and lively, capable of throwing off graphic and characteristic sketches at a glance of his subjects, and, at the same time, inclined and able to deal in shrewd inferences where the premises are exceedingly slender and the facts meagre,—inferences, which, strongly cast in the mint of sound sense, have a sufficiency of *Yankee* feeling and manner about them to render the whole work fragrant as well as instructive to Europeans,—it is now perfectly manifest that it would have been of very little importance as concerns the popularity of the several volumes which of them were first or last in the market.

After having indicated what are some of the leading features in both publications, it is proper to remark, as, we believe, was done in our review of our author’s *Egypt, Edom, and Holy Land*, that there appear, in as far as scholarship goes, no traces in his manner or matter to prove him possessed of more than the education generally bestowed upon persons in a genteel sphere of life confers. His knowledge again in the fine arts, of antiquities, or of any particular science, seems to be but of a general kind, such as popularly exists. Nor is his enthusiasm so lofty and sentimental as to make

visions and aspirations supply the place of real information of an entirely new or abundant order. But what is better to the majority of readers, his remarks are his own ; they are always fresh and natural ; while his sentiments are never mawkish and false, nor his enthusiasm blown.

We have intimated that it would have signified little which of the two separate publications made from the one and the same journey first appeared as regards their popularity or the agreeable characteristics of the author. Such must have been the case, particularly in America, where the works were first published, and for which sphere they were, no doubt, mainly intended. In this country, however, in as far as matter is concerned, something like an exception must be taken to the first of the volumes now before us, in which Greece and Turkey are the scenes of travel and description. In regard to these fields the English have bared the soil. But if we refer to the manner of our author, no where does he appear to better or more peculiar advantage—the very random and hasty journeyings, apparently, having excited at first the writer's best spirit, temper and talents, as well as tried his physical qualities. We never met with a traveller whose self-possession, amounting in not a few instances to American impertinence, and to the full indulgence of *Yankee* inquisitiveness, is so freely avowed. Mr. S., it appears, had few or no introductions but what his own confidence produced. He very seldom understood the language of those who chiefly interested him, and never did we suppose of the countries he traversed. We are led to suspect that his pockets were not always well furnished with the magic key to all favour and universal acceptance. He, times without number, threw himself *slap-dash* amongst other strangers, and though sometimes indiscreetly and perilously, yet he always went or got "a head" with marvellous success. Near the beginning of his travels, and when along with two companions he is driven into Missilonghi, a scene so closely identified with Byron's latter days, we find him stating that all of what he was then worth was on his back, having lost at one of the Ionian Islands his carpet-bag. Immediately follows in a passage we shall quote entire some particulars and reflections that are quite characteristic of the author. He says, "Every condition, however, has its advantages : mine put me above porters and custom-house officers ; and while my companions were busy with these plagues of travellers, I paced with great satisfaction the shore of Greece, though I am obliged to confess that this satisfaction was for reasons utterly disconnected with any recollections of her ancient glories. Business before pleasure : one of our first inquiries was for a breakfast. Perhaps, if we had seen a monument, or solitary column, or ruin of any kind, it would have inspired us to better things ; but there was nothing, absolutely nothing, that could recall an image of the past. Besides, we did not expect to land at Missilonghi, and were not bound to be inspired at a place

into which we were thrown by accident : and, more than all, a drizzling rain was penetrating to our very bones : we were wet and cold, and what can men do in the way of sentiment when their teeth are chattering ?” This is a fair sample of the writer’s downright and plain but agreeable and forcible style ; nor need we now do more than follow him, taking wide strides to the end of his journey as recorded in these volumes.

Before leaving Missilonghi, however, let us inform our readers that, according to Mr. S., the manner in which the Greeks at that place spoke of Lord Byron was most disrespectful. He had attached himself to one of the great parties that then distracted the patriots, and therefore political opponents, though he had given the country all that man could give,—in his dying words, “his time his means, his health, and lastly his life,” and the people, where he breathed his last, treated his memory with malignity and affirmed that he was no friend to Greece.

But Marco Bozzaris is a theme, which, as suggested by a visit to Missilonghi, obtains far more gratifying notice by our author,—this patriot as a hero appearing in his estimation equal to Miltiades or Leonidas. A highly interesting account is also given of the widow and daughters of the Suliot chief, with whom Mr. S. had an interview ; but the passage is too long to be inserted in our pages at such an early part. We must mention that the burial-place of the chief is not otherwise externally distinguished than by a “few round stones piled over his head.”

In the course of his rapid race over Greece, Mr. S., of course, visited Athens, but lets the reader easily off, as regards antiquities and the trite themes of classic or pseudo-classic tourists. On one theme connected with the celebrated city, we like his tone just as we rejoice in his information. American missionaries have established themselves at Athens, by whom their countryman was naturally most warmly received. We here must quote some particulars :—

“The first thing we did in Athens was to visit the American missionary school. Among the extraordinary changes of an ever-changing world, it is not the least that the young America is at this moment paying back the debt which the world owes to the mother of science, and the citizen of a country which the wisest of the Greeks never dreamed of, is teaching the descendants of Plato and Aristotle the elements of their own tongue. I did not expect among the ruins of Athens to find anything that would particularly touch my national feelings, but it was a subject of deep and interesting reflection that, in the city which surpassed all the world in learning, where Socrates, and Plato, and Aristotle thought, and Cicero went to study, the only door of instruction was that opened by the hands of American citizens, and an American missionary was the only schoolmaster.—In 1830 the Rev. Messrs. Hill and Robinson, with their families, sailed from this city (New York) as the agents of the Episcopal missionary society, to found schools in Greece.”

Mrs. Hill had set up a school for the instruction of girls, which, in two months after its opening, attracted one hundred and sixty-seven scholars. "Of the first ninety-six, not more than six could read at all, and that imperfectly; and not more than ten or twelve knew a letter." By the time of our author's visit the school numbered nearly five hundred. It must, as he declares, have been a gratifying scene for him when he and his companions entered the seminary as acknowledged Americans, to behold all the scholars rise to greet them. A few more notices and reflections will be relished by our readers while on this subject:—

"At the close of the Greek revolution, female education was a thing entirely unknown in Greece, and the women of all classes were in a most deplorable state of ignorance. When the strong feeling that ran through our country in favour of this struggling people had subsided, and Greece was freed from the yoke of the Mussulman, an association of ladies in the little town of Troy, formed the project of establishing at Athens a school exclusively for the education of females; and, humble and unpretending as was its commencement, it is becoming a more powerful instrument in the civilization and moral and religious improvement of Greece, than all the European diplomacy has ever done for her. * * Mr. and Mrs. Hill accompanied us through the whole establishment, and, being Americans, we were everywhere looked upon and received by the girls as patrons and fathers of the school, both which characters I waived in favour of my friend; the one because he was really entitled to it, and the other because some of the girls were so well grown that I did not care to be regarded as standing in that venerable relationship. The didaskalissas, or teachers, were of this description, and they spoke English.—Before we went away the whole school rose at once, and gave us a glorious finale with a Greek hymn. In a short time these girls will grow up into women and return to their several families; others will succeed them, and again go out, and every year hundreds will distribute themselves in the cities and among the fastnesses of the mountains, to exercise over their fathers and brothers, and lovers, the influence of the education acquired here; instructed in all the arts of woman in civilized domestic life, firmly grounded in the principles of morality, and of religion purified from the follies, absurdities, and abominations of the Greek faith."

We have an anecdote of a Greek who accosted Mr. Hill one day, and in language declared by that gentleman to be poetry itself, styling himself a "Stagyrite," saying he was from the land of Aristotle, &c. His business was to ask for one of the books which Mr. Hill was in the habit of distributing, to take home with him. The instance is stated to have been of common occurrence; and while it evinces the spirit of inquiry and thirst for knowledge among the modern, cannot but suggest affecting comparisons with the condition of the ancient, Greeks, when America was undreamed of among civilized men. Before leaving Athens we must have a glance of King Otho:—

"Returning, we met the king taking his daily walk, attended by two aides, one of whom was young Marco Bozzaris. Otho is tall and thin, and, when I saw him, was dressed in a German military frockcoat and cap, and altogether, for a king, seemed to be an amiable young man enough. All the world speaks well of him, and so do I. We touched our hats to him, and he returned the civility; and what could he do more without inviting us to dinner? In old times there was a divinity about a king; but now, if a king is a gentleman, it is as much as we can expect. He has spent his money like a gentleman, that is, he cannot tell what has become of it. Two of the three-millions loan are gone, and there is no colonization, no agricultural prosperity, no opening of roads, no security in the mountains; not a town in Greece but is in ruins, and no money to improve them. Athens, however, is to be embellished. With ten thousand pounds in the treasury, he is building a palace of white Pentelican marble, to cost three hundred thousand pounds."

Otho was not at the time mentioned either married or crowned. We further learn,—

"The pride of the Greeks was considerably humbled by a report that their king's proposals to several daughters of German princes had been rejected; but the king had great reason to congratulate himself upon the spirit which induced the daughter of the Duke of Oldenburgh to accept his hand. From her childhood she had taken an enthusiastic interest in Greek history, and it had been her constant wish to visit Greece; and when she heard that Otho had been called to the throne, she naïvely expressed an ardent wish to share it with him. Several years afterward, by the merest accident, she met Otho at a German watering-place, travelling with his mother, the Queen of Bavaria, as the Count de Missilonghi; and in February last she accompanied him to Athens, to share the throne which had been the object of her youthful wish. * * I might have been presented to the king, but my carpet-bag—Dr. W. borrowed a hat, and was presented by Dr.—, a German, the king's physician, with whom he had discoursed much of the different medical systems in Germany and America. Dr. W. was much pleased with the king. Did ever a man talk with a king who was not pleased with him? But the doctor was particularly pleased with King Otho, as the latter entered largely into discourse on the doctor's favourite theme, Mr. Hill's school, and the cause of education in Greece. Indeed, it speaks volumes in favour of the young king, that education is one of the things in which he takes the deepest interest."

The travelling companions already alluded to soon parted from our author, their objects being different. This took place on the plain of Argos, they to Europe, and Mr. S., he hardly knew where. We may mention that as a sort of balance against the loss of familiar friends, his carpet-bag was in the course of his travels in Greece recovered.

On leaving Greece Mr. Stephens made for Smyrna, having an eye to various scenes in Asia Minor. The voyage was a long and

tiresome one, in the course of which the vessel was obliged to take shelter, besides other places, in the harbour of Scio. His picture of the desolate condition of this once flourishing, fertile, and populous island is distressing ; for, in an unexpected hour, without the least note of preparation, the inhabitants were startled by the thunder of the Turkish cannon, fifty thousand of their once hard task-masters but now sanguinary enemies being let loose at the command of the Sultan upon them. The invaders acted fully the part of blood-hounds,—for out of a population of one hundred and ten thousand, sixty thousand are said to have been butchered, while thirty thousand were sold into slavery, twenty thousand escaping. One of the latter fortunate few was a fellow passenger of our author ; and in company they traversed parts of the island and visited some of the once busy towns. Take a notice or two :—

“ After a ride of about five miles we came to the ruins of a large village, the style of which would anywhere have fixed the attention, as having been once a favoured abode of wealth and taste. The houses were of brown stone, built together, strictly in the Venetian style, after the models left during the occupation of the island by the Venetians, large and elegant, with gardens of three or four acres, enclosed by high walls of the same kind of stone, and altogether in a style far superior to anything I had seen in Greece. These were the country-houses and gardens of the rich merchants of Scio.”

Some minuter and more touching particulars are now given :—

“ The houses and gardens were still there, some standing almost entire, others black with smoke and crumbling to ruins. But where were they who once occupied them, where were they who should now be coming out to rejoice in the return of a friend and to welcome a stranger ? An awful solitude, a stillness that struck a cold upon the heart, reigned around us. We saw nobody ; and our own voices, and the tramping of our horses upon the deserted pavements, sounded hollow and sepulchral in our ears. * * My friend continued to conduct me through the solitary streets ; telling me, as we went along, that this was the house of such a family, this of such a family, with some of whose members I had become acquainted in Greece, until, stopping before a large stone gateway, he dismounted at the gate of his father’s house. In that house he was born ; there he had spent his youth ; he had escaped from it during the dreadful massacre, and this was the first time of his revisiting it. What a tide of recollections must have rushed upon him !”

Even after the wearisome voyage Mr. S. did not arrive directly at Smyrna, but had to travel thither under Tartar aid and guidance a considerable way by land. The ride, however, afforded various opportunities for witnessing, at least, the outside of life and places, of all which he has given a pleasing and an amusing account. He finds frequent occasion to congratulate the Turks on the use of their chibouks, coffee, &c., though he experienced some important draw-

backs in the manner of their lives. One of his pleasant interviews in the course of his journey towards Smyrna, was when he and his guide had alighted upon a piece of fine pasture to refresh themselves, and when a travelling party consisting of five Turks and three women also stopped at the same place. Our author did not understand a word they spoke, and they eyed him as "some wild thing" that the Tartar had just caught and was forwarding to Constantinople. The American, however, looked at the females sentimentally, who had been obliged to uncover their faces for accommodation-sake during the process of eating; but this they did not seem to understand at all. He smiled; this seemed

"To please them better; and there is no knowing to what a point I might have arrived, but my Tartar hurried me away; and I parted on the wild plains of Turkey with two young and beautiful women, leading almost a savage life, whose personal graces would have made them ornaments in polished and refined society. Verily, said I, the Turks are not so bad, after all; they have handsome wives, and a handsome wife comes next after chibouks and coffee."

Some time after this the ladies of a harem, in travelling guise, were encountered, who were all, according to a truly oriental fashion, dressed in white, with their white shawls wrapt around their faces, so that the artillery of the eyes alone were to be seen,—leaving abundant scope for a romantic and lively imagination, and our author making a Fatima of every one of them. They were all on horseback, "not riding sideways but *otherwise*." But further—

"They were escorted by a party of armed Turks, and followed by a man in a Frank dress, who, as I afterwards understood, was the physician of the harem. They were thirteen in number, just a baker's dozen, and belonged to a pacha who was making his annual tour of the different posts under his government, and had sent them on before to have the household matters arranged upon his arrival. And no doubt, also, they were to be in readiness to receive him with their smiles; and if they continued in the same humour in which I saw them, he must have been a happy man who could call them all his own. I had not fairly recovered from the cries of the poor camel when I heard their merry voices; verily, thought I, stopping to catch the last musical notes, there are exceedingly good points about the Turks: chibouks, coffee, and as many wives as they please. It made me whistle to think of it."

Our free and easy traveller is to be beheld in a different situation when arrived in the vicinity of Smyrna, and being in consequence of a storm, obliged to seek succour and shelter in a wretched-enough hut:—

"Three Turks were sitting round a brazier of charcoal frying dough-balls. Three rugs were spread in three corners of the cabin, and over each of them were the eternal pistols and yataghan. There was nothing

there to defend; their miserable lives were not worth taking; why were these weapons there? The turks at first took no notice of me, and I resolved to go to work boldly, and at once elbowed among them for a seat around the brazier. The one next to me on my right seemed a little struck by my easy ways; he put his hand on his ribs to feel how far my elbow had penetrated, and then took his pipe from his mouth and offered it to me. The ice broken, I smoked the pipe to the last whiff, and handed it to him to be refilled; with all the horrors of dyspepsia before my eyes, I scrambled with them for the last doughball, and, when the attention of all of them was particularly directed toward me, took out my watch, held it over the lamp, and wound it up. I addressed myself particularly to the one who had first taken notice of me, and made myself extremely agreeable by always smoking his pipe. After coffee and half a dozen pipes, he gave me to understand that I was to sleep with him upon his mat, at which I slapped him on the back and cried out 'Bono,' having heard him use that word apparently with a knowledge of its meaning. I was surprised in the course of the evening to see one of them begin to undress, knowing that such was not the custom of the country, but found that it was only a temporary disrobing for sporting purposes, to hunt fleas and bed bugs; by which I had an opportunity of comparing the Turkish with some I had brought with me from Greece; and though the Turk had great reason to be proud of his, I had no reason to be ashamed of mine. I now began to be drowsy, and should soon have fallen asleep; but the youngest of the party, a sickly and sentimental young man, melancholy and musical, and no doubt, in love, brought out the common Turkish instrument, a sort of guitar, on which he worked with untiring vivacity, keeping time with his head and heels. My friend accompanied him with his voice, and this brought out my Tartar, who joined in with groans and grunts which might have waked the dead. But my cup was not yet full. During the musical festival my friend and intended bedfellow took down from a shelf above me a large plaister, which he warmed over the brazier. He then unrolled his turban, took of a plaister from the back of his head, and disclosed a wound, raw, gory, and ghastly, that made my heart sink within me: I knew that the plague was about Smyrna; I had heard that it was on this road; I involuntarily recurred to the Italian prayer, 'Save me from the three miseries of the Levant: plague, fire, and the dragoman.' I shut my eyes; I had slept but two hours the night before; had ridden twelve hours that day on horseback; I drew my cloak around me; my head sank upon my carpet-bag, and I fell asleep, leaving the four Turks playing cards on the bottom of a pewter plate."

As soon as actually installed at Smyrna, Mr. S. betook himself to a Turkish bath, in remembrance of which and other delights he exclaims, "Oh, these Turks are luxurious dogs. Chibouks, coffee, hot baths, and as many wives as you please!"

Before getting with our traveller to Constantinople we will present to our readers two very different pictures, and yet both remind one of ancient renown and modern desolation. The former regards a specimen of the Jews of Smyrna, to some of the wealthier of whom Mr. S. contrived to get himself introduced. The quarter in which

the members of the most peculiar race on earth dwell in that city, is described as being externally most wretched and mean; but internally there is often much comfort and many signs of wealth. Here is an instance, with some curious addenda :—

“ At one end of a spacious room was a raised platform opening upon a large latticed window, covered with rich rugs and divans along the wall. The master of the house was taking his afternoon siesta, and while we were waiting for him I expressed to my gratified companion my surprise and pleasure at the unexpected appearance of the interior. In a few minutes the master entered, and received us with the greatest hospitality and kindness. He was about thirty, with the high square cap of black felt, without any rim or border, long silk gown tied with a sash around the waist, a strongly-marked Jewish face and amiable expression. In the house of the Israelite the welcome is the same as in that of the Turk; and seating himself, our host clapped his hands together, and a boy entered with coffee and pipes. After a little conversation he clapped his hands again; and hearing a clatter of wooden shoes, I turned my head and saw a little girl coming across the room, mounted on high wooden sabots almost like stilts, who stepped up the platform, and with quite a womanly air, took her seat on the divan. I looked at her, and thought her a pert, forward little miss, and was about asking her how old she was, when my companion told me she was our host's wife. I checked myself, but in a moment felt more than ever tempted to ask the same question; and, upon inquiring, learned that she had attained the respectable age of thirteen, and had been than two years a wife. Our host told us that she had cost him a great deal of money, and the expense consisted in the outlay necessary for procuring a divorce from another wife. He did not like the other one at all; his father had married him to her, and he had great difficulty in prevailing on his father to go to the expense of getting him freed. This wife was also provided by his father, and he did not like her much at first; he had never seen her till the day of marriage, but now he began to like her very well, though she cost him a great deal for ornaments. All this time we were looking at her, and she, with a perfectly composed expression, was listening to the conversation as my companion interpreted it, and following with her eyes the different speakers. I was particularly struck with the cool, imperturbable expression of her face, and could not help thinking that, on the subject of likings and dislikings, young as she was, she might have some curious notions of her own; and since we had fallen into this little disquisition on family matters, and thinking that he had gone so far himself that I might waive delicacy, I asked him whether she liked him; he answered in that easy tone of confidence of which no idea can be given in words, ‘oh yes;’ and when I intimated a doubt, he told me I might ask herself. But I forbore.”

The other subject alluded to is Ephesus, the ruins and the desolation of which are effectively represented. Our traveller's first visit to the scene was after the shades of evening had begun to gather around and over it :—

“ We moved along in perfect silence, for besides that my Turk never

spoke, and my Greek, who was generally loquacious enough, was out of humour at being obliged to go on, we had enough to do in picking our lonely way. But silence best suited the scene; the sound of the human voice seemed almost a mockery of fallen greatness. We entered by a large and ruined gateway into a place distinctly marked as having been a street, and, from the broken columns strewed on each side, probably having been lined with a colonnade. I let my reins fall upon my horse's neck; he moved about in the slow and desultory way that suited my humour; now sinking to his knees in heaps of rubbish, now stumbling over a Corinthian capital, and now sliding over a marble pavement. The whole hillside is covered with ruins to an extent far greater than I expected to find, and they are all of a kind that tends to give a high idea of the ancient magnificence of the city. To me, these ruins appeared to be a confused and shapeless mass; but they have been examined by antiquaries with great care, and the character of many of them identified with great certainty. I had, however, no time for details; and, indeed, the interest of these ruins in my eyes was not in the details. It mattered little to me that this was the stadium and that a fountain; that this was a gymnasium and that a market-place; it was enough to know that the broken columns, the mouldering walls, the grass-grown streets, and the wide extended scene of desolation and ruin around me were all that remained of one of the greatest cities of Asia, one of the earliest Christian cities in the world. But what do I say? Who does not remember the tumults and confusion raised by Demetrius the silversmith, 'lest the temple of the great goddess Diana should be despised, and her magnificence be destroyed;' and how the people, having caught 'Caius and Aristarchus, Paul's companions in travel,' rushed with one accord into the theatre, crying out, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians?' I sat among the ruins of that theatre; the stillness of death was around me; far as the eye could reach, not a living soul was to be seen save my two companions and a group of lazy Turks smoking at the coffee-house in Aysalook. A man of strong imagination might almost go wild with the intensity of his own reflections; and do not let it surprise you, that even one like me, in nowise given to the illusions of the senses, should find himself roused, and irresistibly hurried back to the time when the shapeless and confused mass around him formed one of the most magnificent cities in the world; when a large and busy population was hurrying through its streets, intent upon the same pleasures and the same business that engage men now; that he should, in imagination, see before him St. Paul preaching to the Ephesians, shaking their faith in the gods of their fathers, gods made with their own hands; and the noise and confusion, and the people rushing tumultuously up the very steps where he sat; that he should almost hear their cry ringing in his ears, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians;' and then that he should turn from this scene of former glory and eternal ruin to his own far-distant land; a land that the wisest of the Ephesians never dreamed of; where the wild man was striving with the wild beast when the whole world rang with the greatness of the Ephesian name; and which bids fair to be growing greater and greater when the last vestige of Ephesus shall be gone and its very site unknown.—But where is the temple of the great Diana, the temple two hundred and twenty years in building; the temple of one hundred and twenty-seven columns, each column the gift of a king?

Can it be that the temple of the 'Great goddess Diana,' that the ornament of Asia, the pride of Ephesus, and one of the seven wonders of the world, has gone, disappeared, and left not a trace behind: As a traveller, I would fain be able to say that I have seen the ruins of this temple; but, unfortunately, I am obliged to limit myself by facts."

As on many other occasions our author shortly but forcibly points out the fulfilment of scripture prophecy in reference to Ephesus; for verily, the "candlestick is removed from its place," not a human being dwelling amongst its ruins, beasts and birds of prey being its seldom-disturbed tenants.

We have been tempted by our buoyant author to linger too long on the way, and, before reaching novel scenes, to allow more time to Constantinople than to obtain a glimpse of the Sultan, who when taking part personally in a grand fête on occasion of an extraordinary launch was minutely observed by Mr. Stephens; and this immediately after nothing but visions of oriental gorgeousness, splendour, power, and despotism, had been occupying the fancy of the novice:—

"I was rolling these things through my mind, when a murmur, 'the sultan is coming,' turned me to the side of the boat, and one view dispelled all my gorgeous fancies. There was no style, no state; a citizen king, a republican president or a democratic governor could not have made a more unpretending appearance than did this 'shadow of God upon earth.' He was seated in the bottom of a large caique, dressed in the military frockcoat and red tarbouch, with his long black beard, the only mark of a Turk about him, and he moved slowly along the vacant space cleared for his passage, boats with the flags of every nation, and thousands of caiques falling back, and the eyes of the immense multitude earnestly fixed upon him, but without any shouts or acclamations: and when he landed at the little dock, and his great officers bowed to the dust before him, he looked the plainest, mildest, kindest man among them. I had wished to see him as a wholesale murderer, who had more blood upon his hands than any man living; who had slaughtered the janissaries, drenched the plains of Greece, to say nothing of bastinadoes, impalements, cutting off heads, and tying up in sacks, which are taking place every moment; but I will not believe that Sultan Mahmoud finds any pleasure in shedding blood. Dire necessity, or, as he himself would say, fate, has ever been driving him on. I look upon him as the creature of circumstances, made bloody and cruel by the necessities of his position."

From the capital of the Turks Mr. S. steamed it to Odessa, having Russia and Poland next in his eye. But we shall not remain longer at this city of mushroom growth, than to mark that our author happily and in strict accordance with what might be expected from a citizen of the United States of America, contrasts the circumstance of rapidity and greatness in regard to the miracle on the borders of the Black Sea with the wonders which such places as Buffalo, Rochester, Cincinnati, &c. present; in the former case a gigantic government saying, "Let there be a city," and immediately

the thing is created ; where, as in the latter, a few individuals cut down some of the trees of a forest or locate themselves on the banks of a stream and build houses suitable to their means, the accumulation, however, to the number of settlers, the enterprize of a community of freemen, in a marvellously short time producing all the real elements and all the real results which art, commerce, and education, united, so completely have at their command. But we shall immediately see how much more unfavourably illustrative of despotism and serfdom, and next of freedom though young, does a comparison of Russia with America become when following our traveller across the Steppes, and other regions remote from the seats of government.

Before setting out on the long and rarely described route, in the course of which we must make a few halts, seldom doing more than performing the office of selectors, we may mention that the principal points in it, after leaving Odessa, were the venerable and holy city of Chioff in Southern Russia, Moscow, St. Petersburg, thence through Lithuania to Warsaw, and terminating at Cracow. We begin with the Steppes of Russia as the subject of one picture :—

“ At daylight we awoke, and found ourselves upon the wild steppes of Russia, forming part of the immense plain which, beginning in northern Germany, extends for hundreds of miles, having its surface occasionally diversified by ancient tumuli, and terminates as the long chain of the Urals, which, rising like a wall, separates them from the equally vast plains of Siberia. The whole of this immense plain was covered with a luxuriant pasture, but bare of trees like our prairie lands, mostly uncultivated, yet everywhere capable of producing the same wheat which now draws to the Black Sea the vessels of Turkey, Egypt, and Italy, making Russia the granary of the Levant ; and which, within the last year, we have seen brought six thousand miles to our own doors. Our road over these steppes was in its natural state ; that is to say, a mere track worn by caravans of waggons : there were no fences, and sometimes the route was marked at intervals by heaps of stones, intended as guides when the ground should be covered with snow. I had some anxiety about our carriage ; the spokes of the wheels were all strengthened and secured by cords wound tightly around them, and interlaced so as to make a network ; but the postillions were so perfectly reckless as to the fate of the carriage, that every crack went through me like a shot. The breaking of a wheel would have left us perfectly helpless in a desolate country, perhaps more than a hundred miles from any place where we could get it repaired. Indeed, on the whole road to Chioff there was not a single place where we could have any material injury repaired.”

The travellers met with on the Steppes were sometimes varied in the following manner,—

“ Resuming our journey, we met no travellers. Occasionally we passed large droves of cattle : but all the way from Odessa the principal objects were long trains of waggons, fifty or sixty together, drawn by

oxen, and transporting merchandise toward Moscow or grain to the Black Sea. Their approach was indicated at a great distance by immense clouds of dust, which gave us timely notice to let down our curtains and raise our glasses. The waggoners were short, ugly-looking fellows, with huge sandy mustaches and beards, black woolly caps, and sheepskin jackets, the wool side next the skin; perhaps, in many cases, transferred warm from the back of one animal to that of the other, where they remained till worn out or eaten up by vermin. They had among them blacksmiths and wheelwrights, and spare wheels, and hammer and tools, and everything necessary for a journey of several hundred miles. Half of them were generally asleep on the top of their loads, and they encamped at night in caravan style, arranging the waggons in a square, building a large fire, and sleeping around it. About mid-day we saw clouds gathering afar off in the horizon, and soon after the rain began to fall, and we could see it advancing rapidly over the immense level till it broke over our heads, and in a few moments passed off, leaving the ground smoking with exhalations.

“Late in the afternoon, we met the travelling equipage of a seigneur returning from Moscow to his estate in the country. It consisted of four carriages, with six or eight horses each. The first was a large, stately, and cumbrous vehicle, padded and cushioned, in which, as we passed rapidly by, we caught a glimpse of a corpulent Russian on the back seat, with his feet on the front, bolstered all around with pillows and cushions, almost burying every part of him but his face, and looking the very personification of luxurious indulgence; and yet, probably, that man had been a soldier, and slept many a night on the bare ground, with no covering but his military cloak. Next came another carriage, fitted out in the same luxurious style, with the seigneur’s lady and a little girl; then another with nurses and children; then beds, baggage, cooking utensils, and servants, the latter hanging on everywhere about the vehicle, much in the same way with the pots and kettles. Altogether, it was an equipment in caravan-style, somewhat the same as for a journey in the desert, the traveller carrying with him provision and everything necessary for his comfort, as not expecting to procure anything on the road, nor to sleep under a roof during the whole journey. He stops when he pleases, and his servants prepare his meals, sometimes in the open air, but generally at the posthouse.”

Here is a sketch of a village :—

“The village, like all the others, was built of wood, plastered and whitewashed, with roofs of thatched straw, and the houses were much cleaner than I expected to find them. We got plenty of fresh milk; the bread, which to the traveller in those countries is emphatically the staff of life, we found good everywhere in Russia, and at Moscow the whitest I ever saw. Henri was an enormous feeder, and whenever we stopped, he disappeared for a moment, and came out with a loaf of bread in his hand and his mustache covered with the froth of quass, a Russian small beer. He said he was not always so voracious, but his seat was so hard, and he was so roughly shaken, that eating did him no good.”

“My man Henri,” together with the Russian fashion of posting

and the obdurate extortioners the Postmasters, as is always their treatment of mere gentlemen or persons who have no government or military authority, was the source of a sufficiency of annoyances. At length Mr. Stephens and his fellow travellers arrived at Chioff; one of the churches of which, with the devotees who resort to it, must for an instant detain us :—

“ The Church of the Catacombs, or the Cathedral of the Assumption, stands a little out of the city, on the banks of the Dnieper. It was founded in 1073, and has seven golden domes with golden spires, and chains connecting them. The dome of the belfry, which rises above the hill to the height of about three hundred feet, and above the Dnieper to that of five hundred and eighty-six, is considered by the Russians a *chef d'œuvre* of architecture. It is adorned with Doric and Ionic columns and Corinthian pilasters; the whole interior bears the venerable garb of antiquity, and is richly ornamented with gold, silver, and precious stones and paintings; indeed, it is altogether very far superior to any Greek church I had then seen. In the immense catacombs under the monastery lie the unburied bodies of the Russian saints, and year after year thousands and tens of thousands come from the wilds of Siberia and the confines of Tartary to kneel at their feet and pray. In one of the porches of the church we bought wax tapers, and, with a long procession of pilgrims, bareheaded and with lighted tapers in our hands, descended a long wooden staircase to the mouth of the catacomb. On each side along the staircase was ranged a line of kneeling devotees, of the same miserable description I had so often seen about the churches in Italy and Greece. Entering the excavated passages of the catacombs, the roof of which was black from the smoke of candles, we saw on each side, on niches in the walls, and open coffins, enveloped in wrappers of cloth and silk, ornamented with gold and silver, the bodies of the Russian saints. These saints are persons who have led particularly pure and holy lives, and by reason thereof have ascended into heaven, where they are supposed to exercise an influence with the Father and Son; and their bodies are left unburied that their brethren may come to them for intercession, and, seeing their honours after death, study to imitate them in the purity of their lives. The bodies are laid in open coffins, with the stiffened hands so placed as to receive the kisses of pilgrims, and on their breasts are written their names, and sometimes a history of their virtuous actions. But we saw there other and worse things than these, monuments of wild and desperate fanaticism; for besides the bodies of saints who had died at God's appointed time, in one passage is a range of small windows, where men had with their own hands built themselves in with stones against the wall, leaving open only a small hole by which to receive their food; and died with the impious thought that they were doing their Maker good service. These little windows close their dwelling and their tomb; and the devoted Russian, while he kneels before them, believes that their unnatural death has purchased for them everlasting life, and place and power among the spirits of the blessed. We wandered a long time in this extraordinary burial place, everywhere strewed with the kneeling figures of praying pilgrims. At every turn we saw hundreds from the

farthest parts of the immense empire of Russia : perhaps at that time more than three thousand were wandering in these sepulchral chambers."

The appearance of the diligence between Chioff and Moscow, by which Mr. S. travelled, was a wonderful rarity to the people ; nor, during the seven days they took, did they receive one accession to the original number of passengers,—a strange contrast for a man who was from a land everywhere intersected with lines of canals and railroads, and where steam-boats and other means of transit are constantly crowded. In the course of one of the days, on entering a village, the whole population was observed in the streets in a state of " absolute starvation." Mr. Stephens explains the matter thus,—" The miserable serfs had not raised enough to supply themselves with food ; and men of all ages, half-grown boys, and little children, were prowling the streets, ravenous with hunger, and waiting for the agent to come down from the chateau and distribute among them bread,"—the provision furnished by their owner, or the dominant seigneur. It is refreshing to find an American in connection with this melancholy sight expressing the following sentiments, and fearlessly attesting the following facts. He says,—

" I had found in Russia many interesting subjects of comparison between that country and my own, but it was with deep humiliation I felt that the most odious feature in that despotic government found a parallel in ours. At this day, with the exception of Russia, some of the West India Islands, and the republic of the United States, every country in the civilized world, can respond to the proud boast of the English common law, that the moment a slave sets foot on her soil he is free. I respect the feelings of others and their vested rights, and would be the last to suffer those feelings or those rights to be wantonly violated ; but I do not hesitate to say that, abroad, slavery stands as a dark blot upon our national character. There it will not admit of any palliation ; it stands in glaring contrast with the spirit of our free institutions ; it belies our words and our hearts ; and the American who would be most prompt to repel any calumny upon his country withers under this reproach, and writhes with mortification when the taunt is hurled at the otherwise stainless flag of the free republic. I was forcibly struck with a parallel between the white serfs of the North of Europe and African bondsmen at home. The Russian boor, generally wanting the comforts which are supplied to the Negro on our best-ordered plantations, appeared to me to be not less degraded in intellect, character, and personal bearing. Indeed, the marks of physical and personal degradation were so strong, that I was insensibly compelled to abandon certain theories not uncommon among my countrymen at home, in regard to the intrinsic superiority of the White race over all others. Perhaps, too, this impression was aided by my having previously met with Africans of intelligence and capacity, standing upon a footing of perfect equality as soldiers and officers in the Greek army and the Sultan's."

Neither Moscow nor St. Petersburg shall detain us, although

it would amuse our readers had we space to show or explain how the American picked up acquaintances, and what sort of acquaintances he did pick up in these cities as well as elsewhere. We are on towards Warsaw, and take one or two sketches by the way. Of Lithuania we are told,—

“ When Napoleon entered the province of Lithuania, his first bulletins proclaimed, ‘ Here, then, is that Russia so formidable at a distance ! It is a desert for which its scattered population is wholly insufficient. They will be vanquished by the very extent of territory which ought to defend them ;’ and, before I had travelled in it a day, I could appreciate the feeling of the soldier from La Belle France, who, hearing his Polish comrades boast of their country, exclaimed, ‘ Et ces gueux-là appellent cette pays une patrie !’ The villages are a miserable collection of straggling huts, without plan or arrangement, and separated from each other by large spaces of ground. They are about ten or twelve feet square, made of the misshapen trunks of trees heaped on each other, with the ends projecting over ; the roof of large shapeless boards, and the window a small hole in the wall, answering the double purpose of admitting light and letting out smoke. The tenants of these wretched hovels exhibit the same miserable appearance both in person and manners. They are hard-boned, and sallow-complexioned ; the men wear coarse white woollen frocks, and a round felt cap lined with wool, and shoes made of the bark of trees, and their uncombed hair hangs low over their heads, generally of a flaxen colour. Their agricultural implements are of the rudest kind. The plough and harrow are made from the branches of the fir-tree, without either iron or ropes ; their carts are put together without iron, consisting of four small wheels, each of a single piece of wood ; the sides are made of the bark of a tree bent round, and the shafts are a couple of fir branches ; their bridles and traces platted from the bark of trees, or composed merely of twisted branches. Their only instrument to construct their huts and make their carts is a hatchet. They were servile and cringing in their expressions of respect, bowing down to the ground and stopping their carts as soon as we came near them, and stood with their caps in their hands till we were out of sight. The whole country, except in some open places around villages, is one immense forest of firs, perhaps sixty feet in height, compact and thick, but very slender.”

Take a notice of a sight in Poland Proper :—

“ We had scarcely left the postmaster’s daughter, on the threshold of Poland, almost throwing a romance about the Polish women, before I saw the most degrading spectacle I ever beheld in Europe, or even in the barbarous countries of the East. Forty or fifty women were at work in the fields, and a large, well-dressed man, with a pipe in his mouth and a long stick in his hand, was walking among them as overseer. In our country the most common labouring man would revolt at the idea of his wife or daughter working in the open fields. I had seen it, however, in gallant France and beautiful Italy ; but I never saw, even in the barbarous countries of the East, so degrading a spectacle as this ; and I could have borne it almost anywhere better than in chivalric Poland.”

A general sketch of Warsaw does not enhance our notions of the Polish nation neither as to the intelligence, the civilization, nor the moral character of the people as a whole :—

“ Immediately on entering it I was struck with the European aspect of things. It seemed almost, though not quite, like a city of Western Europe, which may, perhaps, be ascribed, in a great measure, to the entire absence of the semi-Asiatic costumes so prevalent in all the cities of Russia, and even at St. Petersburg; and the only thing I remarked peculiar in the dress of the inhabitants was the remnant of a barbarous taste for show, exhibiting itself in large breastpins, shirt-buttons, and gold chains over the vest; the mustache is universally worn. During the war of the revolution immediately succeeding our own, Warsaw stood the heaviest brunt; and when Kosciuszko fell fighting before it, its population was reduced to seventy-five thousand. Since that time it has increased, and is supposed now to be one hundred and forty thousand, thirty thousand of whom are Jews. Calamity after calamity has befallen Warsaw; still its appearance is that of a gay city. Society consists altogether of two distinct and distant orders, the nobles and the peasantry, without any intermediate degrees. I except, of course, the Jews, who form a large item in her population, and whose long beards, thin and anxious faces, and piercing eyes, met me at every corner of Warsaw. The peasants are in the lowest stage of mental degradation. The nobles, who are more numerous than in any other country in Europe, have always, in the eyes of the public, formed the people of Poland. They are brave, prompt, frank, hospitable, and gay, and have long been called the French of the North, being French in their habits, fond of amusements, and living in the open air, like the loungeur in the Palais Royal, the Tuileries, the Boulevards, and Luxembourg, and particularly French in their political feelings, the surges of a revolution in Paris being always felt at Warsaw. They regard the Germans with mingled contempt and aversion, calling them ‘dumb’ in contrast with their own fluency and loquacity; and before their fall were called by their neighbours the ‘proud Poles.’ They consider it the deepest disgrace to practise any profession, even law or medicine, and, in case of utmost necessity, prefer the plough. A Sicilian, a fellow-passenger from Palermo to Naples, who one moment was groaning in the agony of sea-sickness, and the next playing on his violin, said to me, ‘Canta il, signore?’ ‘Do you sing?’ I answered ‘No;’ and he continued, ‘Suonate?’ ‘Do you play?’ I again answered ‘No;’ and he asked me, with great simplicity, ‘Cosa fatte? Niente?’ ‘What do you do? Nothing?’ and I might have addressed the same question to every Pole in Warsaw. The whole business of the country is in the hands of the Jews, and all the useful and mechanical arts are practised by strangers. I did not find a Pole in a single shop in Warsaw; the proprietors of the hotels and coffee-houses are strangers, principally Germans; my tailor was a German, my shoemaker a Frenchman, and the man who put a new crystal in my watch an Italian from Milan.”

Cracow at last draws out the accustomed good and fresh feeling as well as the graphic powers of our author. But we must stop, although many stretches of his journeyings be barren of new in-

formation, owing in a great measure to the speed at which he travelled, and, as respects the latter part, owing frequently no doubt to the fact of his going over a great deal of ground during night, yet that throughout the volumes the manner in which little incidents pertaining to himself are described, and personal occurrences are connected with localities, individuals, and national characteristics, the whole becomes picturesque, entertaining, and not seldom instructive. The work will unquestionably be popular, as were the former volumes in this country, as they deserve to be.

ART. II.

L'Ottimo Commento della Divina Commedia, Testo Inditto d'un Contemporaneo di Dante. Citato degli Accademici della Crusca. Nuova edizione. Pisa. 1837.

A Commentary on the Divina Commedia of Dante, by one of his Contemporaries: now first published, and the same that is quoted by the Academy Della Crusca, under the title of L'Ottimo Commento, or the best Commentary.

To enumerate the principal beauties, or to point out the most splendid scenes of the *Commedia*, would be a work of time and labour. To remark on the different symbolical meanings and allegories, which commentators have attached even to the first cantos of the *Inferno*, would be to enter into a nearly interminable discussion. We can only mention a very few of the most striking passages in this wonderful poem.

The translation by Cary seems to be the only English one, which conveys even a remote idea of the beauty of the original. He has followed his author with wonderful fidelity and exactness: his style is as severe and devoid of ornament as that of Dante himself. He has wisely emancipated himself from the fetters of rhyme, and has walked along by the side of his great original with grave and measured steps. The incalculable difficulties which a foreigner has to encounter, in appreciating the merits of a poem which the Italians themselves find difficulty in comprehending, render this work a valuable addition to English literature. Perhaps had a similar translation in the French language been practicable, Voltaire might have repented of his hasty judgment,—“*Le Dante pourra entrer dans les bibliothèques des curieux, mais il ne sera jamais lu.*”

The first scene of the poem is decidedly allegorical, and has given rise to an infinity of explanations and commentaries. In the midst of the journey of life, the poet finds that he has wandered from the direct path, and is alone in a dark and wild forest. He knows not how he entered it, having been overwhelmed with sleep. He arrives at the foot of a hill, whose summit is gilded by the rays of the morning sun. He begins to ascend the hill, but his progress is

opposed by a spotted panther,—a fierce lion,—and a hungry wolf. He draws back in terror, and perceives a human figure. It is the shade of Virgil, who had always been the object of his admiration. Virgil explains to him that, by the desire of Beatrice, he has left the place of his repose, and descended to earth for the purpose of guiding him in the direct path. Then the fear of the poet vanishes, and he expresses his renewal of courage in the beautiful simile:—

“ ‘ Quale i fioretti, dal notturno gelo
Chinati e chiusi, poi che'l sol gl'imbianca,
Si drizzan tutti aperti in loro stelo;
Tal mi fec'io di mia virtute stanca.’ ”

“ ‘ As flowerets by the frosty air of night,
Bent down and closed, when day has blanched their leaves,
Rise all unfolded on their spiry stems;
So was my fainting vigour new restored.’ ”

The expounders of Dante have expended great labour in their explanation of this first and principal allegory. Most of the ancient commentators were of opinion, that “the dark and wild forest in the midst of life's journey,” referred to the innumerable vices and depraved passions of Dante,—that “the goodly mount” signified virtue,—the leopard, lion and wolf, luxury, ambition and avarice,—Virgil, moral philosophy, and Beatrice, theology. Again, some modern commentators, among many arguments against the correctness of this interpretation, having observed that Virgil, in explaining to Dante the reasons of Charon's refusal to ferry him over in his bark, says,—

“ Quinci non passa mai anima buona,”

“ Hence ne'er hath past good spirit,”

justly remark that this expression could not be applied to one sunk in vice; and have therefore supposed the dark forest to allude to the vices and passions, not of Dante, but of mankind in general.

A modern writer, Giovanni Marchetti, has probably arrived at a more just interpretation of the text. He brings many ingenious arguments to prove, that *the wild and deserted forest* signifies the misery of Dante, deprived by exile of all that he most valued,—the *goodly mountain* the peace and consolation for which he longed,—his *passage from the forest to the mountain* the increase of hope in his soul; *the light of the new day* the consolation which he derived from hope,—the *leopard*, beautiful and cruel Florence,—the *lion* France,—the *wolf* the church of Rome;—the apparition of *Virgil, sent by Beatrice*, an alleviation to his sorrows by study; *the way by which Virgil promised to draw him from that valley*, his admirable poem, which might induce his country to free him from exile,—and *the guidance of Virgil* the necessary virtue, which he derived from meditating on the works of the Altissimo Poeta.

The opening scene of the third canto is magnificent. The poet and his guide stand before the everlasting gates of the infernal regions, and read their terrible inscription :—

“ Per me si va nella città dolente :
 Per me si va nell’ eterno dolore ;
 Per me si va tra la perduta gente.
 Giustizia mosse ’l mio alto fattore
 Fecemi la divina potestate
 La somma sapienza, e’l prima amore.
 Dinanzi a me non fur cose create
 Se non eterne, ed io eterno duro ;
 Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch’ entrate.”

“ Through me you pass into the city of woe.
 Through me among the people lost for aye.
 Justice the founder of my fabric moved ;
 To rear me was the task of Power divine,
 Supreme Wisdom, and primeval Love.
 Before me things create were none, save things
 Eternal, and eternal I endure.
 All hope abandon,—ye who enter here.”

Although the Divine Comedy must completely baffle the rules of French criticism, we cannot but be astonished, on reading M. Sismondi’s translation of various passages of Dante, at the want, either of attention or knowledge of the language, displayed by that celebrated writer on various occasions ; and on none more than in his translation of this very passage. Dante, who is always a theologian even in the midst of the most poetical ideas, by—

———“ Power Divine,
 Supreme Wisdom and Primeval Love,”

evidently refers to the three persons of the Trinity. M. Sismondi overlooks this intention, and thereby entirely alters the sense of the passage, which he renders thus :—

“ Pour moi s’unit à la haute puissance,
 Le sage Amour du divin Créateur.”

While the terrible inscription appears traced in obscure characters upon Hell’s portal,—sighs, groans and lamentations, mingled with hoarse and angry voices, are heard from within. Virgil explains to his pupil, that this is the abode of those indifferent men who on earth did neither good nor evil ; who hid their talent in the ground. They are mingled with the angels who were neither rebellious nor true to their Maker. Neither heaven, nor hell will receive them. The shade of the Mantuan mentions them with unutterable scorn :—

“ Fama di loro il mondo esser non lassa ;
 Misericordia e giustizia gli sdegna.
 Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda, e passe.”

—————"Fame of them the world hath none,
Nor suffers, mercy and justice scorn them both.
Speak not of them, but look, and pass them by."

The spirits are ferried over the Acheron by Charon, with eyes of "burning coal;" for Dante has no scruple in mingling the ancient mythological belief with Christian revelation:—

"Caron demonio con occhi di bragia,
Loro accennando, tutte le raccoglie;
Batte col remo qualunque si adagia."

—————"Charon, demoniac form,
With eyes of burning coal, collects them all,
Beck'ning; and each, that lingers, with his oar
Strikes."

Michel Angelo, in his Last Judgment, has designed the ideas of Dante, with the exactness of a faithful translator. He has been especially true to his original in the figure of Charon in his bark, striking the lingering spirits with his oar. It is a matter of eternal regret to the admirers both of the poet and the artist, that a copy of Landino's Commentary of Dante, which was enriched with designs by Michel Angelo of all the figures mentioned in the poem, in every variety of action and attitude, was lost in a sea-voyage.

Minos, the Judge of Ancient Hell, is introduced by Dante as a modern Demon. Here Buonarrotti again follows the ideas of Dante, and with something of the satirical genius of the Poet, has revenged himself on one Biagio da Cesena, who displeased him by some criticisms on his works, by painting him to the life under the figure of the Infernal Judge.

It is in the circle over which Minos presides, that the horrors of the Infernal regions commence. Until then, we meet only those whose sole crime was ignorance of the truths of Christianity;—they are sad, but suffer no torture:—

"Genti v'eran con occhi tardi e gravi,
Di grande autorità ne' lor sembianti:
Parlavan rado con voci soavi."

"There dwelt a race, who slow their eyes around
Majestically moved, and in their port
Bore eminent authority: they spake
Seldom, but all their words were tuneful sweet."

And now begins a series of the most appalling pictures that the human imagination has ever conceived; different gradations of horror and degrees of torture, represented in the most vivid colours.

"Christianity," says M. Ginguéné, "attributes to hell but two kinds of punishment;—fire and eternal damnation; that is to say, the eternal deprivation of the sovereign good. Dante borrowed

from the hell of the ancients the idea of a variety of torments, suited to the diversity of crimes ;—and this idea, which saved him from a fatiguing uniformity, furnished him with numerous pictures, contrasts and gradations of terror. Wind, rain, hail, devouring and gnawing insects, kindled tombs, burning sands, monstrous serpents, flames, frozen plains, and at length an ocean of transparent ice, under which the damned suffer, and keep eternal silence—such are the terrible resources which he found in this fruitful idea.”

Terror and pity are the chief emotions which agitate us, as we read these vivid descriptions. The mind reposes with a more mournful interest and one of a gentler nature, upon some passages ;—as for instance on the affecting episode of Francesca da Rimini, so well known, so universally admired, and which can never lose its charm, so long as one human heart beats with human feeling. Truly this episode is as a trembling moon-beam amidst the dark storm—soft, gentle and melancholy—yet deepening by contrast the surrounding gloom. There is one touch in it which evinces the poet’s intimate knowledge of human nature. It is that where Francesca, while her lover stands sighing by her side, silent and sunk in grief, exclaims with a kind of desperate joy :—

“ *Questi, che mai da me non sia diviso.*”

“ *He who ne’er from me shall separate.*”

The contrast between the feelings of the lovers is finely imagined. The chief reason of our intense interest in this poem is the dim, uncertain light by which the various scenes are beheld. Something always remains through which we cannot penetrate ; some object, to discover which we strain our eyes in the obscurity. This love of mystery is inherent in the human mind. It is the aspiring of the immortal soul after that knowledge, which cannot be acquired on this side the grave. Like Dante, we find ourselves in the midst of life’s journey. We know not whence we came, nor whither we go ; and we shall seek to penetrate the darkness, and to elucidate the mysterious truths, which revelation has dimly shadowed forth, till eternal light shall be poured upon the obscurity. Then, like the poet, when he drank of the pure waters of Paradise, and was admitted to a view of the Eternal City, we shall quench our thirst at the Everlasting Fountain, and our eyes being opened, we shall find how trifling is the sum of all human knowledge.

The description of the City of Dis, with its burning towers, guarded by innumerable demons, who furiously oppose the entrance of a living man, is sublime in horror ; and the angry angel, traversing the Styx with unwet feet, announced by a “loud-crashing” and terrible sound that made either shore tremble, is a grand and fearful picture.

There is something inexpressibly dreary and horrible in the

description of the vast plains, covered with open sepulchres, and separated by flames which burn for ever, without consuming their victims. A voice issues from the midst, and the proud Farinata, who scorns even the torments of hell, lifts his head from his tomb, on hearing the language of his native land. He disdainfully inquires who were the poet's ancestors, and recognising in him a political adversary, proudly recounts his exploits.

Yet even here there is a beautiful touch of simple and gentle feeling. Cavalcante, the father of Guido, rises from his tomb, and eagerly inquires for his son—then thinking from the hesitation of Dante that the prince is no more, he falls back supinely into his sepulchre, forgetting his own fate in sorrow for that of his son, deprived for ever of "the blessed day-light."

In proportion as the crimes of the lost souls have been more atrocious, the horrors of their torments increase. We pass into the abyss guarded by the Minotaur and the Centaurs—we cross the river of boiling blood, in which are plunged the souls of tyrants—we follow the poet in his dreary journey through the dark forest, whose trees bear thorns and poison, and in whose rough and knotted trunks dwell the imprisoned souls of suicides, to the plain of burning sand, on which descends an eternal rain of fiery flakes—till at length the imagination, nearly fatigued with all these horrors, gladly reposes upon a more gentle picture.

In the midst of the burning sands, one of the pale and trembling phantoms recognises Dante. It is the shade of his master, Brunetto Latini. The poet approaches, in an attitude of profound reverence and pity, and, with words full of tenderness, expresses his unchanging gratitude for the care which Brunetto had taken of him in his youth.

The winged monster Geryon, wheeling his downward flight through the darkness, with his trembling rider, is an image at once grotesque and sublime. He swims slowly through the void, where no sound is heard, but the roar of the torrent descending to the gulf. "This extraordinary descent," says M. Ginguené, "is painted with frightful reality. We partake of the terrors of the poet, thus suspended over the abyss, and we almost feel our head grow giddy as we see him descend."

We feel increasing wonder at the genius of the poet, when the same pencil, which produced these images of horror, traces with equal spirit a picture of the simple cares and comforts of the villager:—

"In quella parte del giovinetto anno,
Che' l sole i crin sotto l'Aquario tempra,
E gia le notti al mezzo dì sen vanno :
Quando la brina in su la terra assempra
L'immagine di sua sorella bianca,
Ma poco dura alla sua penna tempra ;

Lo vilanello, a cui la roba manca,
 Si leva, e guarda, e vede la campagna
 Biancheggiar tutta, ond' ei si batte l'anca :

Ritorna a casa, e qua e là si lagna,
 Come 'l tapin, che non sa che si faccia :
 Poi riede, e la speranza ringavagna,

Veggendo 'l mondo aver cangiata faccia
 In poco d'ora, e prende suo vincastro,
 E fuor le pecorelle a pascere caccia."

" In the year's early nonage, when the sun
 Tempers his tresses in Aquarius' urn,
 And now towards equal day the nights recede,
 When, as the rime upon the earth puts on
 Her dazzling sister's image, but not long
 Her milder sway endures ; then riseth up
 The village hind, whom fails his wintry store,
 And looking out beholds the plain around
 All whitened : whence impatiently he smites
 His thighs, and to his hut returning in,
 There paces to and fro, wailing his lot,
 As a discomfited and helpless man ;
 Then comes he forth again, and feels new hope
 Spring in his bosom, finding e'en thus soon
 The world hath changed its countenance, grasps his crook,
 And forth to pasture drives his little flock."

Perhaps none but those who are banished for ever from their native land, can fully appreciate the natural beauty of those lines, where a condemned soul, tormented by devouring thirst, recalls to his mind the clear streams and shady groves of Italy. The remembrance of its blue skies and balmy air is of itself sufficient torture :—

" Li ruscelletti, che de' verdi colli
 Del Casentin, discendon giuso in Arno,
 Facendo i lor canali e freddi e molli,
 Sempre mi stanno innanzi, e non indarno,
 Che l' immagine lor dia più m'asciuga,
 Che 'l male ond'io nel volto mi discarno."

" The rills, that glitter down the grassy slopes
 Of Casentino, making fresh and soft
 The banks whereby they glide to Arno's stream,
 Stand ever in my view ; and not in vain ;
 For more the pictured semblance dries me up,
 Much more than the disease, which makes the flesh
 Desert these shrivelled cheeks."

The gloom and sublimity are less broken in upon by gentle images, as we descend lower into the regions of despair. We arrive at the central pit, guided by that false light, which was " less than the night and less than the day ;"—where the blast of the horn resounds

among the gigantic forms, which are ranged like towers on the brink of the abyss. In the last circle with its frozen lake, where the assassins are plunged in "thick-ribbed ice," we arrive at the magnificent episode of Ugolino.

As the Francesca da Rimini moves us with pity, so here our tears are congealed with horror ;—and yet, as the wretched father himself says,—

" Ben se' crudel, se tu già non ti duoli,
Pensando ciò, ch'al mio cuor s'annunziava :
E se non piangi, di che pianger suoli ?"

———" Right cruel art thou, if no pang
Thou feel'st at thinking what my heart foretold ;
And if not now, why use thy tears to flow ?"

It is the simplicity, the pathos, with which is recorded the dreadful fact of a father and his children shut up in a lone tower overlooking the Arno, and left there to perish with hunger, that freezes our blood as we read. They hear the gates locked, the key is thrown into the river. The children, who in their sleep wept, and asked for bread, awaken. The father looks at them, and sheds no tear. They weep,—and his little Anselm says,—

" Tu guardi sì padre ; che hai ?"

" 'Thou lookest so ! Father, what ails thee ?"

Days pass on.—One by one the children die. Humanity shudders at the rest. It seems as if a word more, a word less, would mar the terrible simplicity of the picture.

Lucifer, " that Emperor, who sway the realm of sorrow," surrounded by eternal ice, solitude, and silence, is the last gigantic picture of the Inferno.

We feel as if we breathed a new atmosphere ; as if, like the poet himself, we washed from our faces the smoke of the infernal braziers, when we arrive at the opening canto of Purgatory. The style suddenly becomes serene and brilliant, like a song of triumph after a funeral chant. The poet stands by the sea, at the foot of the mountain of Purgatory, and rejoices in his passage from obscurity to light. Nearly the first picture which we behold is a bark, floating rapidly over the waters, filled with souls on their way to the region of purification, conducted by an angel with white and luminous wings, which strike the air, and guide the boat. Sounds of holy melody are heard. The shades are chanting the hymn, which was sung by the Israelites on leaving Egypt.

Among the spirits, Dante meets with his friend and musical instructor, Casella. The living man would embrace the shade, and finds nothing but empty air. Then Dante prays Casella to sing, if death has not made him lose the remembrance of his art ; and the

musician sings one of the canzones of the poet, with so melodious and touching a voice, that the shades crowd round to listen, and stand enraptured. The music of Italy,—the melody of other days, sung by the sea-shore of another world,—forms a beautiful scene, and fills the mind with a pleasing sadness.

Alone, and apart from a crowd of shades, the poet observes the proud Italian bard, Sordello of Mantua, famed for the harmony of the people in the days of chivalry; who united the glory of military renown to his poetic talent; one of those troubadour-chevaliers, “who could only breathe their harmonious sighs at the feet of a princess.” He does not answer when Virgil speaks to him,—

——— “*Lasciava lo gir, solo guardano
A guisa di leon quando si posa.*

——— “But let *him* onward pass,
Eyeing us as a lion on his watch.”

But when he hears that Virgil is a native of Mantua, he rises and embraces him;—and on learning that he is none other than the “Glory of Latium,” he falls at his feet.

The approach of evening is announced in these beautiful and affecting lines:—

“Era già l'ora che volge 'l disio
A' naviganti e' ntenerisce 'l cuore,
Lo dì, che han detto a'dolci amici, a Dio;
E che lo nuovo peregrin d'amore
Punge, se ode squilla di lontano,
Che paja 'l giorno pianger che si muore.”

“Now was the hour that wakens fond desire
In men at sea, and melts their thoughtful heart
Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell,
And pilgrim newly on his road with love
Thrills, if he hear the vesper bell from far,
That seems to mourn for the expiring day.”

Though Purgatory is a region of pain and sorrow, it is sorrow illuminated by hope. The terror which weighed down our spirits in the regions of despair ceases; the pictures assume a brighter character; their colouring becomes more brilliant. The poem is now enriched with glowing descriptions, mingled with natural and pathetic ideas. The soft and holy music, the angels with their brilliant robes, golden hair and snow-white wings,—the meeting between friends who had on earth known and loved one another, and who continue to take a deep interest in the affairs of a world which remains vivid in the memories of those who have not yet tasted of the joys of Paradise,—the whole is mingled with thoughts so just and philosophical, and with so profound a knowledge of human

nature, as to justify the epithet of *divine*, which has been bestowed upon the work.

When they have passed from circle to circle, and have arrived at the last which conducted to the terrestrial Paradise, the angel of God appears before them :—

“ E cantava : *Beati mundo corde,*
In voce assai più che la nostra viva,
Poscia : più non si va, se pria non morde,
Anime sante, il fuoco : entrate in esso,
Ed al cantar di là non siate sorde.”

“ ‘ Blessed are the pure
In heart,’ he sang, then near him as we came,
‘ Go ye not further, holy spirits !’ he cried,
‘ Ere the fire pierce you : enter in : and list
Attentive to the song ye hear from thence.’ ”

When the poet hesitates to enter into the flames through which he must pass before reaching Paradise, Virgil says,

——“ or vedi, figlio,
Fra Beatrice e te é questo muro.
——“ Mark now, my son,
From Beatrice thou art by this wall
Divided.”

At the name of Beatrice, Dante unresistingly follows his guide.

The Terrestrial Paradise is the emblem of primitive innocence, or, according to some theologians, the type of the church. The description of the young and beautiful Matilda, singing and gathering flowers by the side of the limpid waters, under the shadows of the eternal trees,—her sweet laugh, brilliant eyes, and melodious song,—is a beautiful picture, whatever be its allegorical meaning.

The approach of Beatrice is announced with pomp and splendour. The whole forest becomes brilliantly illuminated, and a soft melody is heard through the air. The symbolic procession which follows is taken from the sacred images in the Old Testament ; and the hymns, partly from the Psalms of David, and partly from the writings of Virgil.

The mysterious chariot, which contains the object of the poet’s deathless adoration, is surrounded by saints and angels who sing “ in holy chant,”—and shower around them “ unwithering lilies.”

“ Io vidi già nel cominciar del giorno,
La parte oriental tutta rosata,
E l’altro ciel di bel sereno adorno,
E la faccia del Sol nascere ombrata
Sì che per temperanza di vapori
L’occhio lo sostenea lunga fiata ;

Così dentro una nuvola di fiori,
 Che dalle mani angeliche saliva
 E ricadeva giù dentro e di fuori.
 Sovra candida vel, cinta d'oliva,
 Donna m'apparve, sotto verde manto,
 Vestita di color di fiamma viva,
 E lo spirito mio, che già cotanto
 Tempo era stato con la sua presenza,
 Non era di stupor, tremando, affranto.
 Senza degli occhi aver pur conoscenza,
 Per occulta virtù, che da lei mosse,
 D'antico amor senti 'la gran potenza."

"I have beheld, ere now, at break of day
 The eastern clime all roseate, and the sky
 Opposed, one deep and beautiful serene;
 And the sun's face so shaded, and with mists
 Attenuated at his rising, that the eye
 Long while endured the sight; thus, in a cloud
 Of flowers, that from those hands angelic rose,
 And down within and outside of the car
 Fell showering, in white veil with olive wreathed
 A virgin in my view appeared, beneath
 Green mantle, robed in hue of living flame,
 And o'er my spirit, that so long a time
 Had from her presence felt no shuddering dread,
 Albeit mine eyes discerned her not, there moved
 A hidden virtue from her, at whose touch
 The power of ancient love was strong within me."

He turns towards Virgil, to express his awe and rapture; but Virgil, his guide and "best-loved father," has left him;—and in a transport of mingled feeling, he weeps. Then, for the first time, Beatrice speaks:—

"Dante, perchè Virgilio se ne vada,
 Non piangere anche, non piangere ancora,
 Che pianger ti convien per altra spada."
 "Dante! weep not that Virgil leaves thee; nay
 Weep thou not yet: behoves thee feel the edge
 Of other sword, and thou shalt weep for that."

The only human interest, which we feel after entering Paradise, is in the poet himself. We cannot sympathize in the perfect happiness of those glorious beings, who feel neither hope nor fear. The whole becomes a scene of splendour and beauty, music and light; and in the midst of all this ethereal glory are theological discussions and metaphysical disquisitions, making of Paradise an academic school, surrounded by the most brilliant and magic colouring.

As they advance in their aerial journey, Beatrice fixes her eagle

gaze on the sun, and the poet looks in her eyes, until their brightness grows too dazzling. They hear the harmony of the spheres, and the astronomical system is explained by Beatrice. They visit Mercury, Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter,—they ascend to Saturn on a golden ladder covered with stars; and having entered the constellation Gemini, the poet turns his glance towards the earth, and smiles at its “pitiful semblance.”

Each planet is inhabited by myriads of happy souls; and as they ascend higher, the beauty of Beatrice becomes more radiant; until it is as difficult to gaze upon her, as upon the stars themselves.

They visit the garden, where, among innumerable flowers of a thousand dyes, blooms the mystic Rose, in which the Word became flesh. This is the figure under which the Catholic Poets have always delighted to speak of the Holy Virgin. She is surrounded by “legions of splendours,” amidst melody to which the sweetest earthly music sounds as “a rent cloud, when it grates the thunder.” The whole description is gorgeous in design and colouring, and the scene terminates by the holy legions chanting the “*Regina Cæli*.”

“So sweetly, the delight hath left me never.”

The splendour grows fatiguing. The emblematical meaning, contained in the descriptions, can alone give interest to the enumeration of the nine choirs of angels, burning eternally with Divine Love,—of the Seraphim and Cherubim,—the Dominions, Virtues and Powers,—the Principalities and Arch-angels.

In the ninth circle, all is light, and love, and joy. A river of light flows through the centre, bordered with flowers of incredible beauty. From the river issued brilliant sparkles, which flew amongst the flowers, where they seemed like “rubies chased in gold.” By the desire of Beatrice, Dante drinks of this water, and his eyes being opened, he sees that the sparks are angels, and the flowers, mortals. He beholds in a vast circle of light more than a million of thrones, disposed like the leaves of a rose, where sit angels and the souls of just men made perfect. An innumerable host of celestial beings, with faces of flame and wings of gold, float over the Eternal City. Here Beatrice leaves him, and resumes her throne of light, “in the third circle from the highest.”

The poet's next guide is the venerable Saint Bernard, who in a beautiful and solemn prayer, supplicates the Virgin Mary that Dante may be enabled to contemplate the brightness of the Divine Majesty. The prayer is heard. He receives a glimpse of the Great Mystery; and declares his inability to describe what he beheld.

Here terminates this wonderful poem,—*unique* in its beauties, and even in its faults. The age was answerable for the latter; the merit of the former belongs to the poet. “There is more to be learned,” says Alfieri, “from the faults of Dante, than from the beauties of any other writer.”

If posthumous glory can soothe the shade of departed genius, the stern spirit of Dante may repose in peace. The first tribute paid to his memory was by Guido ; and the voice of friendship pronounced his funeral oration. Ravenna, which received the stranger in exile, first mourned his loss, and hallowed his remains.

But death is a fire, which purifies the true gold from the extraneous dross. Florence mourned, when too late, her ingratitude towards the noblest of her sons. His fellow-citizens humbled themselves before the memory of the illustrious dead. From hatred they passed to admiration,—from admiration, to awe and reverence. Like the barbarians, among whom Saint Paul sought shelter at Melita, after denouncing him as a criminal, they were now ready to worship him as a God.

Already was accomplished the prediction, which the poet puts into the mouth of Ser Brunetto.

“ La tua fortuna tanto onor ti serba,
Che l'una parte, e l'altra avranno fame
Di te.”

“ Thy fortune hath such honour in reserve,
That thou by either party shalt be craved
With hunger keen.”

Embassies were sent to Ravenna to implore the restoration of the poet's ashes to his birth-place, but the request was refused. Michel Angelo,—whose genius so closely resembled that of the “ *gran padre Alighier*,” that his sculpture is like the poetry of Dante in marble,—Michel Angelo himself in after ages repeated the prayer in vain. Even the authoritative demand of the Pope was unheeded ; and Florence remains exposed to the reproach of the traveller, who vainly searches among her illustrious dead for the tomb of the Father of Italian poetry.

“ Ungrateful Florence ! Dante sleeps afar,
Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore ;
Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,
Proscribed the bard, whose name for evermore
Their children's children would in vain adore
With the remorse of ages.”

In ancient days, he would have been deified. In a Christian country, though altars did not blaze, statues were raised and medals coined in his honour. Besides the profound and subtle allegory which the poem contained, and the bold strain of prophetic denunciation which it assumed, it had a yet stronger hold on the curiosity of the age in which it was written. A strong personal interest was felt in discovering the key to the various characters therein represented. The most illustrious families beheld their kinsmen and

acquaintance, their friends and foes, registered in this undying record,—as in the enjoyment of perpetual bliss, or consigned to eternal infamy. A line, a word frequently designated them; their place of abode, their heraldic insignia, the catastrophe of their death, sometimes the one crime which had blotted their escutcheon.

Homer retraced the heroic ages of Greece; Virgil, those of ancient Italy; Milton, in later times, chose for his theme the history and fate of the original parents of mankind. His characters were angels of light and darkness; or man in his primitive state, but a little lower than the angels themselves. These poets were travellers in unknown and distant regions, who were enabled to display to their fellow-men the marvellous treasures, which they had brought from an unexplored land. They exhibited to their countrymen those great names which are hallowed by the lapse of ages,—heroes, whose mighty deeds raised them to the rank of gods; or mortals, coeval with creation's dawn, with whom the celestial spirits deigned to hold communion.

It was not so with the great Florentine. His characters were those of his own period, with whose history the public were acquainted, and whose families and descendants were alive, and frequently in the enjoyment of wealth and power. But the position in which he placed them, threw an interest round their story, stronger than could have been produced by the adventures of any individual, however illustrious, of a more remote date. The terror and pity, and in some cases the vengeance of the Italians was awakened, when the shadowy forms of their contemporaries were made to pass in review before them, stripped of those external advantages which while living had rendered them respected, and had cast a veil over their crimes.

ART. III.—*The Life, Times, and Characteristics of John Bunyan, Author of the Pilgrim's Progress.* By ROBERT PHILIP. Author of "The Life and Times of Whitefield;" "The Experimental Guides," &c. London: Virtue. 1839.

NEVER before did the tinker of Elstow, the author of the noblest and most instructive allegory that ever was imagined and composed by uninspired man, meet with such a cordial and congenial biographer and critical commentator as the present. We have perused the volume from beginning to end with unabated and ever-increasing delight. It may be that some captious reviewers will pronounce the author's manner and arrangement as being prolix, and insist that he has frequently and needlessly repeated himself and the same things. But for our part a much larger volume would have been welcome about John Bunyan, provided it continued to teem with such a variety and wealth of facts as well as comments by one who

has such a love and knowledge of his subject as Mr. Philip displays. It is not only a fine and enlightened enthusiasm which pervades every chapter and that distinguishes the book, but the reader cannot avoid concluding that the author has during the entire period of his life, ever since he was able to enjoy the spiritual dream that spell-binds every girl and boy, made the genius and history of John Bunyan his unceasing study. No research, no labour has been spared, either as regards local traditions scattered, and never before published documents, or a careful comparison of all that has been written concerning his hero, to place him living and life-like before us. And who is there, alive or dead, whose image one so delights to contemplate or that can be so vividly represented, so fondly identified, as the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, that whole-length portrait of Bunyan himself as Montgomery has pronounced it? In a happy hour Mr. Philip resolved to be the artist.

There have been many biographical notices of Bunyan, some of them by authors who stand high in the republic of letters,—Dr. Southey, for example. But the fact is as stated by Mr. Philip, that these productions have one and all only amounted to sketches and never to such a full analysis of his genius, his works, and career as to entitle any of them to the eminent designation, a life. Each has done little more than repeat the *old* facts with more or less grace. Besides, the most eminent of these writers have had few motives beyond such as are of a purely literary character to answer; a restriction, we regard as being the most unfortunate possible in the present case. What is John Bunyan if we disjoin from the great objects of his concern,—his *experiences* and his theology? He was one of the finest, and, in reference to comparatively small things, one of the most liberal of Dissenters, especially when the age in which he flourished is contemplated. He was one of the fairest and most consistent Calvinists in regard to the leading doctrines of religion that ever lived. Now, upon neither the subject of ecclesiastical government nor of faith has Dr. Southey, for instance, a due sympathy so as to have guided him to a full and perfectly candid appreciation of Bunyan. We once heard a venerable lady, and one of no mean discernment, declare that the Doctor was incapable of doing justice to the author of the *Pilgrim*, for that he did not understand his creed and practice. We are not pretending to offer any opinion upon the respective merits of different sects or characters; but we fearlessly assert that the want of tolerance and of sympathy to which we have made allusion, must act as a bar to a just appreciation of the entire character of any consistent religionist, and never surely more fatally than when one of the most sweeping and imaginative minds, and one of the most extraordinary mental experiences, are the subject of delineation and appreciation.

Now, whatever may be Mr. Philip's relative abilities in a literary

sense as compared with those of Dr. Southey, it must be confessed by every one who peruses the volume now before us, or any of his other numerous works, that they are of no mean order. Admit but that he can do justice to his own sentiments, and express them clearly, and we think he will be in regard to Bunyan or any other fervid and renowned Calvinist, a far more competent biographer, seeing that he himself is heart and soul a disciple of the Geneva-school, than any *littérateur* of much less stringent and enthusiastic principles and tendencies. It is this perfect sympathy, and the fearless as well as forcible manner in which he avows his opinions and enters into the experience of Bunyan, that has invested his work with such a charm in our estimation,—a work of intense love and protracted labour and investigation,—a work avowedly intended as much for the church as for the world; and, indeed, forming one in a series of the author's "Experimental Guides for the Perplexed and the Doubting."

Before calling the attention of our readers to some specimens, we have only further to state that our author entertains hopes that some of Bunyan's Remains, which have never been published, will be drawn from their secrecy by certain appeals which occur in the volume. For such treasures, he seems to look fully as confidently to the other side of the Atlantic as to this country. If any such exist, we cannot doubt of their being promptly forwarded to one who has already added so much that is new in this Life, and who has so ably and zealously illustrated what is old as well as what is novel. Let us add, that the present volume is to be followed by a standard family edition of the Pilgrim's Progress, from Bunyan's revised text; to be illustrated by old prints or new drawings of its local scenery, and with notes chiefly from his own pen; a reprint, which, it need not be feared by the editor or the publisher, will, after such a forerunner as the present, occupy a high station among the numberless impressions already existing.

Mr. Philip's vivid conceptions, and the pleasant gossip he frequently employs when detailing his conceptions and imaginings regarding Bunyan, may be judged of from what he says in the very first paragraph of his book, and where he describes his feelings when visiting Bedford to collect facts and impressions relative to his hero. On entering the town he seems to have associated everything with Bunyan, to enshrine anything with his Pilgrim—a proper and propitious state of mind for him who desired to do justice to the Glorious Dreamer. He says, "the town, indeed, did not seem to me 'the City of Destruction;' and the bridge was too good, and the water too clear to allow the river to be regarded as the 'Slough of Despond;' but it was hardly possible not to see Christian in every poor man who carried a burden, and Christiana in every poor woman who carried a market-basket in one hand, and led a

child with the other. One sweet-looking peasant girl, also, might have been Mercy's youngest sister. She would have been beautiful anywhere ; but she was enchanting upon the spot where Bunyan's Mercy (that finished portrait of female loveliness) had *walked and wept.*" It does not appear, however, that Mr. Philip discovered any one who could be taken for a representative or genuine copy of the Dreamer himself.

Every one who knows anything of Bunyan is aware of the wickedness of his youth, and of his early manhood, as also of the fierceness of his religious convictions,—of his protracted and diversified mental agonies,—of his contests with Satan, and of his final triumph and transcendent victory over all temptations and trials in the world. No romance was ever so wonderful or half so arresting, unless his splendid allegory, as his actual history. Perhaps nothing is more remarkable in it than the checks that struck his conscience during his blaspheming career ; and to a mind less nervously strung such appeals would have passed over him like the vagrant wind. For example, he says :—

" ' One day, as I was standing at a neighbour's shop-window, cursing and swearing, and playing the *mad-man*, after my wonted manner, there sat within the woman of the house, and heard me ; who, though she was a very loose ungodly *wretch*' (in this all the old accounts of her agree), yet protested, I swore and cursed at that most fearful rate, that she was made to tremble to hear me : and told me farther, that I was the ungodliest fellow for swearing that she ever heard in all her life ; and that I, by thus doing, was enough to spoil all the youth in the whole town, if they came but in my company.' "

A considerable time elapsed after this before he betook himself to a course of religious inquiry among a certain class of consistent professors, who were really eager to do him good ; but whose wisdom was not equal to their zeal. We copy some remarks in relation to this passage in his history :—

" Bunyan's friends, indeed, were all as ignorant of his malady as himself. They neither saw nor suspected any thing in his case, but temptation and the power of conscience ; and, accordingly, suggested nothing to him but spiritual consolation. This, of course, he both needed and deserved from them : but he needed also medical treatment, and more interesting employment than tinkering. I do not know that he was as poor a hand at mending old kettles, as CAREY was at making new shoes ; but he was as evidently out of his element. His craft gave neither pleasure nor play to his *sea-like* restlessness of mind, and but little bracing to his nerves, except when he was walking his rounds : and the clink of the hammer, and the rasp of the file, irritated them more than his exercise could counteract. He wanted, although he knew it not, something to *do*, which would have expended the surplus energy of his mind, or absorbed

his attention during the greater part of every day, or compelled him to think about others as well as himself. Had Gifford set him to teach the poor children of Elstow to read the Bible on the Sabbath evenings or mornings, as well as set him to the study of his own heart and experience, Bunyan would have *plunged* into the work, and thus lost sight of himself for the time, in the pleasure of doing good. But it is useless to regret now, except in order to warn others against thinking of themselves only, and against living only to think. We shall soon see that when Bunyan began to preach and write for the benefit of others, he soon got over his personal fears.

"One of his counsellors must have been a very weak man: for he gave in at once to the absurd fear, that Bunyan had 'sinned the sin against the Holy Ghost.' 'I told him all my case,' he says, 'and also, that I was afraid I had committed the unpardonable sin.' He said, he thought so too. Here, therefore, I had but *cold* comfort. And yet, this man was an 'antient Christian,' by report! Young as Bunyan was, however, he had sense enough to see that a man, who could take this for granted, so readily and coolly, was any thing but a wise man. 'Talking a little more with him,' he says, 'I found him, though a good man, a *stranger* to much combat with the devil. Wherefore I went again to God for mercy still, as well as I could.' "

Mr. Philip's views on the subject of Satanic agency will be read by every one that seeks not refuge in levity or scepticism with deep interest. But it is not for us to enter upon the subject. We may mention, however, that he strenuously resists that sort of philosophy that would interpret the language of Scripture otherwise than literally regarding the personality of the Devil. In some passages, we confess, he startled us in *mapping* out the *whereabouts* of the Spirit. We think the familiarity of expression sometimes applied might also be advantageously altered in a second edition.

We proceed to copy another passage illustrative of the Halls in which Bunyan studied divinity, and of some of the Doctors at whose feet he bent. The work of Luther, to be alluded to, was that celebrated one on the Galatians; its boldness and force appearing to suit the wandering Tinker's mind, as the production of a congenial nature. Very few were the books to which he had access, before he volumniously wrote himself. Had it been otherwise how much of his originality and his splendour would have been lost:—

"It should be for ever remembered, also, *where* Bunyan studied Luther and the Bible at this time. It was alternately in the *barns* where he slept on straw, and under the lonely trees where he rested himself. He 'watched for the morning,' upon a bed which had no attractions, when he awoke from his first sleep. Even the Sluggard would hardly have turned himself to slumber again amongst the sacking and litter of a Tinker's couch. For although Bunyan was now an honest man, and known as such in his rounds, the *barn* was his only dormitory, and the *corn-cloth* his only counterpane, and his own *wallet* stuffed with . . .

clothes, or a corn-sheaf, his only pillow. He rarely knew the luxury of a blanket, or even of a chaff bolster. It was from such couches he arose with the sun, to search the Scriptures, and to ponder Luther's paradoxes, whilst all nature was cool, and calm, and bright, around him. In like manner, when he rested during the heat of the day under the trees or the hedges, all his *cares* at this time only sent him to his Bible, whilst all his tastes enjoyed the scenery and the solitude.

"Much of the vividness of his conceptions arose from these circumstances. And then, he had just suffered so much at home, whilst brooding in silence over dark and daring thoughts, that both Nature and Revelation were almost new to him, when he resumed his communion with them in his old rounds."

There was one source of propitious influence, which Mr. Philip has in a most touching manner noticed and dwelt upon without striving to clothe it with an exaggerated and false character or mode of operation, to which we must make a passing reference; we mean that of his young and first wife. She was not competent to instruct her husband: but what she knew and could do was most affectionately and prudently bestowed.

The kind of sympathy and appreciation which our author manifests for his hero, to which we have already alluded, may be tested to a certain extent by the paragraphs we now quote:—

"Although no one's experience is exactly like Bunyan's, yet all who have had any experience of terror or temptation, of hope or fear, of agony or anguish, find something in his vicissitudes analogous to their own. The revolutions of his hopes and fears were indeed often abrupt, and always extreme; but they circled for ever around the question of his Eternal Salvation. It was for his Soul he feared when he was shaken with terrors: it was for his Soul he hoped when he shouted for joy. When he hung his harp upon the willows, it was because the hope of salvation had fallen into the dark waters of despair beneath; and when he took down that harp, it was because this hope had emerged from them again. For although he marked and felt the vicissitudes of his health and his family, he was absorbed chiefly by the varying aspects of Eternity.

"This is the real secret of our sympathy *for* him. It is a sympathy *with* him. Not, indeed, in all the depth of his woe, nor in all the height of his rapture: but, still, in the causes or springs of both. At the extremes of both hope and fear, he is beyond us. In the power of describing or expressing both, he is above us. His Harp when *muffled* is too sad for us; and when tuned to the Harps around the Throne, too loud or too sweet for the usual melody of our own hearts. But still, we feel it to be *alike true* to the fear of perishing, and to the hope of salvation. * *

"It was not by *accident*, however, that he said so much, nor that he had so much to say. God was training him to teach many, and therefore made him 'a wonder to many.' And he was just the man, so far as *mind* is concerned, to be thus selected for a sign to 'be wondered at:' for neither the great nor the wise can question his genius, and the poor will sympathize with his mean origin for ever. No class can doubt his perfect sincerity.

and all classes must feel his matchless power. Like the sun, he reveals himself by his own light, and reaches the meridian by his own strength ; so far as human help is concerned. He owes little to circumstances, and still less to education, for what he became as a thinker or a writer. He was *born*, not *made* an allegorical Poet in prose."

Again :—

"It was just in a mind of this order, that a public manifestation of the power of Conscience could be made with effect. The terrors of a weak mind, or even of an ordinary mind, are easily ascribed to intellectual weakness: but when Conscience overpowers an acute understanding, and saddens a spirit at once buoyant and mighty, and makes a creative genius create only visions of horror and despair, we are compelled to pause and ask, what must conscience be, seeing it can thus master all the other powers of the mind; and without deranging them, turn each of them into a conscience, or make them all parts of itself? It is this fact that *flames* in the example of Bunyan. We see the man who had an eye for all that is lovely, and an ear for all that is sweet, and a heart for all that is sublime in Nature, so bowed down under a sense of guilt, unworthiness, and danger, that he can neither speak nor look up; neither eat nor sleep!

"We need a sight of this kind, on many accounts. We do not naturally suspect, and are not willing to believe, that Conscience can thus bleed or burn, except when it is laden with unusual or unutterable crimes. We can hardly admit, in our own case, that we *could* be brought thus low, or be stretched on this rack. And, happily, it is not necessary that we should be either racked or bowed down as he was. It is, however, both necessary and desirable, that we should be fully aware of what an inflamed conscience can inflict upon mind and body. We do not understand 'the wrath to come,' until we understand the power of Conscience in some measure, either from feeling or observation. God has, therefore, *exemplified*, in a man universally known and admired, the gnawings of the Worm which dieth not, and the heat of unquenchable fire, just that we may appreciate the mercy of more *gentle* awakenings, and not provoke Him to make or let conscience do its worst: for its *worst* could make any man a terror to himself, and to all around him!"

Bunyan escaped from the furnace,—was imprisoned on account of his non-conformity for many years in Bedford jail, where he wrote many works, solaced himself as a true poet and a noble Christian, and supported a poor family by the labour of his hands,—a blind daughter often reclining by his side, while he *tagged* stay-laces which his wife and his poor girl made and sold. We have not been more deeply rivetted upon reading any of the numerous divisions of the "Life and Times" than the chapter which treats of his "Prison Amusements." Others, such as that in which are given the pleadings of his Second Wife, before Sir Mathew Hale and certain far less decorous or merciful judges, like another Arria or Lady Russel, must draw magnanimous tears from the reading world; but we think that Mr. Philip, with a taste as fine, a sympathy as

perfect, and a hand as dexterous as Southey, or any living *littérateur* has ever displayed, gives us a true sight of his hero in prison. He appears to us to step into his stead with an uncovered head but dignified composure, as if he had an assurance that he could stand in his presence as a younger brother. We must cull a passage or two from these "Amusements," and then shut the book;—for a volume, extending to six hundred pages, must be summarily dealt with by us, considering its proportions when religion is its staple. We now cite some fragments,—*amazing* ones. Behold the amusements:—

"Bunyan's chief *enjoyment* in prison, next to his high communion with God and Heaven, was the composition of his Pilgrim's Progress. That work was the *only* one of his joys, which he allowed neither stranger nor friend to intermeddle with. He kept it 'a fountain *sealed*,' from all his family and fellow prisoners, until it was completed. Dunn, or Wheeler, or Coxe, or any other companion, might hear a page, or obtain a peep, of any of his other works, whilst they were planning or in progress;—but the Pilgrim was for no eye nor ear but his own, until he '*awoke* out of his dream.' He never once, during all that dream, '*talked* in his sleep.'

"This fact has never been noticed, so far as I recollect, by any of his Biographers or Critics, although he himself states it strongly. He says expressly of the Pilgrim's Progress,

'Manner and matter too were all my own,
Nor was it unto *any Mortal known*,
Till I had done it.'

Preface.

It was thus, most likely, written whilst his companions were fast asleep, or before they got up in the morning. And if so, this will partly account for that *passionate* love of sunrise, and his grief at sunset, which runs through his poetry, in the 'Divine Emblems;' as well as for his frequent sonnets about his *Candles*, when a fall or a fly injured them. * *

"Bunyan's amusements in prison were all literary. He had nothing but his pen wherewith to cheat or cheer his sad hours. The only thing in the form of a *comfort* in his cell, apart from his Bible, Concordance, and Book of Martyrs, was a Rose-bush; and of it he was so fond, that it seems to have been sent to him as a memorial of old friendship.

'This homely Bush doth to mine eyes expose,
A very fair, yea comely, ruddy rose.
This rose doth *always* bow its head to me,
Saying, 'Come pluck me; I *thy* rose will be.'

But whilst he thus complimented it upon its beauty, and its seeming good will towards him, he also quarrelled with it playfully at times, because it pricked his fingers.

'Yet,—offer I to gather rose or bud,
'Tis ten to one, but Bush will have my blood.
Bush!—why dost bear a rose, if none must have it?
Why thus expose it, yet *claw* those that crave it?

Art become *freakish*? Dost the Wanton play?
 Or doth thy *testy* humour tend this way?
 This looks like a *trepan*, or a decoy,
 To offer, and yet *snap*, who would enjoy;

Vol. ii. p. 971.

When Bunyan wrote this, the word *trepan* had a very emphatic meaning. Trepanners was the name of the *Olivers* and *Castles* of these times; and although none of them had tampered with him, he knew well what Crowther had done, and what Evan Price had suffered, in Lancashire.

"Besides his Rose-Bush and Sand-Glass, and a Spider he became acquainted with at the window, Bunyan had nothing to *divert* his lonely hours, except what he could see upon the road or the river, through the iron gratings, on market days. * * *

"But the study of Solomon's Temple was Bunyan's chief relaxation: for although his poetry amused him, it also wearied him; because he could not *rhyme* so fast as he reasoned. Spiritualizing in prose was his *hobby*, when he had done with his hard work.

"We have seen enough of Bunyan's 'vein' already, in his accidental and unconscious allegorizing, to whet our curiosity for his deliberate efforts. The man who wrote the Pilgrim and the Holy War, in what Montgomery well calls, 'Allegory so perfect as to hide itself like light, whilst revealing through its colourless and undistorting medium all beside,' was sure to place other truths in the same light. Indeed, it was by trying his hand often at brief spiritualizations, that he became master of lengthened and continuous allegory. He improved himself by *amusing* himself."

We are afraid some of our readers may deem that this rapidly written notice and unusual recommendation of a new thick octavo savours of favouritism. Let those who entertain such a fancy peruse the work, and judge for themselves. We confess that we have been unusually impressed with the production, and have felt more than literature or fashionable criticism to be at stake in reviewing it; and therefore we congratulate the public fully as much as we do the author upon its appearance.

ART. IV.—*Correspondence of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham*. Vol. II.
 London: Murray. 1838.

IF we do not obtain much new light in regard to the cast of Chatham's exalted character or of the grasp of mind and decisive tone of the great Statesman in the present volume, yet whatever favourable and admiring interest we may have been led to entertain of him in consequence of the disclosures made in the earlier portion of the *Correspondence*, or from general history, is here fully supported and in a variety of ways delightfully illustrated. There come also before us several new actors and correspondents, at the same time that some of those who previously made their appearance are more plainly drawn out. The political drama, in fact, at a critical and peculiar era in the national history, bravely proceeds, part---

individuals assuming more distinctive as well as more complete development.

The Correspondence extends from, or rather commences in 1757, and goes into 1766, including, perhaps, the most interesting and characteristic period of Chatham's public life; for besides the various negotiations resorted to with the view of acquiring his co-operation without yielding to his supremacy and dictation, after Lord Bute and other imbeciles found themselves unable to guide the helm of the State, we have him previously, that is, from 1757 to 1760, towering in all his strength, the commanding genius in the House of Commons, and his influence as well as popularity everywhere unbounded. Then there falls within the outlined period, the expulsion of Wilkes, discussions and decisions relative to general warrants, with various events in the fortunes of Pitt himself. In so far, however, as the Correspondence can be traced to his own pen, it is during several years of the included space meagre, and frequently fragmentary. But many of the other letters come most opportunely and agreeably to the reader's aid, although on more occasions than one the information or the characteristic notices stop at a point beyond which some most desired light seems ready to burst forth. One would suppose that the hero of the volume had been for the most part wary not merely as regarded his written but his verbal disclosures, as if his deeds and decisions were to be his historians and the chroniclers of his thoughts. Had it not, indeed, been for the careful, accurate, and numerous notes of the Editors, Mr. Taylor and Capt. Pringle, the deficiencies noticed must have been felt to be much greater than they are; the hints, connecting links, and apt illustrations furnished by these gentlemen, raising the highest opinion of their judgment and their industry.

In resorting to some of the documents here published, with the view of selecting them for our readers, we shall avoid as much as possible such matter as might tempt us to expend words on great political events which have engaged much diversity of opinion. Thus the Seven Years' War, and the great American question, will be passed over. Then as regards the *variety* which we will endeavour to cull, there shall be little attention paid to consecutiveness of date or even to union of subject; our principal object being to let Pitt and some of his contemporaries be fairly seen; the former both in his domestic and public character, as well as in regard to his judgment, his temper, and his treatment of correspondents, coming out with all the might and the dignity of a gigantic mind.

One of the most able correspondents that appear in the present volume is a Mr. Nuthall, an eminent solicitor, who transacted Pitt's private business for a number of years. We must find room for one of his letters, which was addressed to Lady Chatham, and concerned a Lord Mayor's day, after her husband had resigned in 1761. It is dated the 12th November of that year, and runs thus:—

“ When I wrote my last note to your ladyship, I had heard but little concerning the triumphal entry into the city on Lord Mayor’s Day. It now comes out, that a party of bruisers, with George Stephenson, the one-eyed fighting coachman, at their head, had been hired to attend the chariot which contained the blazing comet and the new Chancellor of the Exchequer* (which last, it seems, has undertaken to raise the supplies for the next year by a tax upon wild ducks), and to procure shouts and acclamations from the mob. By the time the procession, which moved but slowly, had got into St. Paul’s Church-yard, these fellows had halloed themselves hoarse, and it had been given out that Mr. Pitt was in the chariot, by which means, they had artfully obtained the mob to join them : but, on the east side of St. Paul’s Church-yard, some knowing hand stepped up, and looking full at the idol, pronounced, with a fine hoarse audible voice, ‘ by G—d, this is not Pitt; this is Bute, and be damned to him;’ (I beg pardon of your ladyship for writing such words ; but historians ought to tell facts as they happened.) Upon this, the tide took another turn ; and the bruisers’ lungs being worn out, the shouts from the independent mobility were instantly converted into hisses, accompanied with a few vulgar sayings, as ‘ D—n all Scotch rogues !’ ‘ No Bute !’—‘ No Newcastle salmon !’—‘ Pitt for ever !’—By the time they reached Cheapside, it was discovered there were some bruisers hired for protectors ; this gave still greater offence, and then they began to be more outrageous ; and on the turn into King-street, an attack began on the coachman and footman behind with dirt, some of which found its way into the chariot, and very much altered the colour of the new chancellor’s ruffles ; for it fixed on him only. Before they arrived at Guildhall, the bruisers were almost bruised to death themselves. Stephenson had been obliged to retire under the chariot, and was with great difficulty got into Guildhall Coffee-house in great disgrace and stamped under feet. It was with no small labour the chariot got up to the gate of Guildhall, where the constables and peace-officers, being numerous, prevented further mischief : but had there been a furlong further to go, the mob would certainly have cut the harnesses in pieces, and probably gone to greater extremity. At night, his lordship took the opportunity to get into the Lord Chancellor’s state coach, and went away with him, and by that means got home quietly ; but I have not yet heard how he rested.

“ I am, Madam, your most obedient servant,

“ T. NUTHALL.”

We gather from a note that Nuthall was appointed solicitor to the Treasury in 1765 ; but that on returning from Bath, ten years afterwards, he was attacked by a highwayman on Hounslow Heath, who, on his demands not being complied with, fired into the carriage. Mr. N. returned the fire, and, it was thought, wounded the man, for he rode off precipitately. On arriving at the inn at Hounslow he wrote a description of the fellow to Sir John Fielding ; but had scarcely closed the letter, when he expired.

* Lord Barrington.

The methods taken, and the results at the time, viz., in 1763, by the King as well as Bute, to induce Pitt to take office, we fear are not exactly creditable to the sincerity of either of the negotiators. His Majesty seems on more occasions than one to have resorted to tricks upon emergencies, that he might throw the responsibility off his own shoulders upon others; and the favourite, there can be little doubt, was intriguing enough to resort to factious means to thwart unwelcome measures so long as absolute necessity did not press. But let us see what was the nature of the negotiations alluded to, as described by the Earl of Hardwicke, in a letter to his son, Lord Royston. He says,—

“ I have heard the whole from the Duke of Newcastle, and on Friday morning *de source* from Mr. Pitt. It is as strange as it is long; for I believe it is the most extraordinary transaction that ever happened in any court in Europe, even in times as extraordinary as the present. It began, as to the substance, by a message from my Lord Bute to Mr. Pitt at Hayes, through my Lord Mayor, to give him the meeting privately at some third place. This his lordship (Lord Bute) afterwards altered by a note from himself, saying, that as he loved to do things openly, he would come to Mr. Pitt's house in Jermyn Street in broad daylight. They met accordingly, and Lord Bute, after the first compliments, frankly acknowledged that his ministry could not go on, and that the King was convinced of it, and therefore he (Lord B.) desired that Mr. Pitt would open himself frankly and at large, and tell him his ideas of things and persons with the utmost freedom. After much excuse and hanging back, Mr. Pitt did so with the utmost freedom indeed, though with civility. Lord Bute heard with great attention and patience; entered into no defence; but at last said, ‘ If these are your opinions, why should you not tell them to the King himself, who will not be unwilling to hear you?—’ How can I, my lord, *presume to go to the King, who am not of his council, nor in his service, and have no pretence to ask an audience?* The presumption would be too great!’—‘ But, suppose his Majesty should order you to attend him, I presume, Sir, you would not refuse it.’ ‘ *The King's command would make it my duty, and I should certainly obey it.*’ This was on last Thursday se'night. On the next day (Friday) Mr. Pitt received from the King *an open note unsealed*, requiring him to attend his Majesty on Saturday noon, at the Queen's palace in the Park. In obedience thereto, Mr. Pitt went on Saturday at noon-day through the Mall in his gouty chair, the boot of which (as he said himself) makes it as much known as if his name was writ upon it, to the Queen's palace. He was immediately carried into the closet; received very graciously; and his Majesty began in like manner as his *quondam* favourite had done, by ordering him to tell him his opinion of things and persons at large, and with the utmost freedom; and I think did in substance make the like confession, that he thought his present ministers could not go on. The audience lasted three hours, and Mr. Pitt went through the whole, upon both heads, more fully than he had done to Lord Bute, but with great complaisance and *douceur* to the King; and his Majesty gave him a very gracious *accueil*, and heard him with great patience and attention. And Mr. Pitt

affirms that, in general, and upon the most material points, he appeared by his manner, and many of his expressions, to be convinced. Mr. Pitt went through the infirmities of the peace; the things necessary, and hitherto neglected, to improve and preserve it: the present state of the nation, both foreign and domestic; the great Whig families and persons who had been driven from his Majesty's council and service, which it would be for his interest to restore. In doing this, he repeated many names; upon which his Majesty told him there was pen, ink, and paper, and he wished he would write them down. Mr. Pitt humbly excused himself, saying, *that* would be too much for him to take upon him, and he might, upon his memory, omit some material persons; which might be subject to imputation. The King still said he liked to hear him, and bid him go on; but said, now and then, that his honour must be consulted; to which Mr. Pitt answered in a very courtly manner. His Majesty ordered him to come again on Monday; which he did, to the same place, and in the same public manner."

Monday came, and now for the catastrophe:—

"The King received Mr. Pitt equally graciously; and that audience lasted near two hours. The King began, that he had considered of what had been said, and talked still more strongly of his honour. His Majesty then mentioned Lord Northumberland for the treasury, still proceeding upon the supposition of a change. To this Mr. Pitt hesitated an objection, that certainly Lord Northumberland might be considered, but that he should not have thought of him for the treasury. His Majesty then mentioned Lord Halifax for the treasury. Mr. Pitt said, 'Suppose your Majesty should think fit to give his Lordship the paymaster's place?' The King replied, 'But, Mr. Pitt, I had designed that for poor George Grenville; he is your near relation and you once loved him.' To this the only answer made was a low bow. And now here comes the bait. 'Why,' says his Majesty, 'should not Lord Temple have the treasury? You go on then very well!'—'Sir, the person whom you shall think fit to favour with the chief conduct of your affairs cannot possibly go on without a treasury connected with him; but that alone will do nothing. It cannot be carried on without the great families who have supported the Revolution government, and other great persons of whose abilities and integrity the public have had experience, and who have weight and credit in the nation. I should only deceive your Majesty, if I should leave you in an opinion that I could go on, and your Majesty make a solid administration, on any other foot!'—'Well, Mr. Pitt, I see (or I fear) this won't do. My honour is concerned, and I must support it! *Et sic finita est fabula. Vos valete*; but I cannot with a safe conscience, add *et plaudite*.'"

Between the time of Lord Bute's succeeding to office soon after the accession of George the Third, and the year 1766, Mr. Pitt generally lived in retirement, and very seldom took an active share even in the debates of Parliament. He seems to have entertained not only decided opinions in regard to the incapacity of his various official successors, but to have looked upon the condition and prospects of the nation with the greatest alarm. Nothing which he

could do in opposition or when out of power was likely to lead to a more speedy amendment and change of measures, or to an earlier resignation of imbeciles, than by remaining aloof. The state of his health, too, during the period of his consigning himself to private life was infirm, his usual tormentor the gout holding frequently the mastery. But see to what a pitch the nation had been brought according to Lord Chesterfield's estimate, as given in February, 1766:—

“ Perhaps you expect from me a particular account of the present state of affairs ; but if you do, you will be disappointed, for no man living knows what it is ; it varies not only daily but hourly. Most people think, and I amongst the rest, that the date of the present ministers is pretty nearly out ; but how soon we are to have a new style God knows. (The date of the ministers was out in July.) This, however, is certain that the other day they lost a question in the House of Lords by three. The question was, to enforce the execution of the Stamp Act in the Colonies *vi et armis*. What conclusion you will draw from these premises, I do not know. I protest I draw none, but only stare at the present undecipherable state of affairs, which, in fifty years' experience, I have never seen anything like.”

The noble writer goes on to say, that, whether the obnoxious act be repealed or not, it must so deeply exasperate the Americans as most perniciously to injure our trade with them ; and he predicts that for years the manufacturers at home will be driven to starvation and, in consequence, to tumults and sedition. Is it not striking when we find the history of our cotton trade and manufactures, at least for many years past, continually confuting the prediction of his lordship, and our progress always at a wonderfully rapid rate of increase ?

We have already stated that we will eschew the great American question, upon which Chatham shone in an unrivalled manner. We merely quote part of a speech on the subject ; for the report, though it may be imperfect, is most welcome, seeing that at the period parliamentary debates were not published. The reader, however, will find himself to be indebted for several specimens in the present volume, furnished by letters from “ single-speech Hamilton.” The particular passage referred to is in these terms :—

“ There is an idea in some, that the colonies are virtually represented in this House. I would fain know by whom an American is represented here ? Is he represented by any knight of the shire in any county in this kingdom ? Would to God that respectable representation was augmented to a greater number ! Or will you tell him that he is represented by any representative of a borough—a borough which, perhaps, its own representative never saw ? This is what is called ‘ the rotten part of the constitution.’ It cannot continue a century ; if it does not drop, it must be amputated. The idea of a virtual representation of America in the House, is the most contemptible idea that ever entered into the head of man ; it does not deserve a serious refutation.”

From certain notes in Mr. Mitchell's correspondence, some insight is afforded as to the conduct of certain members as they figured in Parliament at the time, and of the manner in which they carried themselves to Pitt. Thus :—

" Yesterday, when the report was made from the committee, and Mr. Pitt was not present, a new attack was made upon him by some members who had not spoken the day before. Colonel Barré, whom Lord Shelburne brought into parliament, renewed the debate with unusual warmth, making use of expressions extremely harsh, such as that of a ' profligate minister,' and the ' execration of the people of England.' He was censured by Charles Townsend and Mr. Beckford."

Barré, it is further stated, had not sat two days in the house before he attacked Mr. Pitt. We quote a specimen of his philippics. The reporter says,—

" Talking of the manner of Mr. Pitt's speaking, he said, ' There he would stand, turning up his eyes to heaven, that witnessed his perjuries, and laying his hand in a solemn manner upon the table, that sacrilegious hand that had been employed in tearing out the bowels of his mother country !' Would you think that Mr. Pitt would hear this and be silent ; or would you think that the house would suffer a respectable member to be thus treated ? Yet so it was."

Barré is said to have been a soldier of fortune ; and of mean extraction. His parents were from France, and were established, through the patronage of the Bishop of Clogher, in a little grocer's shop in Dublin. Being a young man of parts the son was noticed, pushed forward, and at length brought into parliament by Lord Shelburne. That he had sufficient assurance of himself to allow his talents to be known, may be safely inferred from his early attack on Pitt, who was well able to preserve and regulate judiciously his personal dignity. At the same time no man was more capable nor more pithy when he deemed it proper to give his opinion of individuals. See what was at last his estimate of the Duke of Newcastle, one of the earliest and most constant of his political acquaintances, as expressed in 1765 to George Cooke, Member for Middlesex, and whom the Duke was urgent should *second the address*. Cooke consulted Pitt on the subject, and was answered in the following terms :—

" My dear Sir,—Truly sensible of the many proofs of your kind friendship, I will venture to do what I generally wish to avoid even when asked, that is, obey your commands in offering my advice to you upon the matters you propose. I confess it appears to me that nothing would be less suited to your situation, or your opinions of men, than to be held out to the world as connected with the Duke of Newcastle ; who, in my poor judgment, will render impossible any solid system for the settlement of this distracted

country, as long as his Grace's influence predominates. What his Grace proposes to you is nothing but a little artifice to hold out to the public an appearance of connexion *where* he knows he has none, and *I know* he never shall have any. When his Grace does me the honour to say that anything is 'exactly conformable to *my ideas*,' he is pleased to use the name of a man who has never communicated his ideas to the Duke of Newcastle upon the present state of affairs; and who is finally resolved never to be in confidence or concert again with his Grace. Whenever my ideas, in their true and *exact* dimensions, reach the public, I will lay them before the world myself.

"In the mean time, be assured, my dear Sir, that I do not form the least wish to withhold you, or any friend, from taking any step your own judgment or inclination may lead to. I only mean, being asked my thoughts, to say frankly, that I shall never depart from the principles and systems of measures in which I have been so often sacrificed by the Duke of Newcastle, nor accede to his Grace's Ministry, because he occasionally is pleased to adopt in words, and to mar in effect, any parts of that system which he has first subverted. My paper grows full, and a folio would not be too large to tell you with what affectionate esteem

"I am ever, dear Sir, most faithfully yours, WILLIAM PITT."

On occasions his rebukes were as keen and cutting as they were elegantly conceived. A fine instance is to be found in a fragment, containing part of a reply to Warburton, who had been raised to the Bench of Bishops by Pitt himself. It is dated September, 1763, when the promoter was, of course, not in office. The churchman first butters Pitt very copiously, and expresses many thanks to him; all which must have been intended to soothe the statesman before coming to the information that he, the Bishop, joined by his clergy, had signed an address to the King on occasion of the *Peace*, lately before concluded, declaring their gratitude for that which was "the greatest blessing, in the estimation of ministers of the gospel,"—deeming it their duty, at the same time, "to show some regard" to their royal master. The fragment we quote is stated to be from a draught in Mr. Pitt's handwriting. It is to the following significant tune:—

"My Lord,—In addition to many former marks of your Lordship's goodness to me, I am honoured with a fresh and very unmerited instance of your regard, in the favour of a letter of the 4th, from Prior Park. Your Lordship's condescension on so delicate a subject is indeed much too great, in taking the trouble to mention to me the motives which determined you to advise and draw up the address from the Cathedral of Gloucester.

"The high station, and still higher consideration, which your Lordship so deservedly holds in the world, together with the peculiar delicacy of the subject, must draw on me the charge of temerity if I presumed to exercise my own judgment on the propriety of this step. I will venture to observe, my Lord, that it is singular, insomuch that the Cathedral of Gloucester, which certainly does not stand alone in true duty and wise zeal towards his Majesty, has, however, the fate not to be imitated by

any other episcopal see in the kingdom, in this unaccustomed effusion of fervent gratulations on the peace.

“Your Lordship will please to observe, that the doubt I venture to suggest, in point of propriety, turns, not on the merits of the peace concerning which no one is more able than your Lordship to judge, but rests singly on a general notion, which I imbibed early, and which reflection and experience have strengthened into a fixed opinion in my mind; and it is this, my Lord, that the purposes of the state will be as well served, and that Christianity, of which your Lordship justly observes war to be the opprobrium, will surely be served much better, when the clergy do not—”

In a note we read—“the remainder of this letter has, unfortunately, not been preserved.”

We have still a heavier smasher to offer in the shape of teaching and rebuke. But unless the letter, to which it is an answer, be read in full, the reproof and the noble patriotic lesson which Pitt's sentences carry, cannot be appreciated or adequately admired. The Rev. Paul Shenton thus writes to the statesman :—

“Hartlipp, near Chatham, December 4, 1764.

“Honoured Sir,—I am a clergyman, and a sincere well-wisher to the glorious society in Albemarle Street, and to all Mr. Pitt's friends and party. I have often had thoughts of making my wishes known to Mr. Pitt, but have hitherto been deterred by the fear and awe of approaching so great a name. I have at length broke through my natural timidity, and have ventured in this manner to let the glorious minority know, they have many friends in secret. My intention of intruding upon your time, is this. In my two parishes I can procure eight or nine votes; and in the neighbourhood I may venture to say I could procure twenty. I belong to a club of gentlemen, some of whom have votes, and all sincere partisans of Mr. Pitt. Our intention is to bring in at the election for the county some gentleman of your party; that is, the party of honour and virtue. If Mr. Wilkes returns to England by the time of the election, and if you would honour us so far as to send down that able statesman, I sincerely believe that the county in general would elect him for his own and your sake. If it is incompatible with Mr. Wilkes's affairs to represent the county, I dare be bold to say, that the county will make choice of any one you will recommend. I have some thoughts of writing a pamphlet to exhort the people of England to repeal the union act. This book I should be extremely glad of dedicating to Lord Chief Justice Pratt; or, if I could have your permission of dedicating it to yourself, I should think myself superlatively happy. In this little pamphlet I have traced the union from the time that Edward the First conquered Scotland, and shall point out, *honesto oalamo*, all the miseries and disgraces England has suffered, since she has been united to that barren province. I have nothing more to add, but to ask your pardon for this great freedom. I am, honourable Sir, your most obedient, most humble servant,

PAUL SHENTON.”

" Mr. Pitt to the Rev. Paul Shenton.

[From a draught in Lady Chatham's handwriting.]

" Hayes, December 8, 1764.

" Sir,—Having received a letter signed with the name to which I direct this, I cannot defer a moment expressing my astonishment and concern, that one of your rank, a clergyman, could so misconceive of me, as to imagine that I countenanced libels, because I disapproved part of the methods of proceeding relating to them. Let me undeceive you, Sir, by telling you, that no well-wisher of mine, which you are so good as to say you are, can have led you into this error. I have ever abhorred such odious and dangerous writings; and in the late unhappy instance of the *North Briton*, no man concurred more heartily than I did in condemning and branding so licentious and criminal a paper. Next, as to a pamphlet, which you say you have thoughts of writing, to exhort the people of England to repeal the act of union, and which you wish to dedicate to me, or to the great magistrate you mention;—know, Sir, that I revere the union, as the main foundation of the strength and security of this island; that it was the great object of our immortal deliverer, King William; that France may wish to dissolve it, but that all good Englishmen will ever maintain it inviolate. You will, I doubt not, accept, in good part, this free, but not unuseful admonition to misguided zeal; and if you really favour me with your good wishes, you will be glad to understand me aright. Be assured then, Sir, that I disdain and detest faction, as sincerely as I reverence and love the laws, rights, privileges, and honour of my country. I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM PITT.

" P.S.—This letter to you may serve for all who, like you, are so widely mistaken concerning me."

In no capacity or sphere does our hero appear to better advantage as a man than as a husband and a parent. His affections have the charm of simplicity and purity about them joined to intensity and tenderness. For example, he thus writes to his lady on July 2nd, 1761:—

" My dearest Life,—I have gone through the labours of the *corps diplomatique* from ten this morning till past two, and am not at all the worse for the sweat of my brow. I have just received an epistle from Pam, with a continuation of good accounts from the nursery. All are in perfect health. I propose to see them to-morrow evening, and to devote Saturday to children and to hay-making; and I hope Sunday will prove a day of rest from business—a day of impatience but of a sweeter kind, it is sure to prove, big with the dear expectation of receiving again my delight and comfort on Monday. The enclosed note to Lord Temple you will be so good as to deliver to him. My compliments to all. Your ever loving husband.

W. PITT."

Pam was the familiar name of Mrs. Sparry, a faithful and attached servant, who, in the capacity of nurse, brought up all the children.

We must find room for another of these conjugal effusions:—

“ Bath, Monday Night, Nov. 18, 1765.

“ Thank Heaven that I am able to hold a pen, and tell my love the feats I have this day performed. I have visited the fair down of Claverton, with all its piny forests, and have drunk one glass of water as I returned, sitting in my coach of state, in Stall Street. Hitherto all goes prosperously with my bodily concerns; so that I have no pain, worth mentioning, but that of being separated from my kind love, and not seeing five little faces, which formed round her a group, which sums all delight—all which my heart can taste. It is, indeed, a pleasure to think that I am writing what will give my dearest life pleasure, and help to make the hours of separation more easy and comfortable. It rains civilities upon me here, from various quarters; and, to my own sense of things, only renders my situation more unaccountable, not to say ridiculous. But no more of this—

‘ Who sees not Providence all kind and wise,
Alike in what it grants, and what denies?’

The Hoods are pretty well. The captain and Mr. James Grenville, as also Mr. Mayor, are all that I have opened my doors to. Many, I find, are enough disposed to take a view of me; whether from mere curiosity to see a strange new creature, viz., a leader whom nobody follows, or any other reason why, I do not conjecture. I must now, my life, draw to a conclusion; for my hand admonishes me not to be too bold. Kisses upon kisses to the little children.—Your ever-loving husband, W. PITT.”

We now quote a specimen of what was written to the illustrious statesman by his admirers. The document contains a variety of matter, none of which is trifling or uninteresting :—

“ *Lord Cardross to Mr. Pitt.*

“ Walcot, near Bath, June 19, 1766.

“ Accept, my dear sir, from a friend who has the most unfeigned affection and respect for you, these few lines; in return for which, all I ask is to have the honour of a card from yourself or Lady Chatham, to inform me how your most valuable health has been since you left Bath. My dear father has been greatly indisposed of late, and is, at present, confined to his bed by a fever. His brother-in-law, Sir James Steuart, has been with him,—an unfortunate person, by one false step taken, even against his true principles very early in life, but a man of consummate sagacity, great experience, and profound learning. He is about to present to the republic of letters, next winter, a work of great utility, which has cost him twenty years’ application, upon the principles of political economy. I have perused part of it, and I know it will afford Mr. Pitt great pleasure, and me great instruction. This ingenious uncle of mine told me one day, in conversation, that, after having lived fifty years, and gone through almost all the geographical and literary world, three things only had surmounted his most sanguine expectations,—the amphitheatre at Verona, the church of St. Peter’s at Rome, and Mr. Pitt in the House of Commons. A brother of mine is just arrived from our colonies of East and West Florida, and gives me but a very unfavourable account of the capabilities of those countries. He brought me, likewise, a curious account of a negro conqueror, who has subdued a great part of Africa lying near our settlements, and has occasioned the building of

our new fort on that coast. He carries eight Arabic secretaries, who record his feats in that language. My brother has also conversed with Commodore Byron's officers, and confirms the accounts of the Patagonian giants. I was much delighted by the accounts of the Duke of Grafton's spirited apology in the House of Lords. It appears to me to have been such a testimony as I should have wished to have given in that assembly.—I am, with the most sincere regard and respect, your most faithful and obedient servant,

CARDROSS."

We jump back several years for our last extract, and to glean a curious letter from the British representative at Berlin, Mr. Mitchell. He writes thus to Lord Holderness, the foreign secretary, in March 1760 :—

"Two days ago, happening to dine with the King of Prussia alone, I took the liberty to observe, that some late letter his Prussian majesty had written, which had fallen into the French minister's hands, seemed to have given great offence. His Prussian majesty replied, 'I have wrote no letter but to Voltaire.' I ventured to say, 'perhaps your majesty may have in that letter made use of some strong expressions with regard to the Duke of Choiseul,' he answered, 'No, I think I made use of this proverbial praise, that the Duke was possessed by ten millions of Austrian devils;' that as to the rest, he had told Voltaire he would keep to his alliance with England, and that if the French had a mind for peace, they must speak out plainly; and he said that this letter to Voltaire was an answer to one he had received from him, in which Voltaire had assured him, that the French ministry were perfectly well disposed towards a peace. I think it proper to acquaint your lordship minutely with every circumstance concerning this affair, which I wish may agree with the accounts received from other parts: but I cannot help adding that the King of Prussia's correspondence with Voltaire has, on this and on former occasions, given me some uneasiness and suspicions; for I believe the court of France make use of the artful pen of Voltaire to draw secrets from the King of Prussia; and when that prince writes as a wit to a wit, he is capable of great indiscretions. But what surprises me still more is, that whenever Voltaire's name is mentioned, his Prussian majesty never fails to give him the epithets he may deserve; which are, 'The worst heart and greatest rascal now living;' yet with all this he continues to correspond with him. Such in this prince, is the lust of praise from a great and elegant writer; in which, however, he will at last be the dupe; for, by what I hear of Voltaire's character, he may dissemble, but never can nor even will forgive the King of Prussia for what has passed between them."

Having been brought down by the present volume to 1766, in the July of which Mr. Pitt arranged his new ministry, and to a period so eventful in the history of this country and of America, we may expect to find in the next correspondence and documents that are regularly to follow, materials of unsurpassed importance and interest.

ART. V.—*Germany, Bohemia, and Hungary, visited in 1837.* By the Rev. G. B. GLEIG, M. A., Chaplain of Chelsea Hospital. 3 Vols. London: Parker. 1839.

MR. GLEIG, together with his family, left England in the spring of 1837 for the continent; ill health, and, we have no doubt, inclination and curiosity, prompting one so accustomed as the popular author is to travel and to foreign scenes, to add to the range of his experience and extend the field of his observation. They arrived at Hamburg, and thence proceeded to Berlin, Dresden, and Schandau, a pleasure place for summer visitants among the picturesque mountains that stretch between Saxony and Bohemia. Here all of the family took up their abode, but the author himself and his son. The pair then bent their steps in a variety of ways, often as pedestrians, visiting far distant territories, some of them hardly ever before traversed by English tourists; for Mr. Gleig is an old campaigner, and can *rough* it with ever a veteran on the pension or the half-pay list. Indeed, for anything we can see, had not paramount duty and affection been more than a match for his curiosity, or had not the state of the Exchequer admonished, he might have been pilgrimizing it in search of new marvels to this day, and thus providing, to fill with equally agreeable materials, several volumes besides those at present under review.

As it is, the work before us is a valuable addition to our stock of travels; for though it does not throw a vast deal of novel light upon the Germanic people and empire, it yet, in an agreeable and easy manner, like that of one fully competent to the task, treats of the great features of the great territorial divisions and provinces of the regions traversed. There is much that is grave, with a due admixture of what is light, in these volumes; the writer, though uniformly possessing remarkable equanimity, being never otherwise than lively: sound sense, the results of long reflection, the fruits of a close study of men and things, and the freedom and candour of a man who has made up his mind on the principal concerns of life, stamp the work.

Mr. Gleig's route and traversings in countries that have often been visited and written about, were frequently along bye-ways; the unencumbered condition of the tourist, and his disregard about the niceties of board and lodging, being excellently adapted to the ends sought. We have to regret, however, that in several countries described, he was so ignorant of the language of the people as to have been prevented from learning or sympathizing more than one who had nothing but the appeals made to the eye to trust to. We noticed, in the case of Stephens' *Incidents of Travel*, how much he was hampered from a like defect. But the American had more tact in similar circumstances than the Englishman,—the Lawyer more impudence than the Divine. It is a pity when such travellers

are among unknown tongues, that a faithful and competent interpreter is not always of the party.

After Mr. Gleig and his son bade adieu to the portion of the family that had become stationary at Schandau, they proceeded to thread a good part of Bohemia, entering also Silesia. Before adventuring to Hungary, they had to procure passports in Vienna. Pesth, the Danube, Semlin, and a dive into Croatia, are names and notices that will serve to indicate what were the great posts in their journey, where they tarried, and the vicinities they explored as circumstances permitted.

The personal incidents or adventures of travel, in the case of our author and his son that are worthy of notice, were but few; and seldom are even these few of a serious nature. But there was one exception that any military veteran might be proud to have in the catalogue of his onslaughts and hair-breadth escapes. We well remember that when the newspapers brought an account of the outrage alluded to, a deep interest was not only very generally experienced in behalf of the Gleigs, but many felt that our national honour was so seriously concerned as to demand national reparation. The candid story before us, however, reduces the affair very considerably.

Wherever our tourists penetrated, much kindness was shown them on account of being Englishmen, as well, no doubt, as in return for their own civility. But in Croatia and at a posthouse, Mr. Gleig felt called upon to assert his rights. In fact he was falsely taken for a Turkish spy, and violently assaulted in consequence. He resisted, and, perhaps injudiciously fired, when the odds against him were so fearful. He was overpowered; he was wounded, ironed, and kept a prisoner, until the British Vice Consul from Fiume released him. Redress was demanded; and the peasants were flogged who had joined in the outrage; but the petty authorities remained unpunished. The truth is, that a good deal of the mischief was owing to a mutual misunderstanding of languages. Besides, the manner in which the travellers' passport had been made out at Vienna, left some room for misunderstanding and jealousy.

Mr. Gleig having been rescued, healed, allowed to return home, and enabled to publish an entertaining and instructive account of his journeyings, it remains for us to pick out some morsels of his providing. We begin at Berlin, premising, that although he gives many sketches of scenery and manners, yet the moral and religious condition of the numerous places and countries he visited seems to have been the object to which he chiefly directed his observation and inquiries. Political and ecclesiastical institutions necessarily connect themselves, and are disposed of just as may be expected, when a well-informed, candid, and liberal High-churchman and Tory writes. We must add that the old warrior, "The Subaltern" that is, has an eye still to the diversities and characteristics of military

establishments, and that he discourses of them in a manner very different from the pedantry or the limited knowledge of a mere martinet. His "Skrimmage" in Croatia would lead one to surmise that he has a hankering, also, after the smell of powder; and that the "Chaplain" would have small objection to a pretty little war, were it but to keep his *hand in*. But the *Minister* must be first heard.

It is extremely painful to find a person of Mr. Gleig's candour, honesty, and experienced judgement, furnishing such an account as he does of the moral habits and the religious principles, or rather want of religious principle, which distinguish the German people. To begin with Prussia, where education, at least of a secular kind, is so assiduously and systematically enforced, we read as follows:—

"I do not wish to represent the Prussian government as in any respect discountenancing religion, or the Prussian people as utterly depraved. I believe, on the contrary, that the wishes of the first are all sound and wholesome, and that the last, considered in the mass, are quite as moral as most of their neighbours that belong to the same great family. Intoxication, for example, is the reverse of frequent among the Prussians, and even the street-quarrels of the lowliest classes generally evaporate in words. But in other respects I do not find that the moral tie holds them with too tight a pressure. I had occasion to inquire of one whose opportunities of judging were excellent, how Berlin, and indeed Prussia in general, might in this respect be accounted of? and I received an answer, which I give almost in his own words: 'Berlin,' said he, 'is a scene of constant intrigue. We don't all drink, we don't all play,—but we all intrigue. From the prince to the peasant, each has his *affaire d'amour* in hand, and we care very little though all the world should know it. Of the rest of Prussia I am less competent to speak; but you will probably find that what takes place in the capital, takes place in the provinces also.' Startled by an avowal so candid, I became naturally anxious to ascertain to what causes my friend attributed a state of things, the evils attending which he did not scruple to deplore. In this respect, however, I found him either less willing or less able to be communicative. I hinted at the mischievous tendency of the law of divorce, but he would not agree with me. 'It was better,' he said, 'that every facility should be afforded for the dissolution of the marriage contract, than that persons should live together unhappily.' I asked, Whether there was no principle of religion in the land, to operate as a check upon the indulgence of men's vicious humours? 'Oh, yes,' he replied, 'we are a very religious people. Don't you see a church in every parish? But our religion takes no heed of such matters as these, and we should soon quarrel with it if it did.' 'And your clergy,' continued I, 'are they without weight enough to make their example felt, even where their precepts may fail in securing attention?' 'Our clergy!' replied he, with a smile;—'why, yes, they are very excellent people in their way,—very good men, without doubt; but, really, no human being pays the slightest regard either to what they say or what they do.' 'Well, but the Gospel, on which your religion professes to be founded,—is it quite held at nought among you?' His answer was another smile, of which I could not, without

real pain, stop to analyse the import. He immediately added, however, as if conscious that he was treading upon delicate ground, 'The Gospels are by no means slightly estimated among us. We all admit that the code of morals taught in them is perfect,—but—but—we don't profess to be guided by it.' If I had held this conversation with a very young, or a very ignorant person,—if a mere man of pleasure, or (and the expression may, perhaps, carry more weight with it) a mere man of the world, had so spoken to me;—nay, if my own personal observations had not confirmed his statements, to an extent that was very painful,—I should have been slow to give them credit, even at the moment, and still more slow to repeat them now. As it was, I could only lament the existence of a state of things so melancholy, and look round for causes which might account for it."

The result and explanation of the author's inquiries relative to points of such paramount importance as those indicated, are such as might be expected from a person of his political and religious creed. But let no one on this account judge prematurely harsh of his conclusions. He lays no slight stress upon the want of an ecclesiastical establishment with authorized articles of faith, which has left room for the indulgence of all sorts of speculations, these running, for the most part, into a wild and dreamy mysticism or a cold rationalism, neither of which touches the heart practically, or influences the conduct. A system of national education, if it embraced the teaching of the first principles of revealed religion, and not only countenanced but authoritatively appointed the reading of the Holy Scriptures, might, perhaps, be of more avail than any state religion, especially where the income of the clergy is so small, and where, as a body, they are so poor; but instead of this, the educational system is not only essentially of a secular nature, but it is singularly formal, being constructed as well as enforced according to one model, as if one mechanical contrivance and certain philosophical dogmas were to do all the work in the way of opening and storing the mind to the fulfilment of its moral and religious duties, and to the satisfaction of its moral and religious capacities. These are matters upon which Mr. Gleig may be consulted and tried with advantage by our readers.

If we proceed with the author to Saxony, the standard of morals though acknowledged to be a little higher than it is in Prussia will be found not very elevated. Then as to religious principle there appears to be an equal obtuseness, to religious observances a similar neglect. Children are sent to school because the law requires it, but there is no law conventional or generally arising from convictions of conscience which prescribes going to church. "But the practices," says Mr. Gleig, "which, more than all others, mark the degree of reverence in which men hold their religion, are here unknown." Thus, he never heard of a family in which prayers were daily said, nor of a child being trained by its parent to the habit of private devotion. Again, little revels or their ordinary occupations

are the Sabbath occupations of the people. Indeed, no one, we presume, can expect anything of a moral or religious character very worthy of being imitated, if the following picture of social and domestic manners be correct :—

“ The Saxon is neither a lively nor a domestic animal, even in his recreations. Though the evening of every day be given up to amusement—during the summer in the open air, in winter under cover, his tastes are such that, except when dancing, he rarely associates with him either his wife or his sister. No doubt the amiable couple walk arm-in-arm to the public garden, or to the grass-plot in front of the inn, where the band is accustomed to play; but having reached that point, they separate, as if by mutual consent; and while the husband applies to smoking and drinking beer beside other husbands, the wife attaches herself to a knot of wives and maidens, who saunter about, or sit apart at a table by themselves. In like manner, when a *soirée* takes place during winter, the men range themselves at one end of the room, and the women at another; nay, to such an extent is this indisposition to associate carried, that I have heard of places where it was seriously proposed to have one public assembly-room for the men, and another for the women.”

In Bohemia, as already mentioned, Mr. Gleig met with much respect. He was also a curiosity in most parts of the country, in some of which, as at Gabel, very few had ever set eyes upon an Englishman before. The people crowded round him at an inn where he lodged, and to their questionings there would have been no end. The coffee-room got quite crowded, while the consumption of beer and the volumes of tobacco smoke were upon the most ample scale. But what was most remarkable and painful in the eyes of the tourist concerned the *cloth*; for the parish priest, a red-nosed interrogator, and his curate, paid the most hearty homage to the tankard. They were, in fact, the best customers which the landlady of the house could name; and she took care never to let their pitchers remain empty; she was neither invited to fill them, nor checked when she filled them. The conversation of these members of the sable brotherhood, it is also hinted, was indecent and gross. Then the ignorance of the red-nosed functionary was so extreme, that, not to speak of the political or intellectual state of England, he was not even well-informed about its geographical situation. To celibacy, to the want of domestic comforts, to the chill solitude of the cloisters, to which the priest was doomed, when study and a wife's and children's society would be a charm, does our author attribute the practices and tastes of the man; and, we are led to conclude, of many others in the country; yet without scandal to religion, as it would seem,—a sure index to the moral and religious principles and attainments of the people of Bohemia.

Our author's account of the intellectual and moral condition, as well as of the social and religious feelings in some parts of Hungary, are striking, where Protestants and Catholics mingle :—

" There are a good many Protestants scattered through Hungary, and in these mountain districts they abound. The vale of Sullov, for example, is principally peopled by them; and their presence is marked, both there and elsewhere, by a more than common display of the traces of industry around them. It is said, too, that they are in general more moral than their Romish neighbours, and it is certain that they are better educated; indeed, education among the Catholic portion of the Hungarian peasantry is entirely neglected. But I am bound to add, that from the Catholics, though the dominant party in the state, the Protestants receive no annoyance. The most perfect harmony, on the contrary, prevails; for no person considers it necessary to fall out with his neighbours because of differences in their creed; and the clergy of the rival churches exercise all the rites of hospitality one towards another. As I shall have occasion to revert to this subject by and by, when it will fall in more naturally with the order of my journal, I must for the present content myself with remarking, that the spirit of tolerance is more conspicuous among the Romanists than among their rivals. I never heard a Catholic speak with a sneer of the faith of the Protestants; I never heard a Protestant speak otherwise than contemptuously of the ignorance and superstition of his Catholic neighbour."

We consider that this very spirit of tolerance is an index to a purer and more influential style of morality than any abstract fact about enlightenment and education. Still "the traces of industry" lean the other way, as a practical illustration; we shall leave the matter to the reader's own reflections and constructions.

We must stick by the "Subaltern" for a moment and return to Prussia, where he figures as a military theorist and tactician. Mr. Gleig has been testing and eulogizing certain features and principles in their military system, and then comes to balance the excellences with the drawbacks. He says,—

" To counterbalance these excellences, however, there is one grave and serious drawback, which, though at present it be lightly thought of, must, in case of war, make itself felt. You cannot have, by any exertion on the part of your officers, a veteran army. Before your recruit is well versed in his duties, the term of his service expires, and you have all your labour to go through again with his successor. Now this tells not only against the private soldier, but against the officer. The former has not advanced beyond the elements of his education ere he is transferred to a body, which, meeting in arms for no more than fourteen days in each year, can furnish but few opportunities of improvement. If he hold the ground which he gained, in other words, if he forget not the lessons learned during the brief apprenticeship in the line—it is as much as you have a right to expect from him. So also the latter: like a schoolmaster, who is incessantly engaged in teaching children their alphabet, or the simplest rules of grammar, he either grows disgusted with his profession, or falls into the error of believing that to drill a squad, or at most to manœuvre a battalion, is all that is necessary to arrive at eminence. No doubt, the Prussian regiments look remarkably well when formed in line,

or open or close columns. They are composed of the very flower of the people, and are all young men; their dress is at once the neatest and the most convenient in Europe; and there is about them a sort of Bobadil swagger, which, if it be not allowed to run wild entirely, is best encouraged amongst soldiers. But their marching is indifferent, their style of doing duty that of irregulars, their manœuvring not more perfect than every military man would expect it to be under similar circumstances. In an active war, you may form good troops out of stout rustics after one or two campaigns; but all the zeal in the world will not convert the said rustics into good troops by a couple of years spent in the sort of training for which alone peace affords an opportunity.

“The Prussians in general—I mean the government and the nation—seem well pleased with the system; and I am not surprised at the circumstance, for it is an economical one. It renders the military service popular, and it seems to have the effect of binding the different orders of society in a friendly chain together. It is not, I suspect, so popular among the old and most experienced of the Prussian officers. These latter complain, that, especially in the Cavalry and Artillery services, its effects are most mischievous. The first arm, they say, is very awkward even to the last; for men are seldom put upon their horses under a year, and another year is required to perfect them in all the mysteries of the *ménage*. And for the last, though men serve in the Artillery, or are assumed to serve, during five years, it is quite inefficient. For you do not change all at once in any of the branches of the army, so as to have a body of recruits the first year, men half-trained the next, and by the end of the third a force tolerably effective. But the process of discharge and enrolment is going on perpetually; and you are left by it at all moments in the predicament of a builder, who, out of a mass of materials, excellent if moulded into shape, cannot find bricks enough with which to carry on his operations. The Prussian army, as it now exists, is not only unfit to take the field, but can scarce furnish drilled soldiers sufficient to do the ordinary duties of its many fortified places.”

All is not perfection even in the estimation of a Tory in or under the “paternal government” of Austria’s Emperor: and in Bohemia and Hungary this sentiment is responded to most heartily. Mr. Gleig has something to say about the blessings and advantages of imperial rule and despotic police regulations, where mental freedom and enlightenment are involved:—

“It would be idle to conceal that the extreme vigilance of the Government in these respects, and, still more, its bigoted hostility to every thing which might recall the recollection of Bohemian independence, has given great umbrage to the thinking portion of the people. I have conversed with persons in every rank, and I found none who spoke of it except in bitterness. But it is not by these means alone that the house of Austria endeavours to shield its Bohemian subjects from the infection of Liberalized opinions. I had intrusted to me, before leaving London, an English book, which I was to forward or deliver to a gentleman of rank in the country. He would not send for it by the hands of a common messenger.

He came in person many miles to receive it, 'Because,' said he, 'one does not know what may happen, and it is best to avoid collision with the police.' The book was a very harmless one—it was only the first volume of Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*; but my friend did not consider that it would be prudent to make a parade of its reception. Again, I visited a gentleman in Prague, and found upon his table a number of the *Foreign Quarterly Review*. There was an article in it which bore upon the existing condition of Bohemia,—an able paper, on the whole, though here and there inaccurate. I conversed with him about it; and, having an hour to spare, I accepted his offer to carry it to my hotel, and there read it. 'When you send it back,' said he, 'be so good as wrap it carefully up in paper. We don't know where we are safe, in this country; and your *Foreign Quarterly* is not one of the favoured publications which we are licensed to import.' What a pitiable state of existence is this! what a perfect bondage of *mind*, for which the utmost security to person and property can never make amends!"

We close with two or three disconnected notices and sketches of a lighter nature. Take a view of the plains of Hungary:—

"We had heard much of the dull and monotonous character of the great plain of Hungary. We had now a veritable specimen of it before us: for many long and weary miles we drove ere so much as a cottage made its appearance, and all the while the corn waved on either hand rank and luxuriant. Yet, singular as to us this state of things appeared, it is but a copy, and an imperfect one, of what prevails elsewhere. There are parts of the country, especially in the great plain of the Theiss, where you may travel an entire day without encountering either the houses or the faces of men; and all the while your route will be through the fields loaded with abundant crops of wheat and rye. Moreover, the customs of the people who occupy that plain are to the full as striking as the external appearance of the country; and it may be well if I describe them.

"The long and fierce wars which Hungary sustained with Turkey, and the exposure of these open districts to perpetual invasion, first induced the inhabitants to congregate into heaps; and the habits then contracted have never since been laid aside. Accordingly, there are no such things as villages and hamlets, far less detached dwellings, to be seen anywhere; but, at remote intervals one from another, you come upon towns, towns of the veriest huts, where dwell six, eight, ten, and sometimes as many as thirty thousand peasants together. How they preserve order among themselves, I do not know; for their magistrates seem to possess little influence over them; yet they do live peaceably enough; and, though all are poor and squalid and filthy to a degree, there seems to be a perfect indifference to the evils which poverty and squalor bring with them. They are to a man agriculturists. It is by the labour of their hands that the boundless plains through which you have travelled are cultivated; and the process by which the mighty operation is performed is this. When the season for ploughing and sowing comes round, the males march in a body from their homes. They erect wigwams, or huts, here and there in the fields; and then setting to work, they toil from Monday till Saturday; living on the provisions which they may have brought with them, and sleeping at night in their bivouac.

On Saturday they all return to the town, and do not leave it till Monday. In this manner the first processes are carried through; and when all the seed has been scattered, the people march back to their permanent habitations, there to abide in idleness and filth till some fresh operation becomes necessary. Finally, when the harvest is ready, the bivouac is resumed; the women coming forth this time to assist in getting it in. And as the completion of the sowing season sent them back to town, so when reaping ends the huts are abandoned."

We wonder what a repeal of our Corn-laws and a proper adjustment of restrictive measures would have upon the produce and the cultivation of these plains. But here comes a Slavonian village:—

"We might have traversed a space of eight English miles, pausing from time to time to look round from the eminences that came in our way, when a Slavonian village, the first of the sort which we had seen, appeared in the distance. It reminded me, more of the wigwams which I have seen inhabited by slaves in Jamaica, than of any settlement of labourers in any quarter of civilized Europe. It was a mere hamlet; containing, perhaps, some twenty huts, all of them circular in their form, and thatched over with straw; and as they stood apart one from another, there needed but a small stretch of the fancy to regard them as the dwelling-places of Negroes. But the figures which passed to and from them—how shall I describe these? Their loose trousers and short cloaks, their hats, broad in the brim, yet sharp and high in the crown, came upon us at first with an effect so strange that I know not in what terms to define it. Had we been standing in any other situation than under the burning sun of a July day, I could have fancied that we had fallen suddenly among a body of Esquimaux. And then their tools—their three-pronged spades, with handles twelve feet long at the least; their rude litters for the conveyance of corn-sheafs, their rakes, their hoes, fabricated on the exact model of the classics—and their ploughs, mere beams of timber, put together in the most unworkmanlike manner; all these were so different from the implements made use of elsewhere, as more and more to impress upon us an assurance that at length our craving after the novel in human society would be gratified."

Here again is a scene along with a pastime that we dearly like. It was a fly-fishing affair at Eisenhammer:—

"A more unpropitious day for the angler can scarcely be imagined; for a cold east wind blew, and from time to time a thin drizzling rain beat in our faces. Still we determined to make the attempt; and truly we had no cause to repent of our resolution. In the course of four hours, which we devoted to the sport, we caught upwards of ten pounds of trout; the number of fish killed being at the same time only eleven,—a clear proof that the Bohemian Iser deserves just as much praise as Sir Humphry Davy, in his charming little book, has bestowed upon its namesake near Munich. But killing the trout constituted by no means the sole amusement which we that day enjoyed. An English fishing-rod and English tackle were objects quite as novel to the good folks of Eisenhammer, as they had been to

the citizens of Gabel; and the consequence was, that we had the entire population of the village and hamlets round, in our train. And the astonishment of these simple people, first at the machinery and then at our mode of using it, I have no language to describe. When first I hooked a trout, there was a general rush to the river-side; the movement being produced, manifestly enough, by alarm lest the line should break; and though the animal was floundering and springing about in twelve feet of water at least, two or three young men could scarcely be restrained from jumping in. But when they saw the monster—and a very large fellow he was—after running away with some fathoms of line, and bending the rod like a willow-wand, gradually lose his strength, and sail reluctantly towards the shore, I really thought they would have gone crazy with delight. They jumped about, swore, and shouted like mad people, and made such a plunge into the shallows to bring him out, that we had well nigh lost him. The scene was altogether quite irresistible.

“There was no work performed that day in the iron-foundry. Every soul belonging to it, from the superintendent down to the errand-boy, came forth to swell our train; and we walked up the Iser, attended as never Highland chief was, even in the good old times of heritable jurisdictions. Nor was this all. A religious procession, that is to say, a numerous body of peasants from some of the villages near, bound on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James in Starkenback, happened to descend the hill just as I was playing a fish; and the effect produced upon them was quite as miraculous as could have been brought about by the saint himself. The sound of their psalmody ceased; the crucifix was lowered; and man and woman, boy and maiden, breaking loose from their ranks, flocked down *en masse*, to ascertain the cause of so strange a phenomenon.”

To end our extracts there comes a companion to a Highland laird, as he figured some fifty years ago:—

“The gentleman whose guests we had thus unexpectedly become, belonged to that class in Hungarian society which corresponds, in respect to rank, with our untitled aristocracy—the proprietors of estates which have descended to them through many generations. He inhabited a country house, which, in point of size and the general aspect of things in and around it, I can compare to nothing so aptly as the dwelling of a Highland laird. It was a long-fronted, two-storied, white-walled château, having before it a sort of court, or grass-plot; round which ran a gravelled drive, that was fenced off from the road only by a hedge and paling. At the bottom of this court, again, and at right angles with the swing-gate by which we entered, stood a range of cottages, where dwelt the grooms and menials, and hangers-on upon the family; while just across the road were stables, coach-houses, sheds, barns, and a garden, well stocked with fruit and vegetables. Of park, or paddock, or grounds purely ornamental, there was, however, no trace. Except where the green court lay, (and it was not wholly ornamental, inasmuch as the draw-well stood exactly in the centre of it,) every rood of land had been laid under the plough. Up to the very walls of the mansion the corn crops were growing; and in the hamlet where we and our host first met, the labourers or serfs by whom they were reared resided.

"It was not, however, in the outward appearance of things alone that I traced a close resemblance, between the domicile of this Hungarian gentleman and that of the Highland laird: rather, perhaps, as he was half a century ago, than as you now find him, except in rare cases. The family of Mr. Scultati (for so my young friend was called) appeared of countless extent. There was no end to the retainers, men, women, and children, who went to and fro before his hall door and thronged his kitchen. Eating and drinking, moreover, appeared to be a work which suffered small intermission; and the viands, though coarse perhaps, were most abundant. Then, again, I saw one woman arrive with several couples of fowls, another with a basket of eggs, a third with a jar of milk, a fourth with something else; and I learned that such were not so much the spontaneous offerings of a good-will, as the feudal perquisites which the chief claimed and the cotter and small tenant paid. 'It is thus,' said my kind host, 'and thus only, that the hospitalities of such a household as mine could be kept up. These things are brought to me every day. What could I do with them, if I did not feed the people whom you consider so numerous?'"

ART. VI.

- 1.—*Emigration Fields*. By PATRICK MATTHEW, Author of "Naval Timber and Arboriculture." London: Longman. 1839.
- 2.—*Six Months in South Australia*. By T. H. JAMES, Esq. London: Cross. 1839.
- 3.—*The History of South Australia*. By I. STEPHENS. 2nd Edition. London: Smith and Elder. 1839.

ONE of the striking features in the present transition and extraordinary state of society, is the Emigrating spirit. The time was, and not far back, when for a Briton to bid farewell to his native land was regarded as if the party were reduced to a forlorn hope, and was for ever cutting all the ties that bound him to the British nation. The sentiment has undergone much modification, and will, ere long, have experienced an entire change. Nobler and more catholic notions concerning the relationship of mankind—more enlarged views of the duties and destinies of the human race, simultaneously with mechanical improvements and physical developments—*steam* illustriously—have worked and will continue to work in this momentous revolution and progress towards a millennial consummation of all that is desirable upon earth. But there are some remarkable circumstances connected with, or rather to be regarded in the light of being directly the causation of the emigration *furor*. Is it not a matter worthy of intense and prolonged reflection, that at a moment when the retention of some of our largest, wealthiest, and most prized colonial possessions is threatened, that other "Fields," South Australia and New Zealand, for example, may become far more than equivalents for any probable loss? But an immediate and realized fact of a most painful description must here be taken into consideration—we

mean the fact, that there is such a want of room for labour in England—such a despair on the part of very many of the most virtuous, industrious, and skilful of our artisans; of bettering or maintaining their condition at home—such a denial also of the most profitable and praiseworthy investment of small capitals—that thousands upon thousands of the members of these classes are driven in the exercise of a wise discretion to seek other shores—to withdraw to the antipodes. We do not intend to dwell upon these circumstances and facts, after having noticed them, further than to say, that Providence often works out his great purposes, by the agency of what seems to man great ills, though, unquestionably, the result proves that “all partial evil is universal good.”

Having glanced, in the most general way, at a few remarkable truths and facts, we proceed to take some notice of each of the three works, *seriatim*, that stand at the head of our list, not one of which is of a trashy, or mediocre character, even among the host of publications upon emigration that are at present so symptomatic of the very spirit and tendency that is abroad.

Mr. Matthew, whose comprehensive announcement is well suited to suggest a running title to our paper, it would appear, had at first designed merely a work about New Zealand, his particular pet, as a prospective and incipient colony. But being induced by his publishers, he ranges wide and far, and treats of all those regions to which the British mind is at present directed, and contemplated as available, or promising fields. Accordingly, North America, Mexico, Southern Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, become the subjects of his descriptions and speculations. Of each and all of these our author treats with power, but sometimes imaginatively, swayed, we surmise, by particular knowledge and experience, contrasted with reading and random inferential conclusions. Sometimes Mr. Matthew appears to us to be absolutely wild,—witness his ideas about Texas, where, if we understand him aright, he would have England to fall out with the *Yankees* about its possession; and other crotchets about the Mexican government. Then his New Zealand projections are as purely paper schemes as ever any Utopian dreamer indulged. At the same time there is to be found a great deal of wholesome instruction in the work, set forth with much force and freshness of manner. The author's heart is evidently identified with his subject. Take for a sample his statement in regard to some points of universal concernment for emigrants, viz., health :—

“Some may think that the circumstance of salubrity of climate has met with more attention in these pages than it merits; but if they think so, it is from ignorance, or inattention to facts. In a vast majority of cases, at least when slave labour is not employed, every thing depends upon the personal activity and the power of muscular exertion of the emigrant and his family; and health and strength come to be of the last importance to happiness, and even to existence. In the greater part of the United States, and

even of North America, the defect lies more in the climate than in the productive powers of the soil. The United States citizens are sufficiently sensible upon this point ; and nothing can be said more likely to give offence than any reflection upon, or expressed doubt of the character of the district they belong to in regard to salubrity. Although it can be proven that every dwelling during the latter part of every summer is an hospital of fever and ague patients, and even that one-half of the population died the previous season, yet any allusion to the fact is quite enough to afford occasion for a little rifle practice. The rapid increase of the population of the United States is not owing to any salubrity of climate, but to the favourable field for human labour inducing early marriage ; scarcely a woman of twenty-one years of age remaining a spinster unless she is *awful* (very ugly). In certain localities of America, the prevalence of insects, mosquitoes, and sand-flies, come to be an important consideration as well as climate : in some cases, otherwise desirable settlements have been abandoned after the necessary buildings have been erected and clearances made, from the insufferable annoyance of these diminutive pests."

Indeed there are many valuable hints in the book about the salubrity, the climate, the geographical conditions and relations, the soil, and capabilities of the various regions described ; but when his political and civic economy comes to be displayed and tested, let the reader be on his guard.

We will not follow him into Mexico, and its north-western parts, where he thinks a million of Irishmen might advantageously be located ; nor into the north-eastern quarters of the United States, where he says hard-working men are required or may hopefully resort, but where consumption sweeps with a destructive besom. Nor into the basin of the Mississippi, where, though there be an extremely fertile soil, with abundance of water-carriage, miasma prevails that induces fever and ague ; the further down you go in the system of the rivers, insalubrity increasing. There are, to be sure, other vast expanses in some of the States of the Union that offer many inducements to the emigrant, in the South, for example ; but then the degradation which slavery attaches to labour, and the moral pest which it sends through all the ramifications of society, are evils sufficient to deter a native of Great Britain.

But what has the writer to say about the British North American Colonies, viewing them without any special regard to the present disturbed condition of several of them ? Take the provinces on the St. Lawrence :—

" Although in the same latitude with the most temperate parts of Europe, the winter is long and the cold intense, with much snow (a consequence of the great intermixture of sea and land) ; and when the wind blows strong from the north and west, over thousands of leagues of an intensely cold snow surface, exposure to the breath of Boreas is insupportable. The spring and autumn, especially in the more Eastern parts, are also boisterous and variably with snow, sleet, and rain. The short summer is, how-

ever, warm and genial, more particularly in the inland of St. John and the South-west portion of these provinces; and is sufficient to ripen oats, barley, potatoes, excellent apples and pears, with a little spring-sown wheat, (autumn-sown wheat generally rotting or dying under the snow, from the very long period, sometimes six months, which the snow remains on the ground). In the Eastern and Northern portion, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, the climate is exceedingly ungenial and rough, and but for the vicinity of the fisheries (the most productive in the world) would be considered uninhabitable. The prodigious quantity of floating ice which drifts down from Davis's and Hudson's Straits, and which grounds upon the banks and shallows on the Eastern shores, neutralizes the sun's heat during the first half of summer, and, combined with the shallow seas, produces very frequent fogs, sleet, and drizzly rain, which sometimes chills the season so much as to ruin the prospects of the grain-farmer. These regions are as yet only very thinly peopled, chiefly along the river-courses, upon the alluvial lands, and in the vicinity of the frequented harbours. The clearances have generally the most uncouth appearance; around which the bare unsightly stems of the broken forest stand mangled and torn, and scathed by fire, giving a character of destructive rudeness to the doings of man. Nearly the whole of these wide provinces are covered by forest; the most valuable timber of which is yellow, white, and red pine, black birch, elm, oak, and maple. Almost the sole export is timber, under different forms, and potash, (the soluble portion of timber-ashes,) to Britain and the West Indies, which admits of a return of clothing, hardware, iron utensils, rum, tea, and coffee. Ship-building, and the cutting and preparing of timber for export, and the manufacture of barrel-staves, hoops, and potash, are, with the fisheries, agriculture, and a little mining, the sole employments."

Then of the Canadas in particular and their prospects:—

"This division of races and language is a barrier to the formation of any considerable independent national power in these provinces, and renders their ultimate union with the United States much more probable. In speculating on the future prospects of these regions, we cannot see much chance of their ever becoming highly peopled and civilized. The climate, which no drainage or clearing can ever render congenial to man, or favourable to production of grain, or the rearing of flocks and herds, will remain an insuperable barrier. The opening of a communication between the Lakes of Upper Canada and the Hudson and Mississippi rivers, by means of canals and railways, will also divert the commerce of the interior from the Lower St. Lawrence, the navigation of which must always labour under the great disadvantage of being hermetically sealed by ice for six months in the year. The timber trade will, however, continue while the forests exist. It may indeed, in the first place, experience a considerable diminution, when the anticipated removal of duties takes place; but as the Baltic supply, already much exhausted, will, under the then greatly increased demand, rapidly fall off, recourse must again be had to the inferior and more distant supply of these provinces. The decrease of timber in the United States, already beginning to be felt, will also soon compel them to resort to the Lower St. Lawrence provinces, and

the demand of the West Indies, and of South America, will continue. Yet, in the course of time, the timber supply furnished by these regions will come to be reduced to the annual growth; and it is on the fisheries chiefly that the trade and industry must ultimately depend."

The loneliness which pervades that great interior country denominated Upper Canada, Mr. Matthew considers is a drawback to the Briton, were merely its interminable equality of surface and immense unrelieved forests taken into account, affording to the eye of a Scotchman nothing in the shape of mountains or hills, to the Englishmen nothing like his native smiling villages, and to neither the ocean with all the British associations attached to the world of waters. Neither is the climate particularly well suited to the constitutions of such emigrants. Throughout vast regions of the colony there are great obstacles to exporting and importing; and then for the rearing of sheep, for the growth of wool, and for a profitable grazing undertaking, the long and severe winter, together with the nature of the soil, offers severe drawbacks.

Mr. Matthew does not tempt us to tarry long in South Africa, the Western parts of which are already occupied where they are worth having. In other directions the droughts, the exposure to hostile natives, wild beasts, &c., appear to have deterred the public from generally regarding that quarter of the globe as an eligible resort.

Come we now to Australasia, of which our author entertains a flattering opinion in as far as healthiness and salubrity are concerned. But, to begin with Van Diemen's Land, the good land is here already occupied; there is also a moral blight in that colony. The same objections extend to New South Wales. New Holland, upon the whole, so far as yet surveyed, he regards as much better fitted for pasturing than for the plough. We quote a number of his reasons for coming to the conclusions that he does regarding, what he calls, extra-tropical New Holland, Australia, to the North of the Tropic, being as yet little known:—

"In taking a general survey of extra-tropical Australia, we observe a state of things indicative of great aridity, and a natural provision for withstanding drought fully more complete than in any other parched locality.

"1st, A deficiency of timber in many places, and large old trees standing apart, without the young rising to supply the failure of the old—rather indicating that the drought is on the increase.

"2d, The nature of the tree foliage; the small, hard, smooth, simple, (not divided,) dark-coloured erect leaf, so different from the beautiful large fresh green leaves of the deciduous forests of Upper Canada and the Mississippi Basin.

"3d, The slough, or covering of dead bark, which serves to protect the living bark of the trees from the drought. This is gradually forming,

and coats are thrown off as the stem enlarges, which appear hanging from the stem in the most unsightly fashion, like tattered garments.

" 4th, The gummy consistence of the tree-sap, and the flinty hardness of the timber, matured by the great drought, and the absence of a winter check to a solidity and induration which render it almost useless to man for the purposes of construction.

" 5th, The herbage, especially the grasses, very scant, and thin and dry, standing apart in tufts.

" 6th, The native mammalia, generally of the marsupial order; having a bag,—a provision, as it would seem, for the purpose of removing their young when they are obliged to migrate on the occurrence of droughts; while the remnants of past life, found in caves and diluvial earth, prove the former existence of mammalia not marsupial.

" These indices of aridity and sterility are not balanced by any apparent counter advantages or capacity for improvement, excepting the peculiar adaptation for sheep-walks. Were the country too moist, or even insalubrious, drainage and cutting down the forests might remedy the former of these defects altogether, and to a considerable degree the latter. Did it have numerous good harbours, convenient river communication, or supply of water-power suited for machinery, with a cool climate, commerce and manufactures might make some amends for deficiency of fertility. Were the sea as abundant in edible fish around Australia as in the sea on the east and west coast of North America, and around Britain and New Zealand, the fertility of the waters might help to repair the sterility of the land. But all this is wanting in Australia.

" It is even found out, by experience, that fertility is not increased in Australia, as it is in Britain, by the ground being depastured, but, on the contrary, greatly diminished. The country which has been longest under pasturage in the vicinity of Sydney, and which for some time after the commencement of the colony afforded comparatively fair pasturage, is now reduced to great sterility. An uncropt cover of grass, thin as it is here, appears useful to shelter the vegetable matter in the soil from being exhausted or evaporated by the arid heat, and even necessary to protect the roots from being burned out by the strong influence of the sun. And the manure of cattle, instead of being covered by the luxuriant herbage, before it is desiccated, and enriching the soil, as in England, under the powerful sun and arid air in New South Wales, is quickly reduced to dust, and dissipated."

But if one settlement in New Holland is more tempting than another, he holds that the honour decidedly and greatly preponderates in behalf of South Australia. There is a fine display of popular vigour in its construction, and convicts can never demoralize or distract it. He has serious objections, however, to some of the arrangements and measures adopted by the commissioners; the price of land has been fixed at too high a rate, the mode and allotment of pasture-land he severely criticises; which, with other oversights and natural wants, must render even South Australia a far less promising opening for European settlers than New Zealand will speedily become, provided Mr. Matthew's plans be fol-

lowed. Nay, it would appear, that nothing can be so wise as to appoint him as a leader, and to furnish him with a joint stock company of emigrants, to render the much-prized territory another Great Britain in the Southern hemisphere. But we need not trace in outline our author's splendid visions about his pet country, persuaded that, at least for the present, they can have little practical value, and that they will not attract much notice or secure extensive confidence. Of all the Emigration Fields, it is quite clear that South Australia is at this moment "in the ascendant;" and therefore, from the works, second and third on our list: these being principally devoted to this settlement, we should feel ourselves bound to produce a much more considerable variety of information, than on any of the other Colonies mentioned and described by Mr. Matthew, were it not that very lately the field was traversed by us under the guidance of Mr. Gouger. As it is, we are warranted by the characters of the several works, and by the engrossing nature of the business, to return to the topic, even though at the risk of repetition, so long as that repetition is by different authorities.

Mr. James, who among other leading matters gives us "some account of Port Phillip, and Portland Bay; with advice to Emigrants; a Monthly Calendar of Gardening and Agriculture, &c." is not a thick and thin admirer of South Australia. Yet the impression left by his details and his criticisms, is highly favourable to the young colony. In some parts of the work we have been almost tempted to suspect that his "Six Months" sojourn and inquiries were to serve an object not purely intended to recommend or fairly represent the settlement. But we now think that the author's searching manner, and strong or rough expression of his views, are proofs rather of much experience of the world, which has taught him to scan severely whatever comes before him, and, perhaps, unconsciously to feel something like pleasure in bringing down abruptly an enthusiast, or any one who luxuriates amid hopes however well founded.

Mr. James is pretty nearly of the same mind with Mr. Matthew respecting a variety of circumstances and features belonging to South Australia. They both express moderate opinions of the nature of the soil, and complain of the scarcity or uncertainty of water. They look forward to grazing, to the production of wool, skins, and meat, as a principal source of profit. Listen to what the writer says, whose report is immediately under consideration, as to the capabilities of the colony, its healthiness, &c. :—

"There can be no doubt that South Australia will in time be a very abundant country. If the settlers will economize water, and find some means of keeping it when it falls, and not let it run away, they may in a few years luxuriate in all the good things of this life. Whatever is to be seen of vegetable produce in the markets of Lisbon or Cadiz, Sicily or

Algiers, the settlers in the new colony may equally command. It is peculiarly the country of the grape and melon, oranges and lemons, figs, olives, pomegranates, and loquets, and even at its present infant state produces as fine melons as the Levant. The author saw at the Governor's table one 18lbs., and another weighing 22lbs.: and handsomer and finer-flavoured fruits need not be seen.

"But the character which stamps the South Australia climate as most valuable in the eyes of the settler, is its peculiar adaptation to sheep-farming and the growth of wool. By a register kept very accurately at Government House, during the whole of the year 1837, it rained 115 days, and was fine and clear 250; and this may be reckoned upon as a fair average of a series of years. In the West of Scotland it generally rains 202 days, and is fine only 163, and many of these days are lowering, with the sun obscured; so that the comparison in this point of dryness is very much in favour of South Australia. It is this peculiar character of the climate which ought to recommend to the cautious settler sheep husbandry over every other sort of rural industry, the profits of which, if steadily persevered in, will remunerate him in a few years for all the inconveniences of a bush life. This species of farming has been the making of New South Wales, and will be the grand pursuit of the settler in South Australia, which will soon rival the older colony in the fineness if not in the quantity of its wool. This dryness of the climate has also a most favourable influence on the general health of the colony; for, except the ophthalmia before complained of, the writer saw nothing indicative of disease. The inhabitants may be said to live almost constantly in the open air—retain for a long time their English ruddiness of complexion—appear free from the prevailing diseases of New South Wales, viz. the dysentery and influenza; and even the children, when kept clean, (a very difficult matter in summer time,) look plump and chubby."

Mr. James throws out a number of hints as to the sort of persons who are adapted to emigrate to the colony in question, volunteering also not a few words of advice to such about the preparations necessary, the anticipations to be cherished, their conduct on the outward passage, and on landing. &c. &c. It will entertain the reader when he reads our man of prudence and expediency's counsel concerning the manner in which certain passengers should carry themselves aboard ship. He says:—

"Those who rise earliest in the morning, and are most on deck during the day, always enjoy the best health.

"There is another hint which I think, before it is forgotten, is worth suggesting to passengers who are embarking for the first time on a foreign voyage, because a good deal of their comfort is involved in it. I would always recommend the cabin passengers to pay a respectful deference to the Captain of the ship, and cheerfully to acquiesce in all his orders, and in short to his general authority.

"A cabin passenger should avoid going forward among the sailors, and never talk to any of them, not even to the man at the wheel; and should be always ready on occasion of any dispute or disturbance aboard to support

the Captain and his officers against the crew, right or wrong; and if the Captain is really in fault, reserve any discussion respecting it for the shore. It is better also for the cabin passengers to keep themselves entirely distinct from those in the steerage."

Mr. James speaks in warm terms of the respectability of the labourers that have gone to South Australia, and of the consideration which they have obtained, and no doubt agreeably commanded from their more wealthy employers. Shepherds, stock-keepers, and such like, are treated in a manner to beget and sustain self-respect, as well as reciprocal regard. He says, he has often dined with respectable residents, where servants of the classes named, after washing their hands, would draw in their chairs among the company, and not only with perfect propriety, but to the entertainment of their masters and guests, relate accounts of their day's work. This is as it should be, however seldom such a gratifying spectacle may be witnessed in England; and it particularly attracted the author's notice, going to the young colony as he had done from New South Wales, where there are few besides convict labourers. He adds, what may be regarded as a climax to this beautiful and cheering representation; for he asserts that there appeared to be "a freshness and gentility about the females of South Australia, contrasting very favourably with the rubbish of Sydney;" and also that "a person coming from the Eastern Colonies would not fail to be struck with the superior ruddiness, simplicity, and purity of the South Australian damsels."

There cannot be a question about the wisdom and benevolence of the plan, in which it is a *sine qua non* that the new colony should never be made a place of banishment. Mr. James characterizes, in reference to the labourers, the settlements of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land as great lazaret-houses, and the society of the same places as presenting a leper-like ghastliness and deformity. But, what must be considered a no less forbidding fact, there actually exists, it is said, a formidable bond of union among convicts of every grade, that may well deter intending emigrants from resorting to the scenes of such revolting combination. He declares that—

"There is no society in the world more united than the convict party in our Australian Colonies. It is of no consequence a shade or two of difference in the duration of their sentences, and it is no matter what may be the different grades in their ladder of disgrace—whether they be seven years men, fourteen years, or life—whether they have been re-sentenced since their first arrival, for colonial offences, and been on a visit to Norfolk or the Northward, (slang terms for Norfolk Island and Moreton Bay); no matter whether they have obtained their absolute or conditional pardon, their emancipation, ticket-of-leave, or ticket-of-exemption—the special, the scourger, or the scourged; one universal *esprit de corps* animates and pervades the whole convict body, uniting them like Freemasons in one silent, deep-rooted sentiment of hostility to the free

or, as they profanely call them, the b—— emigrants. This deadly feeling is never lost sight of or forgotten; it is the cement of their society; and in all times of their tribulation, in all times of their wealth, it forms the governing principle of their chequered and unhallowed lives."

Taking these and many other passages from Mr. James's "*Six Months*," some of them no doubt of a qualified nature in regard to praise and promise, his work must be held to be, in no slight degree, commendatory of the young settlement. He does not represent it as a perfect Paradise; yet he holds it up as the most eligible and tempting opening for British emigrants that at present offers itself. The author of the third work at the head of our paper goes considerably further in his eulogy and his preference. And yet we do not accuse him of special pleading, or as performing the part of a hired advocate. Indeed Mr. Stephens, who appears to be about to choose this new settlement for his own future home, has manifestly striven to make himself master of everything that has reached this country concerning it; and conscientiously proceeds to detail for the information of others all he knows and believes of the place. And that his work has met with welcome and been greedily pondered, is proved by the fact that the first impression of it, under the title of "*The Land of Promise*," even although in that guise anonymous, has been all sold off in a short time.

The work aspires to the honour of being a history of South Australia, and in natural succession devotes a chapter to each branch and feature which one expects to find described in a production of such pretensions. The hints and details which Mr. Stephens offers for the benefit of others, ere fixing or setting out upon the emigrating adventure contemplated by them, cannot fail to procure for him an earnest and inquisitive hearing on the part of many an anxious and honourably directed mind. To be sure he is at issue upon several points about the positive and relative advantages of his pet. Nor are his strenuous efforts to make the public acquainted with these advantages uncalled for, seeing that both in this country and in several of our colonies an excessive jealousy, and an inveterate hostility, exists to the infant settlement. It has not been for a moment our intention to enter the lists with any party concerning the respective merits of the British "*Emigration Fields*," but merely to lay before our readers a few of the opinions and statements drawn from three writers who deserve to be listened to in their turn on a subject of such vital importance to the mother country, and to the welfare of very many of her most virtuous children. Such being our wish and purpose, we shall cull some particulars from the postscript to Mr. Stephens's volume, which contains information from South Australia of so recent a date as the 14th of July last, these contents being of a highly satisfactory nature. Our first extract is from a letter dated June 29th, said to

be from a gentleman well versed in agriculture and grazing, and the son of a most respectable Devonshire farmer :—

“ ‘ Many of my respectable friends,’ says he, ‘ requested of me most particularly, before I left England, to write them and give them a true and faithful report of the colony; and, in addition to this, I have been informed by sundry letters I have received since my arrival here, that many others are waiting my report to decide whether they will emigrate to this colony or not. Under these circumstances I have refrained writing to any one *but to my own relatives* up to the present moment [the writer had then been not ‘ six months in South Australia,’ but eighteen,] and to *them* only just after my arrival.’ He then goes on to state that he had on several occasions accompanied the surveying corps within a few miles of Adelaide. ‘ But,’ he adds, ‘ for the purpose of seeing the land more remote I have been out from six to eight days at two different times. In one of these excursions I went seventy miles inland from this [Adelaide] to Encounter Bay. The land from hence then varies much, both in quality and beauty of scenery. The road thither, generally taken, is by Onkaparingo. The distance to it from this place is about twenty miles, and, with the exception of about three or four miles, pretty level, and through as beautiful and undulating a country as I ever saw. At many places the land is very rich, of a black sandy loam, and, I think, fit to grow maize, or almost any other kind of grain. Much of the country in this district (as in many others) has a complete park-like appearance, and one is every now and then expecting some nobleman’s seat to break upon one’s view. The greatest disappointment an Englishman meets with (as appears to me) is the want of streams of water. There are streams to be met with, and in some districts frequent; but this is by no means general. After passing Onkaparingo (which is a very romantic place), the country begins to be very hilly for some distance, and some part extensively so; but much of the land very good, particularly a valley through which runs a beautiful stream of water throughout the year. This vale resembles some of our English parks for verdure and beauty, but exceeds them in one thing—that is, its trees—many of which (of the gum kind, very large and spreading) are never seen bare of their foliage; of the two they are greener in winter than in summer. After passing this valley we soon get out of good land, and it continues very indifferent and worthless for the distance of ten or twelve miles, until we come to the declivity that leads down a beautiful valley about two miles in width, by six or eight in length, terminating at Encounter Bay. The scenery in this valley is beautiful, and the pasturage luxuriant. I have been on one excursion across the ridges of mountains, passing Mount Lofty on the left or north, steering S. E. for one day, and on the following morning setting out due east, and arrived about noon out in a beautiful undulating park-like country, the soil a very rich black loam, and many of the trees very large and spreading, of which we met with a goodly number. Many of the places we came to showed a beautiful, open (but sufficiently wooded), pastoral country. Many hundred acres may be had at very many places without an obstacle worth naming to prevent the plough going, and I am of opinion, that after the land has been broken and cropped, and then grassed down with artificial grasses, it will be most productive. In most

places at present the grass is not sufficiently thick. I attribute this to the frequent burnings it is exposed to annually ; which, in my opinion, destroys both the seeds and the seedling grasses. The quality of the land in and about Adelaide, generally, though not at all bad, is not so good as farther inland. I have had sufficient proof that almost all European vegetables will grow well. I have now cabbages as good as ever I had in England, grown from seed I brought with me. I took a number of fruit trees also with me (amongst which I had three orange trees) from the Cape, and, although out of earth full two months (all but the oranges), yet they took root well, and not a single tree failed. I have lately had an opportunity of adding to my stock in the purchase of about a hundred lately imported from the adjoining colony of Van Diemen's Land. I have also a number of vines, of different sorts, taken from the Cape, doing well. I have no doubt both the orange and vine will do well here. Although it was late in November (near midsummer) when I planted my trees, most of them have made excellent shoots, from six to fifteen inches in length. I have apples, pears, plums, peaches, nectarines, and cherries, all of which appear likely to do well. I have now got some gooseberries and currants, but I almost think it will be too hot for them in summer. I have different sorts of turnips as good as I ever saw, and, as well as the cabbages and broccoli, cannot as yet be equalled in the colony. I have tried some maize, and it answers well. I have now a small patch of wheat in the garden looking beautiful.' "

This account carries internal evidence of candour and of knowledge. We can only afford room for one extract more :—

" In addition to the testimonies we have already adduced on this head, we subjoin the following. It is from the report of Messrs. Backhouse and Walker, two members of the Society of Friends, who, having recently visited Sydney, Van Diemen's Land, King George's Sound, Swan River, and South Australia, must be allowed to possess the means of forming an accurate (and certainly an impartial) opinion of the relative natural capabilities of the several Australian colonies. ' The country at South Australia,' say those gentlemen, ' is unquestionably the finest tract, taking into account the quality, character of the herbage, and extent, of any portion of Australia or Van Diemen's Land we have visited. Imagine a belt country, consisting of level plains or gently undulating ground, (only here and there, and that very thinly, strewed with forest trees,) stretching from Cape Jervis, the S. E. corner of St. Vincent's Gulf, to the very head of the gulf, and varying from 10 or 12 to 15 miles in width ; its extreme length, so far as it has been traversed, is from 60 to 70. The whole of this we are assured, by very good authority, is very good land. We could see for 20 miles in each direction, north and south, from the top of a high range which bounds this beautiful tract, and it certainly is a fine country, and the soil good ; improving as it recedes from the coast, but apparently all capable of growing wheat. Many parts of it, large tracts together, thickly covered with kangaroo-grass, which was yielding two or three tons per acre to those who were at the pains of mowing it.' "

One of the most gratifying circumstances in the history of this

young colony so far as it has gone, and one of the most hopeful symptoms of its future prosperity, is the fact that not only have the relations between the colonists and the aborigines been of a friendly kind, which are daily becoming stronger, but anxious provision has been made for the best interests, physical, mental, and moral, of a race that has in almost every other instance, like other great families where colour was a badge of distinction, been oppressed, degraded far beyond what wild nature could reduce them, and destroyed. In conclusion, we must say that from all we have read and heard, South Australia offers at this moment, to use Mr. Stephens's words, "to capitalists and labourers alike the best prospect of securing that easy and powerful independence which is now so rarely to be witnessed amongst the tradesmen, agriculturists and mechanics of this crowded isle."

ART. VII.—*Opere di Niccolò Machiavelli, Cittadino e Segretario Fiorentino. X. Vol. Italia. 1836.*

THE personage, whose life and works are treated of in the volumes prefixed to this article, was born at Florence, and descended from an ancient and noble Tuscan family, whose members had so long engrossed public employments that a right to be engaged in the service of the state had become almost hereditary in it. This circumstance appears to have directed the attention of Nicolo Machiavelli to a similar line of duty; and to have excited in him an early desire and taste for public life. But the records which have come down to our time affords a very feeble and indistinct light to guide us in our researches into the history of his early life; and all that can be gathered from them tend to show that at the commencement of his career he was involved in poverty and dependence.

This disadvantage must have been compensated in part by the brilliant prosperity that was enjoyed by his native city, during that period of his life. His youth from the tenth year was passed under the popular government of Lorenzo the Magnificent, one of those rare and glorious epochs, in which the genius of the prince encourages the development of mind, while his power is yet too feeble to allow him to check its freedom. We may therefore conclude that the influence which can be attributed to a general and elevated taste for literature, when combined with the highest degree of mental activity, such as we find was in full operation in Florence at this period, to have acted upon the early character of Machiavelli, and to have concurred with his natural disposition in forming those prompt and energetic habits of thought by which he was so much distinguished during the whole of his career. While we may consider that the magnificent festivals and splendid games, which Lorenzo promoted and cherished as a means to divert the active minds of his fellow citizens from a too close investigation of the course and tendency of

his system of government, fostered in him a fondness for gayer occupations, which in after life served as a relaxation from public duty.

The first years of his manhood had hardly elapsed when the death of Lorenzo exposed the republic to internal troubles and foreign invasions. The great qualities of Lorenzo afforded to the citizens of Florence a singular contrast in the puerile administration of his son, and contributed by their very greatness to diminish the authority of his imprudent successor. The hostilities commenced by Charles VIII., at this time, with the many and long continued woes which they drew down, not alone upon Florence, the devoted object of his ambition, but upon all Italy, and the promptitude with which the republicans seized the occasion for throwing off their wearisome yoke; the want of energy so apparent in the conduct of Piero de Medici and his cowardly abandonment of the interest and dignity of Florence, are facts familiar to all conversant in Italian history. Our readers have therefore only to carry back their minds to this period in the history of the Florentines, to perceive that Machiavelli could not have commenced his political existence at a time more suitable to the employment of those abilities with which he was gifted. His first essay in public life was made about the year 1494, but the beginning of his active political duties did not take place till June 19th, 1498. This is the date of his earliest public employment, and some idea may be formed of the prevailing notion of his talents and aptitude for political business, from the fact of his having been chosen, from among four competitors, to the office of Chancellor of the second Chancery of the Signoria; and in the course of the following month he obtained from "the ten of liberty and peace, the appointment which has preserved for him, with posterity, the title of Secretary of the Florentine Republic." This office appears to have been considered by him as a situation in which he might learn the practical portion of politics. The close relation which subsisted between Florence and the principal states of Europe required in its government a greater degree of activity than we should be prepared to expect from so small a state, and originated also many delicate questions of polity that called for the greatest prudence and sagacity in all those to whose care the arrangement of them were confided. Machiavelli was engaged on many of these occasions. He was employed in twenty-three foreign embassies, among which were four to the court of France. These appointments developed with extraordinary rapidity his political genius, as may be easily traced in his extensive correspondence with the heads of his government. The numerous letters of which it is composed, may be justly classed among the most instructive portion of his writings.

The high esteem in which Machiavelli's talents was held by his government are evinced by the free recourse which was had to his services upon all important occasions. He hardly returned from one

political mission before he was ordered to prepare for another, and the most difficult and important embassies to foreign courts were succeeded by confidential commissions within the territory of the republic. During the entire period of his public career, his duties required of him a constant state of activity and preparation that would have exhausted a less energetic mind. In this manner fourteen years of his life passed rapidly away; and although he never advanced so far as to acquire any direct share in the conducting of the public councils, his talents constantly obtained for him the direction of all difficult negotiations. But about this period a new storm was to gather over the devoted city of Florence, and the inconsistent conduct of Piero Soderini, who had been made Gonfaloniere for life, again drew down upon his country and himself the ruin that energy might easily have averted. The government by which Machiavelli had been employed was overthrown by the arms of Spain, which opened the way for the return of the Medici, who, like the Bourbons of our own day, were forced upon the Florentines at the point of foreign bayonets. As soon as the new government felt itself firmly seated in power, it began the usual persecutions against the partisans of the old order of things. Machiavelli most prominently figured amid these harsh proceedings, three decrees having been passed against him in the space of ten days. The two first deprived him of office, and condemned him to a year's banishment from the Florentine territory; but the third, as if proceeding upon more mature consideration, or emanating from the influence of more friendly feelings, mitigated the sentence of banishment into a mere prohibition from entering the "Public Palace." The new rulers however were still haunted by a fear and suspicion of the influence and talents of the fallen secretary, and their malice followed him into his retirement. His faithful adherence to the republic being considered a sufficient proof of hatred against her present governors. Notwithstanding his thorough knowledge of the character of his enemies, he knew not how to adapt himself to this change of situation. He had studied the movements of government too long to withdraw his eyes, at once, from this favourite subject of contemplation, and he continued his observations with the same boldness and freedom that he had indulged during his own public career. The jealous apprehensions of his government, which a more guarded line of conduct might perhaps have easily allayed, were strengthened by this ill-timed and imprudent boldness; and when, in the course of the following year, an extensive conspiracy was accidentally discovered, he was immediately arrested as a fitting object of suspicion. The torture was, at that period, indiscriminately employed in all cases of arrest, and the conviction, that a free and open course of justice would have failed to procure, was often wrung from the agonized confessions of an innocent victim. Six shocks of the cord were inflicted upon Machiavelli, with fruitless cruelty, and not a word

escaped him in the bitterness of his agony, that could be wrested into a confession of guilt, or serve as an accusation against others. Unable to convict him, they could still torment ; and accordingly, buried in the depths of a loathsome dungeon, his lacerated body closely bound with chains, and his mind distracted by the cries of misery and of degradation, that reached him from every side, he was left to the long torture of solitude and suspense. Here, also, his fortitude remained unshaken, and his noble power of patient endurance baffled the snares of his adversaries, and wearied their malignity ; that his mind was not broken or humbled by his misfortunes, would appear evident from the sonnets he addressed to Giuliano de Medici, for the avowed purpose of exciting his interest. The sonnets breathe an elevated and independent tone of sentiment, that could only issue from a mind endowed with a Roman fortitude, and contains a degree of humorous expostulation and description, which clearly indicate in the writer great powers of endurance. The friends, whose affection Machiavelli had gained in the period of his prosperity, testified in these moments of trial their sincerity by the strenuous exertions they made to obtain his liberation from prison ; and several fortunate circumstances combining to favour their endeavours, he was restored to freedom after a short but rigorous confinement, which had, however, become the means of making known to him the anxious solicitude of his friends for his welfare, as well as the value in which a large class of his fellow citizens still regarded him.

The deliverance of Machiavelli from his dungeon did not immediately result in his return to his favourite occupation of a statesman, a long course of bitter trial still awaited him ; poverty, with its corroding and depressing cares, the excitements of hope, the bitterness of repeated disappointment, to which may be added as greater than all these, the restless movements of a mind that appeared formed for constant exertion, and which long habit had rendered incapable of repose. The resources however that fortune denied him were partly supplied by his own endeavours, desirous to open a way for his return to public life, on which he relied not only for enjoyment but also for the means of support ; he wrote and presented to Lorenzo de' Medici his work called the " Treatise of the Prince," in which he had attempted to embody the results of his observations upon the governments of his own times, and of the political doctrines of the ancients. The object for which he had written failed, but a nobler end was obtained. He had commenced the train of thought, which was to lead him to the discovery of so many important truths, and his active mind could not rest on the threshold of the temple that it had opened. Step by step he was led on to a more attentive examination of his principles, new truths were discovered, some erroneous views were brought out in their true light by wider application and more exact comparison, and the undertaking which had

originated in a wish for a return to office, became the chief source of his enjoyments, and was continued with regular and progressive improvement until the close of his career.

His political studies, however pleasant, were not sufficient to occupy him; the interval of these labours were filled up by the composition of his comedies, his translations, and other lighter pieces of prose and poetical literature. Many moments still were left him unoccupied, and to a mind which sought relief in variation of employment rather than actual repose, these became wearisome blanks in existence. Complaints which had never been suffered to escape him in prison and in torture now broke from him, and it is impossible to read his expressions of passionate discontent without feeling how much easier it is to meet the most violent persecutions than to support the long trial of ingratitude and neglect, for it is in these moments the spirits of most men seem to break, and fortitude to forsake them. But at length the progress of his literary reputation gave hopes of a speedy return to public life. His correspondence with Vettori, the Florentine ambassador at Rome, had been communicated to Leo X., and that Pontiff, a liberal and judicious patron of learning, had, from time to time, encouraged the solitary labours of Machiavelli, by various marks of his favour and his regard. He caused him to be consulted upon many important questions, and drew from him, through the medium of Vettori, many admirable views concerning the most interesting events of the period. At last, throwing aside the veil under which he had covered his communications with Machiavelli, the Pope invited him to prepare a plan for the government of Florence. This was shortly followed by a mission, of but little moment in itself, but of great importance to him as an earnest of a recall to favourite occupations. This first revival of his hopes had hardly been cherished by him ere another blow seemed destined to annihilate in the bud, for before any fixed establishment had assured him of his restoration to favour, Leo X. was suddenly cut off in the prime of his career. Being thus deprived of a protector, who, although slow to grant him his confidence, had readily acknowledged his merit, Machiavelli was plunged into the greatest despair, and was for a short time in the utmost uncertainty as to his future prospects. Soon however another mission of a most important nature was entrusted to him by one of the principal corporations of the city, and while at Venice, engaged in this negotiation, he was gladdened by the welcome tidings that his name had been once more inserted among those of the citizens who were held eligible to office in the state. We pass over, though not without regret, the details of the period which elapsed from the death of Leo X. till Machiavelli himself sunk a prey to exhaustion, calamities, and grief, for it was during this time that he appeared again upon the political stage, when the experience of his early life had been matured by a long course of study, and his skill perfected by

assiduous labour combined with an influence extended and strengthened by the splendour of his literary reputation, gave to his later negotiations an interest and a value that show how well he was adapted to govern the mighty movements which fortune had condemned him simply to contemplate and record. None of his works were printed previous to his decease, though portions of them had been freely circulated in manuscript among his friends or patrons to whom particular parts had been dedicated. In the course of a few years, however, from the time of his death, all his larger works were printed, and obtaining an extensive circulation, originating that violent controversy which has been continued, with very little increase of judgment, or diminution of virulence, during the course of three centuries. The first to commence this warfare against the supposed doctrines of Machiavelli, was the celebrated Cardinal Pole, who, in his conversation and in his writings, assailed with great vehemence the principles of the "Prince." This attack was followed, in a few years, by a violent dissertation of the Bishop Caterino Politi. A French protestant, Innocent Gentiletto, next entered the lists, and undertook, in an extensive Latin treatise, to refute one by one the obnoxious doctrines. The warfare, thus commenced, was continued with a virulence of which it is difficult to find the parallel; and men of every class and of opposite principles, princes and their subjects, statesmen and theologians, the blindest partisans of absolute power and the most enthusiastic champions of freedom of opinion, have united in the reproach, and confirmed the condemnation.

In the heated arena of controversy there is little room for the cool decisions of judgment. The contest for truth can hardly be carried on without awakening the pride of human reason; and no sooner does this feeling become excited on either side, than the antagonists, like foes, at the decisive moment of battle, lose every other sentiment in the eager desire of success. Thus, in the Machiavellian controversy, what was first advanced as a sincere opinion, was at last maintained as a point of character. Each successive writer readily adopted the assertions of his party, and enlarged them with comments and deductions of his own. Detached sentences, idle rumours, the vile inventions of party spirit, usurped the place of historical documents, until the mass of falsehood and calumny became accumulated to a degree that almost stifled the voice of truth.

It was impossible, however, that some should not be found among the higher intellects of every age, who were able to understand and appreciate the genius of Machiavelli. By many his views have been silently adopted, without any acknowledgment of the source from which they were drawn; others have been contented with a passing comment, while a few have boldly advanced into the arena, and warmly engaged in the defence both of his writings and of his character. But unfortunately for the success of these last, they

seem to have thought it necessary for his vindication, that some mystic reason should be assigned for the composition of the Prince, and have thus been led to form contradictory and improbable theories, which they have supported with all the force of argument and the zeal of controversy. Some have discovered in the Prince a bold and faithful picture of a tyrant, prepared, not to guide the steps of a monarch, but to enlighten the minds of his subjects. To others it has seemed a cunning and deep laid snare, coolly formed for the destruction of the Medici. While a few, struck with the evident discordance between some parts of the Prince and the other works of Machiavelli, and exaggerating the satirical cast of particular portions of his writings, have supposed him to have been a disappointed spirit, whose pictures of life were shaded with the darkness of his own peculiar and gloomy views of human nature.

Every one of these opinions seem equally extravagant, and have, indeed, little foundation either in the character of Machiavelli, or in the common principles of human nature. A picture prepared for the people, would hardly have been consigned to the custody of a single individual, and least of all to that of him who would have the most to apprehend from its publicity. A long life devoted to some single and distant object, with views extending into futurity,—toils and snares, prepared to act at some far off and uncertain period,—these may be found more easily in the dreams of romance than in the sober annals of actual history. The last theory,—the supposition that his works contain a satirical picture of life,—although grounded by its advocates upon his character and the cast of some of his writings, is fully refuted by the general features of both. Rarely, indeed, will it be found, that skilful and subtle theories can be applied to the motives of human action.

But, at last, the moment arrived which was to furnish a surer guide to his real views, and the defence was to proceed from the best interpreter of the feelings and motives of every man,—his own correspondence. The diligence and zeal which have always characterized the scholars of Italy, had never been directed to an examination of the manuscripts of Machiavelli, and, as if the ingratitude that embittered his life had not sufficed, the only pieces which could afford a full refutation of the calumnies of his enemies, were suffered to moulder in neglect, while dusty *codices*, and even whole libraries, were searched to discover a new reading, or establish a disputed passage in the Decameron. The first of his inedited essays that was brought to light, was a small dialogue upon the Italian language, which was published by Giovanni Bottari, in 1730. After an interval of thirty years, the discourse addressed to Leo X. upon the government of Florence, with several letters of great interest and importance, were discovered in the Gaddian library, and published in the city of Lucca. Other discoveries soon followed, and

shortly after the publications at Lucca, his official despatches to the Florentine government were recovered, and his important services, as a faithful and confidential ambassador of the Republic, were, for the first time, established upon full and incontrovertible documents. These writings, so important to the character of their author, and so interesting in a country where literary curiosity is carried to an extent that can hardly be conceived in America, excited the attention of the Florentine literati to the highest degree, and gave rise to a careful preparation of a new edition of his works. This was partly accomplished in 1782; but new discoveries in the following years led to a more exact collection by the same editors, and it was not until the commencement of the present century, that the presses of Italy began to multiply fuller and more correct editions of the works of their greatest philosopher.

Nothing could be more striking than the new aspect in which Machiavelli now appeared; the dark colouring with which calumny had surrounded him, has passed away; he comes before as the dignified and faithful ambassador of his country, the innocent and unbending victim of arbitrary power, the versatile genius, who, by the energies of his own mind, re-opened the path, which an unrelenting destiny had closed before him. We seem to have met with some familiar friend, who brings us into the privacy of his domestic life, and while he amuses our curiosity with characteristic anecdotes, discovers at every step the excellence of his heart and the fervour of his affections.

But one of the most important consequences which result from these discoveries, is the view which they give of the writings of Machiavelli, as a series of connected studies, and of principles progressively formed, illustrated and corrected. Conjecture and theory concerning the motives which guided him are thus rendered comparatively useless, and the question becomes reduced to a simple examination of the final principles in which all his labours were terminated. The Prince then resumes its place as the earliest and most imperfect result of his studies, while the Discourses and Florentine Histories, in which he has retracted the greater part of what was false in the Prince, become the true standards of his character and of his principles. For, if what has once seemed truth, may be rejected by deeper and maturer thought, and the memory be freed from the stain which the promulgation of error has left behind; if the mind, when reposing on the higher places of the temple, may look back upon the pathway, which it has trodden in its upward progress, and correct the false and erroneous views which it formed, while its vision was bounded by mists and obscured by darkness, then is it from his ultimate conclusions alone that the character and principles of a writer should be judged.

A full justification, therefore, of the character of Machiavelli

would require an extensive examination and accurate analysis of all his writings. The limits, however, of the present article will only admit of an imperfect sketch of his three principal works.

The first in order of time is the treatise, which commentators and editors have distinguished by the improper title of the Prince, but which was indiscriminately called by its author, *A Treatise of monarchical governments,—of Princes*, or simply *of the Prince*. His object in this treatise was to describe the nature and resources of some of the common forms of absolute monarchy, in the same manner in which he afterwards described in the Discourses the character of republican governments. The commencement of the work shews with sufficient precision, the point of view under which he proposed to consider his subject.

He divides monarchies into different classes, according to the nature of their origin. Some are hereditary,—others the fruit of conquest. Here, also, we find a new division, for the conquered territory may be an addition to an original patrimony, or it may be the first step of an ambitious leader towards absolute power. In every case, the conquest is the effect either of arms, of fortune, or of individual talent, as the people over whom it is made have been accustomed to a free or to a monarchical government.

From these original distinctions arise peculiar relations between the prince and the subject, which, in turn, require from the prince peculiar modes of government, varying in difficulty according to the origin of his power.

Having thus explained the ground of his classification, he enters into a full examination of the distinctions that he has made; he explains the nature and degree of the difficulties against which princes have to contend in each situation; he shews how they may be avoided, or in what manner they may best be overcome, and illustrates his observations by clear and animated sketches, from ancient and modern history.

He next examines with equal fulness of detail, the modes of offence and defence, which are common to these different forms of government. He, here, first assumes as an undeniable truth, that good laws and good arms are the principal foundations of every state, and then proceeding to explain the nature of the different kinds of troops, he describes in powerful language the destruction that inevitably follows all reliance upon mercenary or auxiliary power. Few men of the present day will deny the justness of his conclusions, or refuse their admiration to the warmth with which he traces the destructive progress of the power of the *condottieri*, and the abandonment of a citizen soldiery; but every reader that, is familiar with the military history of Italy, will perceive that, in these chapters, Machiavelli was contending against one of the strongest prejudices of his age.

The remainder of the work, with the exception of a few

devoted to an examination of some of the personal qualities of a prince. True morality will unhesitatingly condemn two of the principles that he admits,—dissimulation and a disregard of faith, when its observance is opposed to the true interests of the state ; but the practice of every government, not only in ancient but in modern times, and even in our own golden period of moral profession, presents a striking commentary upon the text of Machiavelli. Most of the other principles of these chapters are above all reproach. A prince should be economical, for economy not only contributes to his means of success, but preserves him from the necessity of becoming the oppressor of his subjects. He should be severely just, for although rigid justice is often mistaken for cruelty, it is still the surest path to mercy. If compelled to choose between the fear and the love of his subjects, he should guard against their hatred, by a cautious observance of their rights, and by never departing from the laws of the strictest justice ; but, in all cases, he should constantly remember, that the love of the people is the only protection of the ruler. He should preserve respect for religion, should cultivate boldness and decision of character,—should studiously avoid the corruptions of flattery, and labour to secure the free advice of wise and experienced counsellors. Enterprise and industry should be encouraged ; the development of genius should be promoted by a wise distribution of rewards and privileges ; and finally, by the institution of public festivals and games, the ruler should endeavour to diffuse throughout his dominions a spirit of gaiety and contentment.

The Discourses on the first Decade of Livy, which followed the composition of the Prince, after the interval of a year, were written, partly in order to develop the author's views concerning some principles of republican government, and partly in compliance with the request of his friends, Buondelmonti and Buccellai, in the latter of whose gardens they are said to have been recited to the young men of Florence. They are divided into three books, with a subdivision of chapters. In each book, the most interesting events of the first Decade are considered under a particular point of view. The first book is devoted to an examination of the domestic government of Rome ; the second, to that of the means by which the power of the republic was extended and preserved without the city ; while the third passes in review, one by one, particular actions of private individuals, in order to examine their influence upon the progress of power, and upon the moral character of the nation. In each chapter of these books, some fact of the first Decade is treated with more or less fulness of detail, according to the degree of its importance, and in most of them the author endeavours to arrive at some general principle for the government of his own times. The most important of these principles are supported by parallel facts of contemporaneous history ; and throughout the whole work, he labours to prove that the revolutions of power in every age have depended upon causes

which were similar in themselves, although variously modified by circumstances peculiar to the nation or the period. His deductions are, in most cases, strictly logical, and the conduct and development of his arguments clear, rapid, and strong. New ideas arise at every instant under his pen, and he scatters over the mind, as he advances, the seeds of vigorous and active thought. The reader, whose study of legislation has been confined to the works of later philosophers, will be surprised to meet in the Discourses many principles and observations, the acuteness and profundity of which he has been accustomed to admire in the more pretending pages of his modern oracles. The extent and variety of the subject naturally lead to a review of some of the doctrines of the Prince, and a careful comparison of both works will show how far the views of the author had changed, concerning some of the principles that debase the former.

In neither, however, of these works, does Machiavelli attempt to give a full treatise of legislation. They contain important developments of particular principles, which he possessed neither the leisure nor the means to combine, and by filling up the vacant spaces, and nicely adjusting the separate parts, to form into a complete and regular system. Such a work would undoubtedly have given a different character to his earlier writings, and secured him, in part, from the deep obloquy under which his name has so justly lain. But it cannot be supposed that a perfect system of legislation could have been formed even by the noblest genius of such an age. The progress of society, the development of civilization in the sixteenth century, afforded not the facts upon which such a system could be founded. The principles of constitutional monarchy, the great laws of individual right, were unknown. The government of France, so highly commended by some writers of that period, was little better than a division of arbitrary power, in which the interest of the many were sacrificed to the caprices of the few. The constitution of England was slowly forming amid the jealousies and struggles of contending parties; but what contemporaneous eye could discern, in the shapeless fragments of the sixteenth century, the beautiful fabric which became the admiration and envy of the eighteenth? Political truths are the results of the study and analysis of past events; every age contributes, more or less, to the collection, in proportion to the degree of advancement in civilization; constitutional monarchy was the legacy of the seventeenth century; constitutional republics, on the broadest scale, were the discovery of the eighteenth; political economy, the doctrines of criminal law, are advancing toward perfection, and who can tell what seeds of unknown truth are ripening with them, amid the comparative tranquillity of our own age? It was no greater step in France, from the iron sceptre of Lewis the Great, to the constitutional throne of Lewis Phillip, than from the present state of political science to some degree of perfection that we know not of. Where, then, will be the

vaunted systems of our own days? Where the discoveries of our philosophy? Mingled with the mass of earlier systems, where each, divested of its imagined perfection, will contribute its respective share of truth, to swell the progressive science of ages.

Viewing this subject as we do, it is for us rather a source of congratulation than of regret, that the attention of Machiavelli was confined to particular portions of political science. The politics of his own age are thus explained, with clearness and precision; the received opinions of antiquity are connected with those of the earlier periods of modern civilization, and while the utility of some parts is limited to the light which they throw upon history, others are filled with those great and permanent truths, which are addressed to the statesman of every nation and of every age.

It was not until several years after the termination of the *Discourses*, that Machiavelli entered upon a new field, in his *Florentine Histories*. A great portion, however, of this interval was employed in the studies and observations that were essential to the accomplishment of his design, and his former labours, both as an author, and as secretary to the republic, had prepared him to engage in the task with bolder and more elevated views than had guided the steps of any preceding historian. His original design was confined to the history of Florence, from the rise of the power of the Medici, until his own times; but an attentive examination of the works of the earlier historians of the republic, convinced him that the most important portion of its history had been passed over in comparative silence. The external wars of Florence contained, in his view, none of the important lessons which make history the surest school of wisdom. It was in the detail of the civil feuds and domestic revolutions of his country, that he sought the secrets of her prosperity, and the causes of her decline; it was only, therefore, by a full and faithful delineation of these that he could accomplish the great end which he proposed.

Accordingly, departing from his original plan, he first traces, in a rapid and animated narrative, the revolutions which followed in swift succession throughout every part of Italy, from the reign of Theodosius, until the termination of the papal schism at the Council of Constance. The history that he is preparing to relate, is thus connected with the history of the fall of the Empire, and by following the progress of the states, which are so intimately associated with Florentine history, we are enabled to understand the causes of many peculiar features in the character and revolutions of the latter. He then retraces the ground over which his predecessors had so carelessly trod, and describes, with well-apportioned fulness of detail, the domestic history of the republic, from the foundation of the city, until the rise of the Medici, in fourteen hundred and thirty-four, interweaving with his narration such portions of external history as serve, by their connexion, to throw a clearer light upon the events

that he was relating. From this last period, both the internal and external history are united in a full narrative, which extends to the death of Lorenzo the Magnificent, in fourteen hundred and ninety-two.

The merit of acute and vigorous thought, which characterizes all the productions of Machiavelli, is enhanced, in the Florentine Histories, by the skill with which he arranges his subject and conducts his narration. The transitions are generally easy and natural, and the charm of the narrative is preserved by the peculiar art with which he interweaves his generalization with the facts from which it proceeds, and sometimes even with the sentence that records it. For the most important, however, of these remarks, a particular place has been reserved at the commencement of each book, where they serve as a general introduction to the portion that follows. Some of the most interesting questions are here treated with an energy and justness of thought, which surpass anything in even the best chapters of the Discourses, and with the peculiar and powerful logic, which distinguishes all the works of Machiavelli. If it were possible to judge a mind like his by detached passages and fragments of his general train of thought, no part of his writings could be selected with so much propriety as the introductions to the books of the Florentine Histories.

No work, if we except the Decameron of Bocaccio, has exercised upon Italian prose the same degree of influence as this. But while Bocaccio, misguided by his veneration for the Latin, laboured to form his style upon the arbitrary inversions and periodic sentences of the Roman classics, Machiavelli, with a juster appreciation of the genius of the Italian, adopted a simpler and more pleasing course, equally free from the inversions of the fourteenth century and the gallicisms of the eighteenth. The language of the purer writers of Italy has continued to our own times, as it was left them by Machiavelli, and his works possess nearly the same freshness of expression, which characterizes in our own language the prose of Dryden and of Addison.

The Art of War was composed before the completion of the Florentine Histories. Like many of the works of the ancient philosophers, it is written in the form of a dialogue, in which the principles of the science are developed by the chief interlocutor, while an air of easy vivacity is spread over the whole piece, by the questions and remarks of the others. The merit of this work has been placed in a clear light by the letters of Count Algarotti, and when we reflect that they were written at the court of Frederick the Great, by a man cherished and honoured for the brilliancy of his own genius, we shall ask no higher testimony to the military genius of Machiavelli.

It is a singular step, from the gravity of the historian and the profound reasonings of the statesman, to the airy dreams of poetry and

the keenness of comic wit. But were anything more than a general outline compatible with the plan of the present paper, we should now be called to trace the steps of Machiavelli in these new and difficult paths. Poetry was for him both a solace and a recreation, and many of the productions of his muse are strongly marked with the feelings that inspired them. He sought relief in his lyre from the stings of envy and the relentlessness of persecution, and when wearied with deeper and graver thought, refreshed his mind and restored his strength by the cheerful creations of fancy. In comedy he continued, under another form, his favourite study of man, and although the subsequent progress of the art has given greater perfection to the development of plot and to the general management of character, no writer has ever surpassed him in comic power and in faithfully portraying the follies and vices of his age. Nor are these portions of his writings less strongly marked with his original and peculiar character. Energy, vivacity, and profound knowledge of human nature are the most striking characteristics of the poet, of the comic writer, and of the statesman.

The style of Machiavelli is of a kind of which foreigners can in part perceive and appreciate the beauty. Uniting the excellences of clearness and conciseness with great vigour of expression, and perfect harmony of arrangement, it conveys the ideas of the writer with a force and precision which make the deepest impression upon the memory, while they leave no room for misapprehension. His words and phrases are peculiarly appropriate, and have that graceful elegance which always results from a skilful use of idioms. There are no laboured expressions, no nicely wrought sentences, but the whole moves on, plain and concise in argument, clear and animated in description, nervous and powerful in declamation, warming with the feelings of the writer, and reflecting every shade of his thoughts.

His descriptions are rich and varied. They are at times perfect pictures, in which every detail is carefully wrought up, with appropriate distinctness and keeping; at others, brief sketches, in which a few prominent traits, selected with the instinctive delicacy of genius, form a perfect outline of parts, and seem to indicate the rest. In every case they carry the mind forward with constantly increasing excitement, and produce the peculiar and powerful agitation with which we always draw nigh to the termination of some great catastrophe.

He seldom indulges in declamation, but whenever his feelings become particularly excited, his thoughts and images flow with a warmth and energy which show how well he was qualified to excel in this species of eloquence. He describes the events of history, whether marked by great virtues or debased by glaring crimes, with a clearness and truth, which reproduce the whole scene in the mind of the reader. But all comments upon the moral character of the event, all expression either of blame or of approbation are repressed,

or, if admitted, are expressed in brief sentences or in short comments connected with the narration of the fact. The same manner may be observed in his reasoning: the subject is stated with clearness and precision, his arguments and illustrations follow in rapid succession, but all passing remarks, all amplification and declamation, are left to the imagination of the reader. Many critics, without observing that the same peculiar simplicity is invariably used in speaking of his own interests and misfortunes, have thought that it indicated, in the mind of the writer, a total indifference to good and evil. But this moral insensibility in the highest order of intellect, is more frequently imagined than found. The volume, from which we arise with a stronger inclination to the practice of virtue, a warm admiration for the noble and lovely in moral excellence, and a profound abhorrence of the sacrifice of the interests of many to the pleasure of an individual, can hardly have been produced by a mind wholly blunted to moral feeling. As different minds have different forms of expression, so have they different ways of conveying their lessons of virtue. The moral feeling that arises from the reading of Machiavelli, lies far deeper than the surface of his narrative; it is produced by an attentive study of the whole, instead of being gaudily painted on each single part: it breaks not out in frequent and loud bursts of applause, but winds itself slowly and surely among the secret places of the heart; and the reader, although frequently unconscious of the impression that he has received, finds it mingling, like the first lessons of youth, with the whole course and character of his subsequent reflections.

Some, also, have supposed, that Machiavelli had studied in preference the dark policy of his own times. We will not now stop to examine in what degree the writers of every age are influenced by the peculiar character of their own, or how far it is important for a public man, who seeks to be useful, to examine and understand the materials upon which he is to act; but we believe that a careful examination of the writings of Machiavelli will show that his favourite school was in the best ages of ancient history. The most eloquent passages of his writings are those in which he describes the effect of free institutions and virtuous example upon the character of a nation. Take for example the short description of the sunny days of the Antonines: how bright the colours, how strong the contrasts, how warm and glowing the whole design! It is the outbreathing of a pure and virtuous soul, forced from its path of cold reason, by the remembrance of bright days, and glowing amid the images that its own fancy has revived. Compare this, with the account of Borgia, —a clear, cold, but powerful analysis, with a warm burst of enthusiastic feeling:—the one a detail of crimes supported by greater crimes,—the vices of a demon, triumphant over the vices of petty fiends,—the other a touching sketch of sweet days of peaceful virtue, whose heavenly influence his own dark age had never felt. Machiavelli's favourite character was Scipio, and he seems to contemplate

his virtues with an unvaried and exhaustless delight. Cæsar, on the contrary, he boldly condemns as a selfish tyrant, whose great genius can only render his treachery more hateful. Clearly and strongly indeed has he marked the line between those who have employed their talents and opportunities for the establishment of their own power, and those who have obeyed no other guide than their duty to their own country.

Many works convey no idea of their author. The writer is lost in the story that he relates, or has nothing sufficiently peculiar in his cast of thought to impress the image of his mind upon its own creations. But Machiavelli, although he seldom speaks of himself, is constantly before the reader; his spirit accompanies us through every page: at every step, we feel the presence of an observant and superior power, that will call us to account for every thought and feeling that we indulge. Every action that he relates contains a lesson, in every event swell the germs of some important principle: the mind is excited to constant and active exertion, and the reader must think as he reads, or cease to read.

His method of investigating the most important and interesting truths was incapable, perhaps, of leading to the extensive discoveries of later philosophy, but free from the subtleties and abstractions that have caused so much misery in modern Europe. Led both by natural disposition, and by the character of his studies, to the observation of individual acts and particular examples, he reached not the broadest principles of general legislation, but close, cautious, and correct in his reasoning, he seldom failed to establish some important truth of easy and universal application. The duties of his station compelled him to fix his view upon the probable termination of every event, and hence he sometimes appears to have lost sight of the means, in an eager anticipation of the end; but it should be remembered that his mind was of that class, which, seeing with great clearness and deciding with perfect promptitude, pass rapidly over the comments and explanations, of which they cannot discover the importance. He united the keenest comic wit with the profoundest philosophical reflection, the warmth of poetic feeling with the shrewdness of political sagacity, and bringing into actual life the same versatility and apparent contradiction of character, the pliant skill of an Italian diplomatist with the virtues of a faithful citizen, and the tenderness of an affectionate father and friend. In short, whether we consider him in his life, or in his works, we shall be constantly struck with the peculiar and strongly marked character of both, and be prepared to acknowledge that few volumes contain a richer store of varied wisdom, than the life and writings of Machiavelli; and few still are more instructive in the multiform mode in which human passion is developed, thereby offering a most proper study for the philosopher and the historian, as well as the general reader, to whose perusal we cordially recommend them.

ART. VIII.—*Francia's Reign of Terror, Sequel to Letters on Paraguay.* By J. P. and W. P. ROBERTSON. 3 Vols. London: Murray. 1839.

It is not common to find an author saying, as Messrs. Robertson have done in the Preface to the volume before us, I have not "a word of cavil or objection to offer against any one" of the critics of my former two volumes to which this is a sequel. And yet many both in metropolis and country spoke their minds honestly, a few months ago, ourselves amongst the number, about the "Letters on Paraguay." We suspect, however, that the same degree of unanimity, that a similar fulness of approval and praise, will not attend this "Sequel." Not that the descriptive powers of the writers are less agreeably displayed; not that their enthusiasm or warmth of colouring is feebler; not that personal adventure and incident are less exciting; but because, while some of the subjects handled, as well as the manner of handling them, admit of greater difference of opinion, these subjects themselves are so important and arresting, as to call for and draw out the severer rules of criticism, the closer tests for gauging the soundness and philosophy of an author's mind. While the literary tact and talent of the writers have not degenerated, the topics possess a deeper interest, present themes and examples more impressive, and afford wider scope for speculation than before. Besides, while the "Sequel" is in itself more engrossing on account of its main subject, its forerunner will, hereafter, be indebted to it much for a reflected interest and value; borrowing more than lending. Still, we repeat, we do not anticipate such an unanimity among the critics, or such a general praise, as in the case of the former venture. But our only concern is to acquit ourselves fairly before the authors, and the public, which we now proceed to do.

It will be in the recollection of our readers that the senior brother preceded the junior in going to South America; and that in contemplation of great mercantile prosperity the latter followed the former to Paraguay, a region far inland of the South American continent, where the Jesuits at one time established themselves, with the view of converting to the Christian faith the Indians, and introducing civilization amongst them. How the Fathers were dispersed and expelled by the Spanish government is matter of history; the authority of that government itself having forty years afterwards undergone a similar violent revolution, in the same regions. It will also be remembered that the former volumes brought down the history of Paraguay, or, which is the same thing as regards the period embraced by the "Sequel," the fortunes of Francia, to his nomination for three years to the dictatorship of the Province; the elevation having been procured through the unanimous vote of a congress of deputies by means of manœuvre, intrigue, as well as the

simplicity and indolence of the voters. The previous series also brought down the personal history of the authors to that point where J. P. Robertson had arrived at Buenos Ayres from Assumption, with the intention of proceeding to England, where he was to negotiate many things for the Dictator; while the younger brother remained in Paraguay. J. P. R., however, did not find it convenient to go to Europe, and therefore Francia's mission was not executed, which, perhaps, may account in some measure for the treatment which the authors afterwards received at his hands; but, if so, most unreasonably, seeing that neither outfit nor income was supplied or offered to the trader.

Such is the state of matters of a personal nature, as well as of that which regards the history of Paraguay at the opening of the present volume; the contents of which may be classified under three heads, viz.—first a description of the society and products, together with the natural characteristics of the country in question,—secondly, of Francia's character and career,—and thirdly, of the adventures and fortunes of the two brothers. Under one or other of these heads, our extracts and remarks will naturally enough fall, though these extracts may be taken from very widely scattered statements in the book itself.

Without a view of the character of the people of Paraguay, of the state of society, nay of the climate and country itself naturally and actually, it will be impossible to come any way near to a just estimate of Francia himself. There are broad, though anomalous and unprecedented traits in the aspect of both, from which, however, general and most instructive lessons may be gathered for the study of other nations.

Let it first of all be borne in mind that Paraguay has never been thickly inhabited, something within or beyond three hundred thousand souls being supposed to be its recent population. It presents, in fact, a region of forests, though there is also a great deal of variegated beautiful scenery, the products, animal, vegetable, and mineral, being also rich, abundant, and diversified. The society in this independent state is or was composed of Spaniards and Creoles, the latter only differing from the former in that they were not natives of Europe, both being descended of European parents, but not equally removed. Now, in Assumption, the capital, this society presented curious points and features. "Gross immorality," says one of the authors, "was so mixed up with primitive simplicity of manners; politeness and urbanity came before you so denuded of all the conventional forms and delicacy of expression which high civilization demands; the strongest feelings of devotion were so embued with a crazy superstition, very nearly akin to a mockery of what we believe to be true religion, that the mixture formed altogether something very unlike whatever I have either seen or

conceived of society in other parts of the world." We must insert some sketches or fragments of pictures to illustrate this general account.

The writer proceeds to notice particularly the scene and the manners which he witnessed in one of the most fashionable families of Assumption, the female head of which was looked up to as an oracle by all the other dames of the place; while the daughters, who were really handsome women, were regarded with envy as the undisputed leaders of the *haut ton* in the town, "They did not muffle up so closely when they went abroad as others were forced to do by their mothers; they were not always to be found in a loose *robe-de-chambre* when at home: and they were able to converse in a sprightly and pretty fluent strain of Spanish, when visited by those who could not speak Guarani." Soon after the writer's arrival in Assumption he was invited by the male head of the house, who held the office of postmaster-general; and we read:—

"Having accepted the invitation, I went on the following day as appointed, at the late and fashionable hour of two o'clock. Several friends were assembled for the occasion; but at table I was placed between two of the Misses Jovellanos,—young, blooming (for most of the females of Assumption were very fair,) and without any doubt very pretty women. Guess, then, my confusion, to find at the dinner-table that we were waited on by half-a-dozen boys and girls, little slaves, all perfectly,—how shall I say it? Their liveries had cost nothing—their shoes and stockings had cost nothing—not one of them had *dressed* for dinner,—they were, one and all, in *statu naturæ*. At first I fidgeted in my chair, and threw furtive glances around; but seeing every one on either side of me including my fair companions, as composed as if the most rigid decorum had been studied, I gradually recovered my serenity, and learned thenceforward to know that whatever has become *the custom of the country*, is never even *fancied* by the people to have anything *outré* in it. I recollected Goldsmith's story of the nation with a fleshy excrescence under the chin. How we are, in truth, the creatures of habit! I got so accustomed to these unclothed attendants, during my sojourn in Paraguay and Corrientes, that on my return to Buenos Ayres I thought there was a great deal of affectation in dressing out the same class there from top to toe.

"As the body was left loose and unconstrained by dress in Paraguay, so the conversation of all classes was the most unsophisticated in its construction that can be imagined,—quite of the Doric order. There was no circumlocution, no metaphoric subtilty, no figure of speech by which one thing was made to stand for another."

The mother in question, for example, gave a dissertation upon the excellence of "Buchan's Domestic Medicine," as a directory,—(the book has been translated into Spanish,) and how serviceable it had been to her in the rearing of her family; to all which the daughters listened as gravely as it had been to one of Mrs. Chappone's letters.

There was no police force in Assumption, and, in fact, no necessity for such a safeguard. Yet in the principal street of the capital, (there was only one worthy of the name,) where a long and continuous corridor distinguished one side of it, the facilities for breaking various laws were frequently of an extraordinary kind:—

“The principal shopkeepers and merchants inhabited this part of the town; and, on very warm nights of summer, this corridor constituted the common bed-room, if I may so speak, of all those shopkeepers from whose houses the corridor projected. The portable beds of these worthy citizens were drawn out and ranged along the covered way; and it was a singular and a primitive sight to see them, as you passed along towards ten o'clock at night, preparing for, or already enjoying, their night's repose. Some were to be seen sitting on the side of their stretchers, yawning, or smoking their cigars; others undressing with the greatest sang froid; here one snoring, there another conversing with his next neighbour; and every one unconscious of the oddness of the scene which presented itself to the eyes of a stranger. The same custom prevailed, more or less, throughout the city. Beds and sleepers obstructed the way in every direction. I used myself constantly to sleep under the corridor of my patio, closed, however, from public view by a large outer gate.”

Our author notices some particulars which occurred under his own eye also, in a family, the master of which was an easy-going old gentleman, who ate a hearty dinner early in the day, slept a long siesta after it, in the evenings enjoyed his maté and his cigar under the porch of his door, and who was also always serene, undisturbed, and mechanically the same. His wife was active, handsome and buxom; and being about two or three and thirty, was just beginning to grow jealous of her oldest daughter, a pretty girl of fifteen. She was almost the only woman in the city that had *blue eyes*; and by this argument she considered that she had a special claim upon the Englishman. Accordingly he was abruptly summoned one afternoon to wait upon her in her bedroom. The occasion was important, and may be easily understood from the following short account as given by the writer, W. P. R. “Look there at my little babe,” said she, “who has so recently seen the light; you see she is *uná rubia* (fair complexioned); her eyes are quite blue—she looks altogether an Inglesita. Well, I wish you to be her godfather, and I am going to call her *Guillermo* (Wilhelmina).” Don Guillermo was too polite and accommodating to refuse becoming a padrino. But three months after this new tie a different scene was witnessed in the same family. Guillermo is invited to repair thither in the evening “to enjoy a little diversion (*para divertirme un poco*).” He obeys, and thus describes:—

“Ranged all round it were guests of every description,—fat old ladies and slender misses,—friars and paycitos (or young gallants), natives of Assumption,—compadres and comadres without end;—and a great variety

of female slaves, sitting at the feet of their respective mistresses. Half a dozen servants were busy handing about cigars, maté, sweetmeats, and wine, to ladies and gentleman indiscriminately (minus cigars to the misses, who only smoked in private,) so the room was redolent of smoke, while the buzz of many voices saluted the ear. A paycito had just finished singing a triste, accompanied by his guitar.

"At the head of the room was a blaze of huge wax lights, in candlesticks of carved wood, gilded all over, and gigantic dimensions. Placed on a species of throne, raised on the estrada, was a small coffin, which, as well as the throne, was ornamented with every variety of artificial flowers, tastefully disposed, while the surrounding part of the wall was decorated with rich brocade. Immediately over the head of the coffin was a massive silver figure of our Saviour on the cross; and in the coffin itself lay, dressed out in the most splendid style, *the corpse of my infant god-daughter!*"

Our author indulges in some sentiments about death in this instance appearing for the moment to have been divested of every forbidding attribute, and the success with which its solemnity was put down. He then proceeds to narrate. As soon, says he—

"As Mrs. Figueredo's eye caught my figure in the room she hastened to me with a brisk step and smiling countenance—'Ah, compadre!' said she, 'I'm so glad you have come; we have been expecting you for an hour: come along, come along,' she added, pulling me by the coat,—'come and see the angel!'

"'But, Doña Encarnacion,' said I, as we went along the room, 'are you not afflicted by the loss of your child?'

"'Afflicted!' cried the lady with unfeigned surprise, 'why should I be afflicted? Is your little god-daughter not converted into an *angel*? Do you heretics not know that of such is the kingdom of heaven? Then, why should I be afflicted? I am only sorry you have no longer a god-child in my family; but never mind, you shall be god-father to the next, and then all will be right.'

"I might be led—'albeit a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance'—to endeavour to assuage, by argument, a mother's excess of grief for the loss of her child; but to argue my comadre *into* any such grief would have been rather impertinent. The universally instilled, and universally received opinion, that the body of a little child after death was, materially speaking, converted into the body of an angel, I felt no inclination to controvert. It was one of the customs of the country; and the customs of the country I had come to respect, and not quixotically to try to overthrow."

The funeral is described to have been on the same scale of magnificence, and, in the eyes of the describer, in the same style of oddity as the *velorio*. But remember, reader, all these and many other characteristic scenes were witnessed and realized before the commencement of the "Reign of Terror!" Behold, to what a pitch that reign is represented to have brought the people of Paraguay, particularly the citizens of Assumption!

“ From being the most open, frank, and kind-hearted people in the world, the Paraguayans became the most sordid, low, and hypocritical of the human race. The demons of discord, jealousy, and distrust took possession of every habitation in the land. The overruling passion of self-preservation cooled or deadened all the softer feelings and affections. The brother informed against the sister, the wife against the husband ; the son betrayed the father, or the father the son ; and the bosom friend of yesterday became the vile spy and informer of to-day. All the hinges of society were out of joint. No inhabitant of Paraguay could say that the man who had broken bread with him to-day, might not be the instrument of his destruction on the morrow.”

All grew to be constantly in fear, and each afraid of the other. “ Every man, and almost every woman too, became an isolated member of a silenced society.” And all this the work of one man ! But before taking up the tyrant as represented by Messrs. Robertson, we have to add regarding the character and attainments of the people of whom he is a Nero-like scourge, that besides their humane, hospitable, simple, and unsuspicious disposition, they were at best but ill-informed. Literature or the love of it was at the lowest ebb amongst them. Even their lawyers, doctors, and divines, were little better than quacks, or servile promulgators of antiquated *dicta*, that had little or no practical application to the circumstances in which such professors and prescribers were placed. In the hands of an active, designing, and unprincipled man the whole community was found a feeble thing from indolence, ignorance, and innocence of suspicion ; climate, education, habits, and institutions, all uniting to bind the people down in a state of utter helplessness.

The character of Francia, if fairly drawn by our authors, is one of the darkest that ever was delineated. He is vain, ambitious, jealous, refinedly cruel, (delighting in sights of prolonged cruelty too, and gory spectacles,) vindictive, and terribly relentless. Humanity as well as mercy is a stranger to his bosom. But it may, and not unnaturally, be required that we should pause before we rely implicitly upon a representation of character that is so frightful, so extraordinary, and so unnecessarily extraordinary, as that which is set here before us ; especially when we have access but to slight corroborative evidence, and previously but small knowledge of the man, and of the difficulties he had to combat, the evils he had to repress. While reposing with as much confidence in the integrity and honour of the authors as one man can do in another, we can easily conceive that a colouring, amounting to exaggeration, has been given to certain events in the Dictator's career, and to certain prevailing aspects of the people over whom he rules. But we do not for a moment believe that the picture is essentially incorrect—the internal and external evidences in the testimony of our authors, as well as the constitution and tendencies of the human mind, in given circumstances, appearing to us to be irresistible and convincing.

It is objected to the authors that they are either unable or unwilling to unfold and illustrate their views otherwise than by a detail of unconnected particulars and occurrences ; and that there is nothing like generalisation in their book from which an applicable lesson or a striking political truth in regard to rulers and the ruled can be safely deduced. But the question with us is—do they instance facts? are all the acts of oppression, and cruelty, and ruin detailed, matters of notoriety in Assumption? We have already said that we rely upon the main picture implicitly ; for names, dates, witnesses, and all the methods open to persons desirous of provoking investigation and similarly supported contradiction, are employed and urged again and again. The chain of instances, too, which ought to confound or arouse the Dictator and his advocates, if he have any, look like something more than isolated facts, irrationally or uselessly detailed ; it has, as given by our authors, a marvellous resemblance to a well and closely connected system and development of uniform principles ; to which those who are skilled in the art of generalisation may turn, with advantage to their philosophy, and to the best interests of mankind. Had Messrs. Robertson generalised more, but adduced fewer facts, we should have reposed much less faith in their testimony, whatever we might have been led to think of their ingenuity.

But then it is said that they have given us nothing like a complete biography of Francia, and that their letters do not contain a complete or satisfactory history of his government. Were they to tell more than they knew? was that which they saw and knew too trifling, too ordinary to require it to be told to the world and to posterity—to be put into a transmissible and permanent shape? Unless the answer be *Yes* to both questions, of what use is the objection, especially if it be considered that these Letters may become the rallying point, and the strong occasion for the fullest disclosures on all that is uncertain in the subject? That the answer will be anything but *Yes* we fearlessly predict of him who will be at the pains to peruse the book ; to mark the beginnings of the tyrant, the materials he had to work with and operate upon ; and to trace the manner in which the mind and heart and strength of purpose of man will naturally and progressively accommodate themselves not merely to the circumstances with which they come in contact, but grow with exigencies, making the most sudden and marvellous events the salient points for other efforts and other triumphs, the very thought of which not long before would have confounded the hero himself, be the eminence attained good or bad. It will not do to assert that Francia's alleged career and character never had a counterpart, so long as it can be shown that no such materials, no such opportunities, no such society, and no similar country situated in a geographical and political sense, ever existed.

We say that the mode in which Francia attained to power,—the

methods by which he has kept the whole power legislative and executive in his own hands, without sharing a morsel of it with any one else,—the process of hardening and being hardened into a cold-blooded, suspicious, terrified, isolated, and most miserable murderer and tyrant, are things and stages that are most effectively marked and traced, though gaps may occur of wider or narrower dimensions, in this account of a Reign of Terror. Let us point out a few of these progressive and impressive landmarks in the life of this extraordinary despot, and adduce a few specimens descriptive of his policy and his frightfully flagitious deeds.

It was not long after Francia had obtained unlimited and sole power in Paraguay, when his real character began to show itself, and the commencement of a progressive despotism of the vilest sort to unfold. To be sure the two first days which followed the election were graciously set apart by the Dictator as *levée* days, somewhat in imitation of greater personages ; for the Doctor, it would appear, looked upon himself as a second Napoleon, and would with consummate awkwardness, laughable short-comings, and puerile imitations fancy that he was a *Dionysius*. But his apings, frequently, it appears, of the mere caprices of celebrated tyrants, were no laughing or short-coming affairs to his victims ; while, as we have intimated already, his advances in the school of wanton oppression were of the most scholar-like and instructive kind. Here follows a short account of the very first symptom of his disposition and intentions, as displayed immediately after the *levée* days :—

“ His body-guard, as it might properly be termed, of *Quarteleros*, was now completely organized ; and, without his appearing directly to sanction it, an increasing licence in their manner of conducting themselves towards the citizens was observable. On the Dictator's daily ride to and from the barracks, the passenger on the way who omitted to uncover as Francia passed, had at first his hat rudely pushed from his head by one of the guards ; and ere long this mode of admonishment was changed to the ruffian's riding up with his drawn sabre to the incautious delinquent, and with two or three heavy blows, reminding him of the respect due to the ‘ *Supremo* ;’ for so Francia now ordered that he should be called. In one or two cases before I left Assumption, it happened that the edge instead of the flat side of the sword was used, and then the unhappy victim was cut down, and left to lie bleeding till the Dictator had passed. In all these outrages Francia never appeared to give orders, or in any way to be concerned in the matter. He continued at his unaltered slow pace, with an immovably cold expression in his features, his head bent downwards, and apparently unconscious of what was going forward.

“ The system of *espionage* was ramified, and more systematically organized ; and every day an increasing distrust of each other was introduced and spread among the inhabitants of the capital. This system was afterwards carried into every district and every petty village throughout the republic.

Imprisonments and fines became more frequent, and no man dared to

inquire into the cause of his neighbour's loss of liberty. The nature of their imprisonments, and the sufferings of the imprisoned, are hereafter to be detailed. The establishment of the *state prisons* was at a period subsequent to that of my residence in Assumption."

One of Francia's early strokes of policy was to break the spirit of commercial enterprize in Paraguay, and to prevent with a species of Chinese strictness and jealousy all intercourse with other states and countries; the general disturbed condition of South America, and the evils or revolutions that European adventurers were often inclined to foment, having dictated the policy, perhaps. Still he was most eager to cultivate friendship with the English government, knowing, no doubt, how potent Britain was upon the water, and how she might and could enforce her authority upon the majestic rivers in his vicinity. Whatever were the tyrant's motives, he succeeded in isolating Paraguay from the rest of the world, and from the neighbouring states; while, within the boundaries of the country over which he ruled, he established a small army, which was yet more efficient than a large one could have been; for though his troops were encouraged in their insolence and violence to the people, they were each and all afraid of one another, and especially of the Dictator. Such was the system of espionage which he kept up in his army, but which had his troops been extremely numerous would have been much less easily sustained; while he himself might suddenly have been found at the mercy of a military conspiracy. Observe how he proceeded with the officers and men:—

"His care was to call in, and to have repaired under his own immediate inspection, every straggling musket and rusty blunderbuss which could be collected. The number of Guards, or *Quarteleros*, so often mentioned heretofore, was augmented, and all higher rank than that of captain abolished. The Dictator himself became general, colonel, paymaster, quarter-master, and head tailor to the regiment. Not a musket was delivered out but by his own hands. Grenadier hats and coat trimmings were not only devised, but fitted, stored, and distributed by himself. He held personal communication with every man in his regiment of Guards: he pampered, flattered, paid, and caressed them. At the same time he diffused among them a spirit of constant and ever-jealous rivalry, and of aspiration to his favour and countenance. He began his system of indulgence with the private, and diminished it as he went through the grades of corporal, sergeant, ensign, lieutenant, till it faded into nothing with the captain. The superior rank of this last was thus counterbalanced by the personal favour more openly shown by the Dictator to the captain's subordinates. But the feeling of importance thus created in them was again counteracted by Francia's exaction, from the soldiers and subalterns, of a passive obedience to the captain's orders.

"Without knowing how, the captain thus felt himself in possession of actual command divested of moral power; and the soldier, as little knowing how, felt that, although he must obey his captain and other sur-

officers, the turn of a straw, the nod of the Dictator, might reduce the captain to the ranks, and raise the private to the command of a company. The jealousy thus excited in every superior officer toward the one next subordinate to him, and *vice versa*, created a prying and malicious vigilance of the conduct of each into that of the other, and produced, as a never-failing result of misbehaviour, a report of the case to Francia. Again, the hope of advancement fostered, by the Dictator, in sergeants, corporals, and privates, kept them within the sphere of duty on one hand, and on the alert to report, at head-quarters, any dereliction of it on the part of their commissioned officers. At the same time, an *esprit de corps* was not only encouraged but inculcated, in virtue of which every man in the regiment considered himself superior to any mere civilian. By this distinction in favour of his soldiers, the Dictator meant at once to soothe the feverish feeling to which all were subjected by the system of discipline enforced; and to try at what ratio of acceleration he might proceed to extinguish every lingering spark of liberty among the people."

His non-respect of persons and mode of military discipline may be learned from an example :—

"A lieutenant of the name of Iturbide, presuming upon the Dictator's fancied partiality for him, disobeyed, upon some trivial occasion, his captain, and assigned as a reason for doing so, that he was a greater favourite of the Dictator than the captain himself. This boast came to Francia's ear. He said not a word to the lieutenant, but ordering a muster of the Quarteleros, he went up personally to the officer, collared him, and pulling him out of the ranks, addressed him thus :—' I found you a beggar, and I made you an officer. I now find you an ill-behaved officer, and I send you back to be a well-behaved beggar. If you are not that, I shall put you in the stocks, or in a worse place.' So saying, Francia had the officer stripped of his uniform, clothed in the filthy habiliments of a mendicant, and drummed out of the regiment.

"In something of the same style were all the courts-martial of the Dictator conducted. Not even a drum-head was required around which to assemble them. Francia's *dictum* was omnipotent, and the execution of it imperative, irreversible, instantaneous. Never was a single instance known of commutation of sentence, or of mitigation of punishment."

His troop of spies, alternately actuated by hope and fear, were everywhere ramified among the people, whether civil or military; and hence the universal distrust and heart-break that blighted the country. The inhabitants who were of Spanish birth were the especial objects of his hatred. He would at times have them all driven together like a flock of sheep to a particular spot in the morning and kept waiting till evening under a scorching sun, merely to admonish them through the lips of some worthless or stupid tool, or to have a pretext for banishing or imprisoning any one of the Spaniards who did not appear and submit to the open-day degradation, or that still more serious cruelty might be inflicted. His system of exiling people to most unhealthy places, was upon a wholesale scale; his

imprisonments were similarly frequent. Then, when appealed to piteously in behalf of the innocent (the victims seem for the most part to have been left ignorant of the charges against them), he would affect to be ignorant of the case, or he would sneer at their sufferings, and would say of numbers who had been immured for weeks and months, they are not prisoners, they are *recluses*. He had his *Public Prisons*, and his *State Prisons*. Of the latter, it is reported by our authors, as follows :—

“ These are narrow cells, constructed under ground in the different barracks. They are small, damp, vaulted dungeons, of such contracted dimensions, that to maintain an upright posture in them is impossible, except under the centre of the arch.

“ Here it is, that loaded with irons, with a sentinel continually in view, bereft of every comfort, left without the means of ablution, and under a positive prohibition to shave, pare their nails, or cut their hair ;—here, in silence, solitude, and despair, the victims of the Dictator's vengeance, and often of his mere displeasure or caprice, are constrained to pass a life to which death would be a thousand times preferable. The feeble light admitted to these dungeons, contrived by this demon of relentless cruelty, is by a door left half open during the day, but closed at sunset. After this time, the wretched, and in most cases innocent victim is left to pine away his hours of darkness and of solitude. He has not a spark of consolation to illumine the gloom of the present, nor a ray of hope to cast a shadow of light on the dark horizon of the future. He is still a living, languishing member, or rather outcast, of the world. But entombed alive,—cut off from all human intercourse and sympathy,—he drags on a hated and loathsome existence, till, stricken to the soul by anguish, or a victim to disease, or in the convulsions of madness, he yields to Him who gave it, a soul into which the iron has so deeply entered as to make him receive, as the best of boons, at the hands of his God, a release from his earthly woe. Thus died my friend and companion Gomez ; thus died my friend Dr. Savala ; thus died Padre Maiz ; thus died the old Governor, General Velasco ; and thus his faithful butler. Thus died Machain ; and thus, or on the banquillo, perished almost every kind and simple-hearted friend I ever had in Assumption. Thus, especially, perished every man who excited the Dictator's jealousy by reason of some glimmering of better understanding than his neighbour,—of a thought of independence,—or of a spark, were it but a latent one, of liberty in his soul. The irreversible decree was,—‘ Off with him to the dungeon ; or away with him to the gibbet or the banquillo.*’ ‘ Off,’ in short, ‘ with his head ! and so much for Buckingham.’ ”

But there were other modes of refined punishment, the worst of all being in the *Chamber of Truth*, that is the Chamber of Torture ; in which only three functionaries officiated, Francia being one of

* The banquillo is a low stool or form on which in a sitting posture, delinquents are shot.

them himself. We have already stated that his hatred of the native Spaniards was intense ; it could only be matched by his antipathy to the clergy. A tragic story will in part illustrate this :—

“ There was an old Spaniard who lived next door to me, and whom I had known from my first arrival in Paraguay. He went by the *sobriquet* of ‘ El Peledo,’ ‘ the bald man.’ He was an inveterate enemy of the Creoles, and a great bigot ; but under a salutary respect for the law of self-preservation, he lived for many years in Paraguay, without intermeddling in political affairs, and denying himself, as much as he possibly could, the privilege of even gossiping about them with his most familiar friends. To my brother and myself he sometimes opened his heart, because he knew he was in safe hands ; but we never heard him speak, especially dilate, on such subjects without admonishing him of the danger of its perilous tendency. He was a man of a fiery, irritable temper ; but still, he was a man under the check of practical prudence, and being a mere shopkeeper, from whom most people kept aloof, because of his forbidding manners, he was, perhaps, of all the men in Assumption, the least formidable to the Dictator. But this personage did not deem his enemies those alone who were capable of doing him an injury : a word uttered to his disparagement, a thought expressed unsuited to his momentary caprice, however impotent the party who might utter it, was the signal for banishment, chains, or death.

“ When Francia proceeded to annihilate or debase the monastic orders, he converted into barracks some of their monasteries. This so exasperated the poor Pelado, especially as his hopes at the time were raised to a great pitch of excitement by a false report of a Russian squadron being on its way to Paraguay, that he gave loose to the following remark :—‘ The Franciscans have gone to-day ; but who can tell that Francia’s turn to go may not be to-morrow ?’ By some busy and malicious tongue this short, but fatal speech was conveyed to the ears of the Dictator. He summoned the Pelado to his presence, and addressed him in these terribly emphatic words :—‘ As to when it may be *my* turn to go, I am not aware ; but this I know, *that you shall go before me.*’ Next morning the Pelado was brought to the banquillo, placed not far from Francia’s window ; and the Dictator delivered, with his own hands, to three soldiers, the three ball cartridges with which the unfortunate man was to be shot. The aim was not effectual, and the executioners were ordered to despatch him with their bayonets. Upon the whole of this scene of barbarity and blood, Francia looked from his window, being not distant more than thirty yards from the place of slaughter.

“ You will ask me how the Dictator came to limit the number of men who were to do the work of execution on the Pelado to three ; and as little facts are often illustrative of great, sad, and horrible things, I will answer you. He was too economical of the powder and ball, upon which he mainly depended for protection, to give it out in the necessary quantity to render even execution a work of comparative humanity.

“ In no subsequent case did he deviate from this practice ; so that in the great number of executions which followed that of the Pelado, in all cases where the ball did not reach the heart, or penetrate the head, the sufferer was reduced to a mangled corpse by the process of stabbing him with the bayonet. Of all such executions, too, Francia was an exulting spectator ;

nor were the bodies, which had been consigned to death in the morning ever permitted to be withdrawn till the evening. At frequent intervals, during the day, the Dictator came to his window and stood gazing on them as if to glut his eyes with the work of murder, and minister fiendish satisfaction to his revenge, by the view of the mangled carcasses of those whose alleged enmity he had thus made to lick the dust. Not content with this in the case related of the Pelado, Francia seized all his property, and sent his wife and children forth, though Creoles, mendicants upon the bounty of their neighbours."

Many cases of equal or still greater cruelty and wanton barbarity are adduced against the tyrant by our authors. The man must indeed have been constantly occupied with one scheme or another, many of them truly worthy of a Nero. For example, after the expiration of his three years' dictatorship, when he got himself, with perfect ease, elected for life, and when the reign of terror set in with all its force, we find one of his stratagies to have been the erection of a gibbet for hanging any of his workmen or mechanics who did not please him with their performances or manufactures.

It is sickening to go through the different and multifarious cases of oppression and barbarity laid to the Dictator's charge, were it not for the great lessons which the narrative conveys. One of these lessons will be found in the constant state of terror in which the tyrant was thrown. Let us observe some of the symptoms of this horrible condition :—

"It is of all things the most unlikely, even among a people so passive and so trodden under foot as the Paraguayans, that a tyrant like Francia should have pursued his career, without the penalty ever paid by such men, of being haunted by the dread of assassination. His whole mode of life showed that he was no exception to the rule: poison and the dagger were for ever before him. Every cigar he smoked, though made by his own sister, was carefully unrolled, to see that it contained no suspicious-looking drug. His provisions he examined with like scrupulosity; and no one was permitted to come into his presence with even a cane in his hand. Every one who obtained an audience was obliged to stop short at a distance of six paces from the Dictator, and to allow his hands to hang down by his side.

"Mr. Rengger states, that having, in ignorance, omitted this ceremony at his first interview with Francia, he was gruffly challenged with a design to assassinate him. Loaded pistols, and unsheathed sabres were always within the Dictator's reach; people were driven by his dragoons from the deserted streets through which he rode; and he changed his place of rest (if rest, indeed, the jealous and alarmed soul can ever be said to enjoy,) from one abode to another. Sometimes he slept in his own palace, sometimes in one of the Quartels in the town, and sometimes in the calvary barracks in the country. The scowl of distrust was seldom off his countenance; and he moved about like a demon, ready to spill human blood on the turn of a straw. * * * *

"The Dictator now rode about, conscious of the enmity and distrust of every good man, and with a breast boiling with hatred toward the few

respectable ones he had left at large. A man's being seen in the streets within 100 yards of him was an unpardonable offence: it was generally visited with imprisonment or exile. One day his horse shyed at an old barrel in front of a house; instantly the owner of it was arrested.

"An informer told him there were still conspiracies hatching, and that there was an intention on the part of the conspirators to murder him as he rode through the streets. Instantly all houses in suspicious situations were levelled with the ground; lanes were pulled down, and orange trees, shrubs, and other places of concealment were indiscriminately uprooted. Yet would the gloomy tyrant, at night, sometimes prowl about the streets in disguise, and alone. He was unable to confide, except to his own quick ears, and sharp eyes, the work of tracking the machinations of his supposed enemies, of prying into dark and suspicious recesses, and of listening at the doors of those houses in town, whose inhabitants he most suspected."

One notice more must be given of the tyrant's career and fears.

"Thus did Francia proceed, without a check in his career, till the beginning of 1825; and how little the character of the despot was changed then, even after he had been for ten years the scourge of his country, and, for five, had been imbruing his hands in its blood, the following anecdotes may show:—

"A poor woman, ignorant of any other mode of approach to the Dictator, went up to the window of his room; and not only was she consigned, for the rash act, to prison, but her husband, though altogether ignorant of what had been done, was punished in a similar manner. To prevent the recurrence of any incident so outrageous to the dignity of the Supremo, he ordered that thenceforth every person observed gazing at the front of his palace should be shot in the act. 'Here,' said he to the sentinel, 'is a bullet for the first shot; and here,' giving him another, 'is one for a second, should you miss the first; but if you miss the second, be assured I shall not miss you.'

"This order being made known, you do not need to be told what gloomy solitude reigned around the walls of the tyrant shrouded within them. A fortnight after the order was issued, a half-naked Payaguá Indian, in his ignorance, stood gazing and gaping upon the forbidden sight of the palace walls. The sentinel fired, but fortunately missed; and the report of the musket having brought the Dictator out before a second aim could be taken, he countermanded the order, and pretended never to have issued it."

It was reported some time ago that this monster of cruelty had gone to his last account. But the tidings were premature; nor, for anything that is yet certainly known in this country, has he ceased to uphold his reign of terror over the helpless people of Paraguay. Messrs. Robertson seem to have a desire that their Letters should reach the tyrant, while he is able to peruse them; for he is understood to be acquainted with the English language, and he is four score years of age. But a more important use of these volumes will be that which is glanced at in the following passage:—

"I think it would have been a culpable omission in the annals, horrible,

humiliating, but yet instructive,—of bad men, to have allowed this one to descend to his grave without the scorn, contumely, and reproach of all good ones. What safeguard have we against a repetition of the same infamous practices which have characterized Francia's reign, but the exposure of them? Men may frame local laws, and tyrants may execute them; but the press can circulate far and wide, and promulgate from generation to generation, the account of deeds which shall instil salutary fear into the minds of future legislators, and yet more salutary distrust into those of the masses that are to be legislated *for*. After all, I fear, it is to the control of those masses,—educated, I mean, (and what a process of centuries is national education!) that we must look for stability of institutions,—virtue in the executive power,—patriotism in the soldier and sailor,—integrity in the judge,—charity and simplicity in the minister of the altar,—impartiality in the magistrate,—uprightness in the merchant,—and common honesty, industry, and independence in the labouring classes themselves. I speak not of Tories, Whigs, or Radicals,—of Moralists, Religionists, or Theorists,—of any one sect. I speak of the family of *mankind*; of the oblique tendency of his nature; and of the fearful exemplifications of this tendency, as illustrated by the history of such men as Francia. Above all, it is to be hoped that such an exposé will cause the South Americans to look about them, and try to detect and to displace any incipient Francia, that it is just possible may at this moment be planning among them such another career as that of the despot of Paraguay."

But before closing our Paper we must revert to some of the personal incidents in which our authors were deeply concerned during their intercourse with Paraguay, passing over, however, everything that may obtrude upon us the remembrance or the sight of Francia. Mr. J. P. Robertson's adventures will suffice for us at present, nor is there required farther introduction to the passages to be cited than to say, that, in passing up the river La Plata, with a cargo and merchandise of very considerable value, he was visited by banditti, nominally under the authority of Artigas, a chief of freebooters; during the old Spanish rule carrying terror and robbery with him throughout the whole of the Banda Oriental region; but under the new *régime*, according to a wise policy, perhaps, appointed and recognised as Captain of Blandangues, and usually designated by the honourable title of "His Excellency the Protector;" such a functionary being thought necessary in the then threatened and disturbed condition of the South American States. Now for the robbery and the imprisonment:—

"Those marauders, ungovernable by any system of civilised discipline, were held together, somewhat in the way in which pirates are, by privileges tacitly understood as appertaining to each, and corresponding to the relative merits of his services. In accordance with this view, a custom prevailed among the Artigueños, which was, that any soldier who had distinguished himself more, that is, had committed more daring excesses than another, was entitled to ask a favour ('pedir un favor,' as they

styled it) of his chief; and it was at the chief's peril that he refused to grant it. On the present occasion (and, to me, it was one of some emergency) the Indian stepped out from the ranks, and 'asked his favour.' That favour was not a light one in my eyes, for it was, that my life should be spared. 'Que no se le fusile,' said the Indian, 'let him not be shot.' I was loosed from the tree to which I had been tied; and becoming from that moment the recognised protégé of the Indian, I was treated with much less severity by the whole gang. The cords with which I had been bound were removed; I was permitted to dine with my not-over-welcome guests; threats of taking my life were no longer the order of the day; and I was graciously allowed to drink a little of my own wine. But I was not permitted to use any part of my own wardrobe. That was distributed, without reserve of either a shirt or pair of stockings, among my fierce assailants; and the metamorphosis wrought in them by the assumption of my costume was not less striking than that wrought in me on being forcibly and scantily clad in theirs. In exchange for my whole wardrobe, I had thrown over my shoulders a tattered great-coat, and tied round my waist a worn-out poncho. No shirt, no stockings, were allowed me. My attire was completed with an old blue foraging-cap, and a cast-off pair of 'botas de potro.*' Many of the Artiguéños, on the other hand, having put off similar garments, were now to be seen strutting about in Bond Street cut coats, leather breeches (they were the fashion in those days), Andre's hats, tight fits of boots, both top and Hessian, with broad-frilled shirts, and large ties of white cravats. Here were my gold chain and seals dangling at the fob of the sergeant, he having preferred them to the watch, which went to the corporal. One man had on a pair of buckskins and Hessians boots, another a pair of Hoby's best tops, over white cord pantaloons; and as this last personage was considered the smartest of the group, my opera hat (now, by the bye, no longer mine) was seized upon by him to crown his attire. So motley a group was never perhaps before exhibited; for as I had not a wardrobe ample enough to clothe forty men, each had only a *part* of it, and this contrasted so strongly with the part of his own which he was still obliged to retain, as to make him look like the Centaur, human above, brutal below, or *vice versa*."

Now for a serio-comic discovery and its results :—

"I had in my possession a double flageolet, of which the construction sorely puzzled my barbarian keepers. They blew into it, and produced two distinct yet discordant sounds. After their severity towards me was a little softened, the sergeant asked me what instrument that was, I told him: when he presently requested me to play a tune upon it. Not being much of an adept in music, and certainly never in worse tune for it than at that moment, I begged to be excused, but in vain; the sergeant began by a request and ended by a *command* that I should play the flute. 'Toca la flauta,' said he, in rather a soothing tone at first; 'toca la flauta,' he added, in a minute after, in one so fierce and peremptory as made my blood

* Boots stripped off the leg of a horse.

run cold. At the same time he laid his hand on the hilt of his sword in such a menacing way as overruled all farther objections on my part. There, seated on the poop of the vessel, in my scanty Artigueño habiliments, was I fain to play duets to the satyrs, savages, and imps around me, among whom dancing to my music became a frequent amusement. But there are few evils without their corresponding alleviation in this life; and in the present case mine was to perceive that the intercourse brought about by an unskilful performance on a little reed, had a softening influence on my captors. I can say that thenceforward the only real inconvenience to which I was put by them was that of being obliged, at their pleasure (how little it could be at my own you need not be told), to 'play the flute.' "

The prisoner and his vessel reach Bajada, where he was conducted and treated as follows :—

" I was marched to the small and wretched gaol appropriated to the reception of murderers, robbers, and other felonious caitiffs of the worst die. There they sat, each upon the skull of a bullock, in chains, in nakedness, in squalid filth, and yet in bestial debauch and revelry. There was a fire lit in the middle of the floor, amid a heap of ashes which had been accumulating, apparently, for months. Around this fire there were spitted, for the purpose of being roasted, three or four large pieces of black-looking beef, into the parts of which already done the felons, with voracious strife, were cutting with large gleaming knives. 'Aguardiente,' or bad rum, was handed round in a bullock's horn; and as the fire cast its flickering glare on the swarthy and horrible countenances of the bacchanals, their chains clanking at every motion of their hands or legs, the picture was truly startling. Here again the reflection was forced upon me that happiness and misery are alike comparative terms, expressive of comparative states; for, miserable as I had been on board of the vessel after her capture, I felt now that that misery was enviable happiness when compared with the horrors, infamy, and degradation connected with my present companions and abode. It is true that the mind, moving within a hallowed circle of its own, is not, if in itself virtuous and serene, to be contaminated by the approximation to it of any mere external form of life or action; but it is also true that by the mysterious link of association which connects and sometimes almost identifies that mind with external things, it is susceptible of shocks so rude as no philosophy can withstand,—home-thrusts so desperate as no stoicism can parry.

" Scarcely had I been introduced to my unenviable abode, when a yell of horrid welcome was set up by the prisoners. It was in vain that I tried to find a corner for myself. First one and then another pulled me towards the fire; they insisted upon my drinking out of the bullock's horn; and then demanded, with one accord, that I should pay for some more of the same kind of nauseous beverage as that they had just finished. I had not a farthing, (I cannot say in my pocket, for pocket I had none,) but a farthing I had not in the world. 'No matter,' said they, 'the custom is invariable that every new-comer shall treat the older inmates; and although you should get what we want by the sale of your skin, have it we must, and shall.' Without further ceremony, they stripped me of my Artigueño great-coat, and, tattered and wretched as it was, procured in exchange for

it a large flask of spirits. I was now left, like many of themselves, naked from the waist upward."

The prisoner got information of his sad state conveyed to Buenos Ayres ; and after confinement for some time, during which he daily looked for death, he obtained his freedom through the interposition of a power that reached even these barbarous hordes and climes—viz., that of Capt. Percy, commander of the British naval force in the river Plata. Mr. Robertson visited Artigas, the Protector, and saw and describes as follows. The extract is long, but it will suitably form a conclusion to our specimens of a volume that is full of good entertainment and impressive examples :—

"Furnished with letters from Captain Percy, requesting, in civil terms, the restoration of that part of the property detained by the chieftain's satellites at the Bajada, or compensation for it, I sailed across the River Plate, and up the beautiful Uruguay, till I came to the Protector's headquarters of the so-called town of the Purification. And there (I pray you do not turn sceptic on my hands), what do you think I saw? Why, the most excellent Protector of half of the New world, seated on a bullock's skull, at a fire kindled on the mud floor of his hut, eating beef off a spit, and drinking gin out of a cow-horn! He was surrounded by a dozen officers in weather-beaten attire, in similar positions, and similarly occupied with their chief. All were smoking, all gabbling. The Protector was dictating to two secretaries, who occupied, at one deal table, the only two dilapidated rush-bottom chairs in the hovel. It was the scene of the Bajada prison all over, except that the parties were not in chains, nor exactly without coats to their backs. To complete the singular incongruity of the scene, the floor of the one apartment of the mud hut (to be sure it was a pretty large one), in which the general, his staff, and secretaries were assembled, was strewn with pompous envelopes from all the provinces (some of them distant 1500 miles from that centre of operations) addressed to 'His Excellency the Protector.' At the door stood the reeking horses of couriers arriving every half-hour, and the fresh ones of those departing as often. Soldiers, aides-de-camp, scouts, came galloping in from all quarters. All was referred to 'His Excellency the Protector;' and his excellency the Protector, seated on his bullock's skull, smoking, eating, drinking, dictating, talking, despatched in succession the various matter brought under his notice, with that calm, or deliberate, but unintermitted nonchalance, which brought most practically home to me the truth of the axiom, 'Stop a little, that we may get on the faster.' I believe if the business of the world had been on his shoulders he would have proceeded in no different manner. He seemed a man incapable of bustle, and was, in this single respect (if I may be permitted the allusion), like the greatest commander of the age.

"In addition to my letter from Captain Percy, I had one of introduction from a particular friend of Artigas; and I delivered this first, as considering it the best way of initiating that part of my business, which, as it involved a claim, I naturally thought would be the least agreeable. On perusal of my introductory letter, his Excellency rose from his seat and

received me, not only with cordiality, but with, what surprised me more, comparatively gentlemanlike manners, and really good breeding. He spoke facetiously about his state apartment; and begged of me, as my hams and legs might not be so accustomed to the squatting position as his, to seat myself on the edge of a stretcher, or open hide bedstead, which stood in a corner of the room, and which he desired to be drawn near the fire. Without further prelude or apology, he put into my hand his own knife, and a spit with a piece of beef beautifully roasted upon it. He desired me to eat, and then he made me drink, and presently he presented me with a cigar. I joined the conversation, became unawares a gaucho; and before I had been five minutes in the room, General Artigas was again dictating to his secretaries, and getting through a world of business, at the very time that he was condoling with me on my treatment at the Bajada, condemning the authors of it, and telling me how instantaneously, on the receipt of Captain Percy's just remonstrance, he had given orders for my liberation.

"Having now spent several hours with General Artigas, I delivered to him Captain Percy's letter; and in terms as measured as were compatible with making my case plain, I initiated my claim for compensation.

" 'You see,' said the general, with great candour and nonchalance, 'how we live here; and it is as much as we can do, in these hard times, to compass beef, aguardiente, and cigars. To pay you 6000 dollars just now is as much beyond my power as it would be to pay you 60,000, or 600,000. Look here,' said he; and, so saying, he lifted up the lid of an old military chest, and pointed to a canvas bag at the bottom of it—'There,' he continued, 'is my whole stock of cash; it amounts to 300 dollars; and where the next supply is to come from, I am as little aware as you are.'

"It is a good thing to know when, with a good grace, to desist from a claim which you see to be unavailable; and I was soon convinced that in the present instance mine was so. Making a virtue of necessity, I ceded therefore to him, voluntarily, what no compulsion could have enabled me to recover; and standing thus upon my generosity, I obtained from the Most Excellent Protector, as a token of his gratitude and good will, some important mercantile privileges connected with an establishment I had formed at Corrientes. They shortly more than retrieved my loss. With mutual expressions of regard, we took our leave of each other. The general insisted upon my having an escort of two of his own body-guard, and on giving me a pass-port to the frontiers of Paraguay. This procured for me everything I wanted, horses, entertainment, lodging, on the whole line of route between the Purification and Corrientes."

ART. IX.

1.—*The Art of Deer-Stalking.* By Wm. SCROPE, Esq. London: Murray. 1839.

2.—*Wild Scenes in the Forest and Prairie.* By C. F. HOFFMAN, Esq. 2 Vols. London: Bentley. 1839.

It requires routine-citizens like ourselves to read such works as are now before us, to teach how different may be the manner of life, how

diversified the occupations and pastimes of civilized people, even of those whose feelings are alive to all that is beautiful, and whose hearts respond to every ennobling appeal. While some regard with the utmost admiration all that is excellent in the imitative arts, and with perfect complacency all that is comely in the conventional forms of society, others resort to the cultured and adorned landscape, either in person or imagination; while a third class love to have their spirits stirred and strung by sports among the magnificent wildernesses of nature, and by whatever seems to remove them from artificial or gentle forms. A high degree of moral sensibility may, and presumptively does, characterize each and all of these parties; nor is there anything more likely than that they may often unite their purposes and efforts in behalf of many of the same great and practical enterprises which distinguish the most enlightened nations of Christendom.

We know that many good and worthy people regard a passion for the sports of the field, as a sure index not only of an unamiable but of a gross, cruel, immoral nature. It would be easy to show that there is nothing necessarily immoral in man taking the life of a wild animal for his use, or necessarily unfeeling either, seeing that in all likelihood he saves it from a much more lingering and painful death. But we go further and maintain that field sports, the hunt and the chase, are capable and calculated to serve propitiously the moral nature of man. Not to dwell upon the good purposes which are realized in the very process of training the canine race, for example, is there no high and legitimate end attained by those exercises that above all others invigorate the body and exhilarate the spirit?—by those wayward and random excursions that, when in the happiest and most susceptible mood of mind, make man acquainted with the varieties, beauties, and most majestic scenes of the external world? Who but the sportsman, the Deer-stalker pre-eminently, has ever tasted the true inspiration which the wildest Alpine scenery of old Scotland begets?—who but he can force the unadventurous citizen to love the untamed tenants of the heath, the mountains, the rocks, and the headlong streams, to sympathize with them, to weep over them though far away? In short let priest or cynic preach or sneer as each may, we assert it as a fact, that the most gentle and sensitive natives, and pure-minded of all we have ever known or studied among mankind, have been those who, the moment they were initiated in the sports of flood and field, have become the most enthusiastic votaries, not to the derangement or searing of their moral susceptibilities, but to the chasing away all morbidity, and producing in its stead a braced and active humanity.

Our readers, however, will hardly forgive us for this dull, introductory sort of essay, when we come, which we no longer refrain to do, to the healthful, spirit-stirring, and rewarding narratives and sketches before us. Our extracts will be far better than a thousand

arguments in support of the views we entertain on the subject ; nor is it possible that any one can peruse them, whose mind is whole and feelings undiseased, without welcoming the literary taste that is everywhere married to these vivid pictures and enlivening stories.

It is corroborative of our views, in regard to field sports, even the wildest of them, that though Mr. Scrope describes scenes and occurrences belonging to years, not recent, as we understand him, yet his impressions are as fresh, and his enthusiasm as ardent, as if he were setting down the experience of yesterday. We have often had an opportunity in our younger days of noticing this vividness of recollection and accuracy of description on the part of old or keen sportsmen. Ride through a country, traverse a field with any such worthy, provided that part has been the theatre at any time of his favourite pastime ; and if he do not wax earnest in his details, even to the anxious precision of telling you of the date, the state of the weather, the number and names of his dogs, the make and character of his fowling-piece, the spot, the form of the hedge or thicket, the motion, the action of all concerned in the exploit, which is the text, the whole falling most naturally and effectively into a dramatic form, then, mark him as not belonging to the craft, and having no right to desecrate its beauties and mysteries by the stupid use of its technicalities. For certain Mr. Scrope is no such dull chronicler of his Deer-Stalking triumphs.

But we forget our promise ; which was, that we should no longer tarry on the threshold, keeping the anxious reader from the treat that awaits him.

Our Deer-Stalker unnecessarily bespeaks the indulgence of his literary readers. He says,—

“ Shall a poaching, hunting, hawking ‘squire, presume to trespass on the fields of literature?’ These words, or others of similar import, I remember to have encountered in one of our most distinguished reviews. They ring still in my ears, and fill me with apprehension as it is ; but they would alarm me much more if I had attempted to put my foot within the sacred enclosures alluded to. These are too full of spring-traps for my ambition, and I see ‘this is to give notice’ written in very legible characters, and take warning accordingly. Literature!—Heaven help us!—far from it ; I have no such presumption ; I have merely attempted to describe a very interesting pursuit as nearly as possible in the style and spirit in which I have always seen it carried on. Ten years successful practice in the forest of Atholl, (that is, we must observe, generally at best, a forest of *heather*,) have enabled me to enter into all the details that are connected with deer-stalking. That it is a chase which throws all our other field-sports far into the back ground, and, indeed, makes them appear wholly insignificant, no one, who has been initiated in it, will attempt to deny. The beautiful motions of the deer, his sagacity, and the skilful generalship which can alone ensure success in the pursuit of him, keep the mind in a constant state of pleasureable excitement.”

Upon this prefatory passage we have merely to remark, that Mr. Scrope's literature is sometimes fine to a fault, his scholarship uncalled for, and the writing too elaborate. We regret also that he, or any other, should think that the vividness and force of any sporting details or pictures can be increased by such exclamations as "Heaven help us!"—"For Heaven's sake," when the narrative may only regard the loss of a stag, or the jeopardy of a dog. Such expressions may in the heat of the chase escape lips that are habitually guarded; but truth requires it from us to say that it is too bad to interlard a closet-composition and a printed book with such irreverent phrases. Due reverence and taste can never be dissevered.

There is a good deal of useful information in Mr. Scrope's volume, such as many curious points in the natural history of the deer, which few naturalists can have had an opportunity to observe. We shall, before proceeding to quote some passages containing accounts of the requisites of deer-stalking, and some illustrative anecdotes and sketches, direct attention to a few of these points, in order to enable our readers to enter with better understanding and fervour into the subsequent scenes.

The shedding of horns is one of the remarkable annual events in the history of the deer. The new horns, says our author, are very sensitive, and the harts avoid bringing them into collision with any substance. Therefore, at this time—

"When they fight, they rear themselves upon their hind legs, and spar with their fore feet, keeping back their heads. They carry their horns just as long as the hind carries her fawn, which is eight months. They are not always shed at the same time, but one of them occasionally drops a day or two after the other. I myself have seldom found any other than single horns in the mosses of the forest. It is a remarkable fact, however, that the number which are picked up in any forest bears no proportion to those which are shed; and this cannot arise from their being overlooked, for they are a valuable perquisite to the keepers, and there is no part of the forest that is not traversed by them in the course of the season. What, then, becomes of them? Hinds have been seen to eat them; one will consume a part, and, when she drops it, it will be taken up and gnawed by the others. The late Duke of Atholl, indeed, once found a dead hind which had been choked by a part of the horn, that remained sticking in its throat. It is not, however, credible that all those which are missing are disposed of in this way; they rather seem to be thus eaten from wantonness and caprice, and I am not able to account satisfactorily for their disappearance. The new horns which deer acquire annually are covered with a thick sort of leaden-coloured skin, which remains on them till the deer are in good condition; it then begins to fall off, and, for a short space, hangs in shreds, ragged and broken; but they remove it as quickly as they can, by raking their antlers in the roots of the heather, or in such branches of shrubs as they can find to the purpose. When they have shaken off this skin, which is called the velvet, and which disappears in

the months of August and September, they are said to have clean horns; and, as these deer are in the best condition, they are the particular object of the sportsman."

There is much that is wild and picturesque in the courting season of the deer. Severely contested battles take place at this period between the gallants, often in presence of the dames, like others who, of old, in justing and chivalric encounters, were wont to bestow their favours on the most valiant. Death frequently ensues. But the severest combats occur when there are no hinds present, the harts being so occupied, and possessed with such fury, that they may be occasionally approached in a manner that it would be vain to attempt at any other time. "A conflict of this savage nature," says our stalker, "which happened in one of the Duke of Gordon's forests, was fatal to both of the combatants. Two large harts, after a furious and deadly thrust, had entangled their horns so firmly together that they were inextricable, and the victor remained with the vanquished. In this situation they were discovered by the forester, who killed the survivor, whilst he was yet struggling to release himself from his dead antagonist. The horns remain in Gordon Castle, still locked together as they were found. Mezentius himself never attached the dead body to the living one in a firmer manner."

The sagacity of the deer is great; but in no particular is this displayed in a more interesting manner than in the care and the stratagies which the young call forth. After repeating that the period of gestation in a hind is eight months, Mr. Scrope continues:—

"She drops her fawn in high heather, where she leaves it concealed the whole of the day, and returns to it late in the evening, when she apprehends no disturbance. She makes it lie down by a pressure of her nose; and it will never stir or lift up its head the whole of the day, unless you come right upon it, as I have often done. It lies like a dog, with its nose to its tail. The hind, however, although she separates herself from the young fawn, does not lose sight of its welfare, but remains at a distance to the windward, and goes to its succour in case of an attack of the wild cat, or fox, or any other powerful vermin. I have heard Mr. John Crerer say, and it is doubtless true, that if you find a young fawn that has never followed its dam, and take it up and rub its back, and put your fingers in its mouth, it will follow you home for several miles; but if it has once followed its dam for ever so small a space before you find it, it will never follow human being. When once caught, these fawns or calves are easily made tame; and there were generally a few brought up every year by the dairy-maid at Blair. I speak of hinds only; stags soon turn vicious and unmanageable. When the calf is old enough to keep up with a herd of deer, and to take pretty good care of itself, its mother takes it off and leads it into ground that can be travelled without difficulty, avoiding precipitous and rocky places."

A few more particulars, as given by Mr. Scrope, will show how familiar he is with the habits of the animal that interests him so deeply, and with what life-like reality he can picture these wild Alpine and forest-roaming creatures to others:—

“Deer, except in certain embarrassed situations, always run up wind; and so strongly is this instinct implanted in them, that if you catch a calf, be it ever so young, and turn it down wind, it will immediately face round and go in the opposite direction. Thus they go forward over hill-tops and unexplored ground in perfect security, for they can smell the taint in the air at an almost incredible distance. On this account they are fond of lying in open corries, where the swells of winds come occasionally from all quarters. I have said that deer go up wind; but, by clever management, and employing men to give them their wind (those men being concealed from their view), they may be driven down it; and in certain cases they may easily be sent, by a side wind, towards that part of the forest which they consider as their sanctuary. It is to be noted, that on the hill-side the largest harts lie at the bottom of the parcel, and the smaller ones above; indeed these fine fellows seem to think themselves privileged to enjoy their ease, and impose the duty of keeping guard upon the hinds and upon their juniors. In the performance of this task the hinds are always the most vigilant, and when deer are driven they almost always take the lead. When, however, the herd is strongly beset on all sides, and great boldness and decision are required, you shall see the master hart come forward courageously, like a great leader as he is, and, with his confiding band, force his way through all obstacles. In ordinary cases, however, he is of a most ungallant and selfish disposition; for, when he apprehends danger from the rifle, he will rake away the hinds with his horns, and get in the midst of them, keeping his antlers as low as possible. There is no animal more shy or solitary by nature than the red deer. He takes the note of alarm from every living thing on the moor,—all seem to be his sentinels. The sudden start of any animal, the springing of a moor-fowl, the complaining note of a plover, or of the smallest bird in distress, will set him off in an instant. He is always most timid when he does not see his adversary, for then he suspects an ambush. If, on the contrary, he has him full in view, he is as cool and circumspect as possible: he then watches him most acutely, endeavours to discover his intention, and takes the best possible method to defeat it. In this case he is never in a hurry or confused, but repeatedly stops and watches his disturber's motions; and when at length he does take his measure, it is a most decisive one: a whole herd will sometimes force their way at the very point where the drivers are the most numerous, and where there are no rifles; so that I have seen the hill-men fling their sticks at them, while they have raced away without a shot being fired.”

But we must come to the business of deer-stalking, and to some of the sketches and reflections to which that manly pastime and occupation have given rise, the author's professed purpose being to illustrate all the essential points that occur in the business, “both in slow and quick time,” and to describe the various turns and accidents of the chase drawn from actual experience, and a pas-

sionate love of it. As for the sport itself, says he, no one can have a proper perception till he is chief in command, and able to stalk for himself; which requires long practice, close observation, and a thorough knowledge of the ground hunted and the habits of the animal. All these advantages have clearly been possessed and realized by Mr. Scrope; and by the recital of their application and use, in what he calls some instances of "moderate sport," he fulfils his professed purpose.

The Forest of Atholl was one of the principal fields and regions of our author's ardent stalking pursuits. But to those whose excursions and travels have been limited to Margate or Ramsgate, it is not easy to convey one correct notion of such expansive, strongly marked, and wild scenery. The following, however, may be relied on as a graphic notice of some of the grandest Highland compartments:—

"Here, every thing bears the original impress of nature, untouched by the hand of man since its creation. That vast moor spread out below you; this mass of huge mountains heaving up their crests around you; and those peaks in the distance, faint almost as the sky itself,—give the appearance of an extent boundless and sublime as the ocean. In such a place as this, the wild Indian might fancy himself on his own hunting grounds. Traverse all this desolate tract, and you shall find no dwelling, nor sheep, nor cow, nor horse, nor anything that can remind you of domestic life; you shall hear no sound but the rushing of the torrent, or the notes of the wild animals, the natural inhabitants; you shall see only the moor-fowl and the plover flying before you from hillock to hillock, or the eagle soaring aloft with his eye to the sun, or his wings wet with mist."

What nerve, what vigour, and activity of limb must be in constant requisition on the part of the man who undertakes to chase the deer in these awful solitudes, and among these magnificent traces of power and majesty! Listen, ye level-earth and tame-world sportsmen! Your consummate deer-stalker, says our author, should be able to run like an antelope and breathe like the trade winds. But this is not all:—

"He should be able to run in a stooping position, at a greyhound pace, with his back parallel to the ground, and his face within an inch of it, for miles together. He should take a singular pleasure in threading the seams of a bog, or in gliding down a burn, *ventre à terre*, like that insinuating animal the eel,—accomplished he should be in skilfully squeezing his clothes after this operation, to make all comfortable. Strong and pliant in the ankle, he should most indubitably be; since in running swiftly down precipices, picturesquely adorned with sharp-edged, angular, vindictive stones, his feet will unadvisedly get into awkward cavities, and curious positions:—thus, if his legs are devoid of the faculty of breaking, so much the better,—he has an evident advantage over the fragile man. He should rejoice in wading through torrents, and be able to stand firmly on water-worn stones."

unconscious of the action of the current ; or if by fickle fortune the waves should be too powerful for him, when he loses his balance, and goes floating away upon his back (for if he has any tact, or sense of the picturesque, it is presumed he will fall backwards), he should raise his rifle aloft in the air, Marmion fashion, lest his powder should get wet, and his day's sport come suddenly to an end. A few weeks' practice in the Tilt will make him quite *au fait* at this. We would recommend him to try the thing in a speat, during a refreshing north wind, which is adverse to deer-stalking ; thus no day will be lost pending his education. To swim he should not be able, because there would be no merit in saving himself by such a paltry subterfuge ; neither should he permit himself to be drowned, because we have an affection for him, and moreover it is very cowardly to die. As for sleep, he should be almost a stranger to it, activity being the great requisite ; and if a man gets into the slothful habit of lying a-bed for five or six hours at a time, I should be glad to know what he is fit for in any other situation ? Lest, however, we should be thought too niggardly in this matter, we will allow him to doze occasionally from about midnight till half-past three in the morning. Our man is thus properly refreshed, and we retain our character for liberality. Steady, very steady, should his hand be, and at times wholly without a pulse. Hyacinthine curls are a very graceful ornament to the head, and, accordingly, they have been poetically treated of ; but we value not grace in our shooting-jacket, and infinitely prefer seeing our man, like Dante's Frati, '*che non hanno coperchio piloso al capo* ;' because the greater the distance from the eye to the extreme point of the head, so much the quicker will the deer discover their enemy, than he will discover them. His pinnacle or predominant, therefore, should not be ornamented with a high finial or tuft. Indeed, the less hair he has upon it the better. It is lamentable to think that there are so few people who will take disinterested advice upon this or any other subject ; but, without pressing the affair disagreeably, I leave it to a deer-stalker's own good sense to consider whether it would not be infinitely better for him to shave the crown of his head at once, than to run the risk of losing a single shot during the entire season. A man so shorn, with the addition of a little bog earth rubbed scientifically over the crown of his head, would be an absolute Ulysses on the moor, and (*cæteris paribus*) perfectly invincible."

It would appear, that to be all this and equal to all this, a man should be trained in the way he should go as soon as he is out of petticoats ; otherwise the symmetry of the Antinous will avail him nought. Neither will the skill of the most dexterous rifleman be of much service, unless he has patience, hardihood, and be a perfect tactitian. For instance, there happened to be appointed to the responsible and honourable office of forester, some years ago, in the forest of Ben-Ormin, one of the best shots in a rifle regiment. But he was, as respected every other most essential requisite, quite a novice ; he was only able to kill one hart, during two years of apprenticeship, and at length resigned in despair. The fact is, unless a man is skilled in all particulars ; possessed of unflinching confidence and resolution ; and master of the stalking troop as well as of his own actions, he must obey and follow another, who, while he may

be whispering, "This way, this way, Sir," may be leaving at a killing pace the pupil, or, for the time, *subordinate*, wedged among stones, sunk to the thighs among miry moss, or standing aghast at a yawning chasm, which requires a gigantic leap. Or if the *led* should be so lucky as to keep up with the forester, and game come suddenly in view; and though the sportsman be instantaneously apprised of the chance, ten to one but he is so out of breath and in such a staggering condition, that he is useless; or, which is not less provoking, the kilted leader must probably will be in a precisely mathematical straight line between the rifle and the hart which he expects the sportsman to kill, leaving it to the prompt judgment of the latter whether to fire through the daylight that may appear between Donald's legs, who is several yards in advance, or give up the probable reward of a night and day's incessant toil and anxiety.

There are many things not yet alluded to by us that require to be known by the real, legitimate, and tasteful deer-stalker. He must, for instance, at a glimpse be able to distinguish between the ages, and the difference of sex of the game that comes in sight. To kill a hind or fawn is a disgrace; and also a real injury and loss to the proprietor. The reader may guess then, how the Duke of Gordon felt, when a stranger, not aware of these circumstances, wrote to thank his Grace for a day's deer-shooting, intimating, at the same time, that he "had wounded a hind, and killed an exceedingly promising young fawn."

Mr. Scrope amusingly but effectively illustrates the rules and practices of his favourite sport by a number of well-told examples and anecdotes. One of the best of these regards a French nobleman, who had obtained considerable notoriety in the Highlands for his skill with the rifle; not, it is hinted, from any feats that had been witnessed, but simply from his excellent *soi-disant* qualities. He really had attracted the admiration even of such foresters as John Crerar and Peter Frazer; but chiefly it would seem on account of properties which were quite adequate to destroy the sport of a whole season. Nothing could have prevented his voluble tongue from going, and his singing French airs, but laudanum so long as he remained in the glen. In this dilemma it was resolved to send him up with the drivers, to get quit of him:—

"He started joyfully, for he was a famous walker—out of all sight the best in France; indeed no one of any nation was equal to him. But the hillmen asserted that this was not his particular walking day; so that, I am told, he soon became most deplorably exhausted, and, according to all accounts, delayed the drive at least an hour or so. Fortune bounteously gave him many fair shots; but, alas, what she distributed with one hand, she took away with the other; for he missed them clean every one.—
Mais c'est étonnant cela. I who never make the miss." 'Perhaps you

honour forgot to put in the baal,'—*Ah ! voilà ce que c'est, vous l'avez trouvé, mon ami. Le moyen de tuer sans balle !* Now, then, I put in the powder of canon, and there goes de balle upon the top of it—*mort de ma vie !* I now kill all the stag in Scotland, expect a leetle, and you shall surprouse much.' He was a bad prophet, for he still went on, missing as before, amongst winking hillmen and grinning gillies. At length, however, the sun of his glory (which had been so long eclipsed) shone forth in amazing splendour. 'Fortune,' says Fluellen, 'is painted upon a wheel, to signify to you (which is the moral of it) that she is turning and inconstant, and mutabilities and variations : ' and the turn was now in the Count's favour, for she directed his unwilling rifle towards the middle of a herd of deer, which stood 'Thick as the autumnal leaves that strew the brooks of Vallombrosa.' Everything was propitious ; circumstance, situation, and effect ; for he was descending the mountain in full view of our whole assemblage of sportsmen. A fine stag, in the midst of the herd, fell to the crack of his rifle. 'Hab, hab !' forward ran the Count, and sat upon the prostrate deer triumphing. '*Hé bien, mon ami, vous êtes mort donc ! Moi je fais toujours des coups sûrs. Ah ! pauvre enfant !*' He then patted the sides of the animal in pure wantonness, and looked east, west, north, and south for applause, the happiest of the happy ; finally he extracted a Mosaic snuff-box from his pocket, and, with an air that nature has denied to all save the French nation, he held a pinch to the deer's nose : '*Prends, mon ami, prends donc.*' This operation had scarcely been performed, when the hart, who had only been stunned, or perhaps shot through the loins, sprang up suddenly, overturned the Count, ran fairly away, and was never seen again. '*Arrête toi, traître, arrête, mon enfant. Ah, c'est un enfant perdu ! Allez donc à tous les diables.*' Thus ended the Count's chasse."

We must now let the reader have a specimen of what the author regards as moderate sport ; which includes moderate fatigue, difficulty, and uncertainty. The extract, curtail it as we may, must take up more space than we can well afford to it, thrown as the illustration is into a sort of dramatic perusal. Let it be borne in mind by the reader that *Tortoise* is the narrator himself and *Light-foot* is a novice ; hillmen and dogs filling up the list of the *personæ dramatis* :—

"The party then advanced, sometimes on their hands and knees, through the deep seams of the bog, and again right up the middle of the burn, winding their cautious course according to the inequalities of the ground. Occasionally the seams led in an adverse direction, and then they were obliged to retrace their steps. This stealthy progress continued some time, till at length they came to some green sward, where the ground was not so favourable. Here was a great difficulty ; it seemed barely possible to pass this small piece of ground without discovery. Fraser, aware of this, crept back, and explored the bog in a parallel direction, working his way like a mole, whilst the others remained prostrate. Returning all wet and bemired, his long serious face indicated a failure. This dangerous passage then was to be attempted, since there was no better means of approach. Tortoise,

in low whispers, again entreated the strictest caution. 'Raise not a foot nor a hand; let not a hair of your head be seen; but, as you value sport, imitate my motions precisely: everything depends upon this movement. This spot once passed successfully, we are safe from the hinds.' He then made a signal for Sandy to lie down with the dogs; and, placing himself flat on his stomach, began to worm his way close under the low ridge of the bog; imitated most correctly and beautifully by the rest of the party. The burn now came sheer up to intercept the passage, and formed a pool under the bank, running deep and drumly. The leader then turned his head round slightly, and passed his hand along the grass as a sign for Lightfoot to wreath himself alongside of him. 'Now, my good fellow, no remedy. If you do not like a ducking, stay here; but for Heaven's sake, if you do remain, lie like a flounder till the shot is fired. Have no curiosity, I pray and beseech you; and speak, as I do, in a low whisper.' 'Pshaw, I can follow wherever you go, and in the same position too.' 'Bravo;—here goes then. But for Heaven's sake do not make a splash and noise in the water; but go in as quiet as a fish, and keep under the high bank, although it is deeper there. There is a great nicety in going in properly: that is a difficult point. I believe it must be head foremost; but we must take care to keep our heels down as we slide in, and not wet the rifles.—Hist, Peter: here lay the rifles on the bank, and give them to me when I am in the burn.'

* * * * *

"Hush! hush!—he has not seen us yet; and yonder is my mark. The deer lies opposite it to the south: he is almost within gun-shot even now.' A sign was given to Peter Fraser to come alongside, for they were arrived at the spot from which it was necessary to diverge into the moss. In breathless expectation they now turned to the eastward, and crept forward through the bog, to enable them to come in upon the flank of the hart, who was lying with his head up wind, and would thus present his broadside to the rifle when he started; whereas, if they had gone in straight behind him, his haunches would have been the only mark, and the shot would have been a disgraceful one. Now came the anxious moment.

* * * * *

"Tortoise raised his head slowly, but saw not the quarry. By degrees he looked an inch higher, when Peter plucked him suddenly by the arm, and pointed. The tops of his horns alone were to be seen above the hole in the bog; no more. Fraser looked anxious, for well he knew that the first spring would take the deer out of sight. A moment's pause, when the sportsman held up his rifle steadily above the position of the hart's body; then, making a slight ticking noise, up sprang the deer; as instantly the shot was fired, and crack went the ball right against his ribs, as he was making his rush. Sandy now ran forward with the dogs, but still as well concealed by the ground as he could manage. 'By heavens he's off, and you have missed him; and here am I, wet, tarred, and feathered, and all for nothing; and I suppose you call this sport. If you had killed that magnificent animal, I should have rejoiced in my plight; but to miss such a great beast as that!—Here, Peter, come and squeeze my clothes, and lay me out in the sun to dry. I never saw so base a shot.' 'Hush, hush!—keep down. Why the deer's safe enough, Harry.' 'By Jove, I think he is, for I see him going through the moss as comfortably as possible.' 'We must louse a doeg, sir, or he will gang forrat to the hill.' 'Let go both of them; it will

be a fine chance for the young dog; but get on a little first, and put him on the scent; the deer is so low in the bog that he cannot see him.' Fraser now went on with the hounds in the leash, sinking, and recovering himself, and springing from the moss-hags, till the dogs caught sight of the hart, and they were slipped; but the fine fellow was soon out of the bog, and went over the top of the Mealowr. All went forward their best pace, plunging in and out of the black mire, till they came to the foot of the hill, and then with slackened pace went panting up its steep acclivity. 'Now, Sandy, run forward to the right, if you have a run in you, and get a view with the glass all down the burn of auld Heclan, and then come forwards towards Glen Deery, if you do not see the bay there. Come along, Harry, the deer is shot through the body I tell you.' 'Sangue di Diana! what makes him run so, then?' 'Hark! I thought I heard the bay under the hill.—No; 'twas the eagle; it may be he is watching for his prey. Hark again; do you hear them, Peter?' 'I didna hear naething but the plevar; sure he canna win farther forrat than auld Heclan; he was sair donnered at first, but he skelped it brawly afterwards: we shall see them at the down-come.'

Peter prognosticated truly; the hart, a magnificent creature, is discovered standing on a narrow projecting ledge of a rock within a cleft, and in the mid course of a mountain cataract, the spray and mist around him, while the rocks close in upon his flanks. There he stood, bidding defiance in his own mountain hold:—

"Just at the edge of the precipice, and as it seemed on the very brink of eternity, the dogs were baying him furiously; one rush of the stag would have sent them down into the chasm; and in their fury they seemed wholly unconscious of their danger. All drew in their breath, and shuddered at the fatal chance that seemed momentarily about to take place. Fortunately the stag (sensible perhaps of the extreme peril of his own situation) shewed less fight than wounded deer are apt to do; still the suspense was painfully exciting, for the dogs were wholly at his mercy, and, as he menaced with his antlers, they retreated backwards within an inch of instant dissolution. 'For Heaven's sake, Lightfoot, stay quietly behind this knoll, whilst I creep in and finish him. A moment's delay may be fatal: I must make sure work, for if he is not killed outright, deer, dogs, and all, will inevitably roll over the horrid precipice together. Ah, my poor, gallant Derig!'

* * * * *

"Tortoise crept round cannily, cannily towards the fatal spot, looking with extreme agitation at every motion of the dogs and deer; still he dared not hurry, though the moments were so precious. Of the two dogs that were at bay, Derig was the most fierce and persevering; the younger one had seen but little sport, and waited at first upon the motions of the older, nay, the better soldier; but his spirit being at length thoroughly roused, he fought at last fearlessly and independently. Whenever the deer turned his antlers aside to gore Tarff, Derig seized the moment to fly at his throat, but the motions of the hart were so rapid that the hound was ever compelled to draw back, which retrograde motion brought him frequently to the very verge of the precipice, and it was probable, that, as he always

fronted the enemy, he knew not, or, in the heat of the combat, had forgotten the danger of his situation. The stag at length, being maddened with these vexatious attacks, made a desperate stab at Derig, and, in avoiding it, the poor dog at length lost his footing,—his hind legs passed over the ledge of rock, and it now seemed impossible for him to recover himself. His life hung in the balance, and the fatal scale appeared to preponderate. Still his fore legs bore upon the ledge, and he scraped and strove with them to the utmost; but, as he had little or no support behind, he was in the position of a drowning man, who attempts to get into a boat, and, being also, like him, exhausted, the chances were considerably against him. In struggling with his fore legs he appeared to advance a little, and then to slip back again, gasping painfully in the exertion; at length he probably found some slight bearing for the claws of his hind feet, and, to the inexpressible relief of every one, he once more recovered his footing, and sprang forward at the deer as rash and wrathful as ever. Tortoise had at length gained the proper spot,—the rifle was then raised,—but when all hearts were beating high in sudden and nervous expectation of a happy issue, the dogs were unfortunately in such a position that a shot could not be fired from above without risk to one of them, and the danger was fearful as ever. Three times was the aim thus taken and abandoned. At length an opening: the crack of the gun was heard faintly in the din of the waterfall;—the ball passed through the back of the deer's head, and down he dropped on the spot, without a struggle."

We tack to this a bit of sentimental description of a true sportsman character, that may almost vie or be chosen as a companion-picture with one in the "Seasons."

"Give me the glass; I see him plainly enough: he is shot through the body, rather far behind, and cannot go far. Now one of the deer is licking his wound—now he begins to falter—now he turns aside and sends a wistful look after his companions, who are fast leaving him, happy and free as the air we breathe. He is making another effort to regain them: poor fellow! it may not be; you shall never join them more. Never again shall you roam with them over the grey mountains,—never more brave the storm together—sun your red flanks in the corrie—or go panting down to your wonted streams: 'brief has been your dwelling on the moor!'"

Then comes the *grallocking* of the hart; that is, the deer's head is turned back on the shoulder; it is covered with turf; a little gunpowder is sprinkled over him; and a black flag is tied to his horns to scare away the ravens. A beacon is also erected close by, to guide the party who is sent, at a convenient time, to carry home the spoil.

Such is one of the gentlest illustrations of our deer-stalking experience. But there are various other amusing features in the book, as well as details that are not without value. There are not only a variety of strange stories, legends, and accounts of superstitious belief, which one can freely excuse the foresters for originating and cherishing, bred and living as they are among those awakening scenes described by our author, but there are accounts of the most

celebrated deer-forests and hunting grounds of the north. There are other features that cannot fail to recommend the work still more highly than what is solely due to Mr. Scrope's pen. It contains poetry by T. H. Liddell, &c., and certain antiquarian notices; while Landseer and other artists have lent their illustrative and embellishing aid that nothing may be left undone to interest and convey to the world a knowledge of the mysteries, the triumphs, and the ennobling delights of deer-stalking. But to many the book will be chiefly prized for the reality of its picture of strongly marked features and scenes in Highland life. We have felt transported by it to the land of mountain and flood; it has set us down among the foresters, the hill-men, the free-livers or poachers, of the north. One of these we shall introduce to our readers and then bid adieu to Mr. Scrope, with many thanks for writing such an enticing work on an unhackneyed subject. The story is of one John More who lived in Durness, renting a small farm near Dirrie-more. He was a forester to the late Duke of Atholl, but did a small business upon his own account, as the reader will now learn. John—

“Neither had, nor cared to have, permission to kill deer and game; but his whole time was devoted to poaching, and his wild mode of life rendered him an uncouth, but tolerated plunderer of the forest. Donald Lord Reay happening to pass near John More's residence one summer morning, determined to call and endeavour to reclaim him from his lawless propensities. He left his attendants at some distance, that he might ensure confidence on the part of his rude host. He found John at home, and told him that he called to get some breakfast. John was evidently proud of this visit, and pleased with the frank manner in which he was accosted, having been usually threatened by those in authority with imprisonment and the gallows.—‘Come in, Donald,’ said John, in Gaelic, ‘and sit on my stool, and you will get to eat what cost me some trouble in collecting.’ His lordship entered the hut, and was soon seated in a dismal corner; but John opened a wooden shutter that had filled up a hole in the wall, through which day-light entered, and revealed a tall black looking box, which was the only article in the house that could be used as a table. John bustled about with great activity, and, to his lordship's surprise, pulled out from the box two or three beautifully white dinner napkins. One of them was placed on the top of the box as a table cloth, and the other spread on his lordship's knees. The fire, which glimmered in the centre of the room, was then roused, and made to burn more freely. This proceeding denoted that John had some provisions to cook;—from a dark mysterious recess he drew forth a fine gilse, already split open and ready for being dressed. By means of two long wooden spigots, which skewered the fish, and the points of which were stuck into the earthen hearth, the gilse was placed before the burning peats, and turned occasionally. Soon after a suspicious-looking piece of meat was placed over the embers; and when all was cooked, John placed it upon the box before his chief, saying—‘John More's fattest dish is ready;’—adding, that the salmon was from one of his lordship's rivers, and the meat the breast of a deer. Lord Reay asked

for a knife and some salt; but John replied—‘that teeth and hands were of little use, if they could not master dead fish and flesh; that the deer seasoned their flesh with salt on the hill, whilst the herring could not do so in the sea; and that the salmon like the Durness butter, was better without salt. John produced also some smuggled brandy; and pressed his lordship to eat and drink heartily, making many remarks on the manliness of eating a good breakfast. The chief thought this a good opportunity to endeavour to make a proper impression upon his lawless host; and, after having been handsomely regaled by plunder from his own forest, determined to act with such generosity towards More as would keep him within reasonable bounds in future. ‘I am well pleased, John (said he), that although you invade the property of others, you do not conceal the truth, and that you have freely given me the best entertainment that your depredations on my property have enabled you to bestow. I will, therefore, allow you to go occasionally to Fionavon in search of a deer, if you will engage not to interfere with deer or any sort of game in any other part of my forest.’ More could never tolerate any restraint, and his answer was begun almost before Lord Reay had finished his handsome offer. ‘Donald (said he), you may put Fionavon in your paunch,—for wherever the deer are, there will John More be found.’”

Many of Mr. Hoffman’s “Wild Scenes” on the other side of the Atlantic form good companion-pictures to those furnished by Mr. Scrope. They are frequently, however, of a still more exciting and adventurous cast; being equally characteristic of the country, of the people, of the game and objects of chase. We must also say that the descriptions are not less happy, fresh, and real; and that they are manifestly the offspring of experience and unforced enthusiasm, bearing at the same time more decided marks of youthful glee and forward-looking. If length of days is vouchsafed to the American, be assured the sources of the Hudson, the banks of the Wisconsin, and the Sacondaga,—the three points in the Forests and Prairies constituting the theatre of Mr. Hoffman’s sketches,—will again be the scenes to him of “Wild Sports,” and furnish themes not less arousing for legendary tales, anecdotes of redmen, lumberers, and hunters, and powerful descriptions of appalling solitudes, than what are here before us.

These volumes consist of a series of tales, intended, no doubt, to serve as a pleasant vehicle, or frame-work to a variety of faithful delineations of scenery and life in the new world—the sports pursued in the localities already mentioned constituting, in our estimation, by far the most striking and attractive portions. To these our present purpose, at any rate, properly confines us; and a few specimens from such portions, we are sure, will be welcomed by our readers, even after the large space occupied by kindred topics.

It will not be necessary to go farther than the sources of the Hudson to find materials to the reader’s mind. Indeed, it is not a little remarkable that this locality, though so near the capital, and in the state of New York, has only lately been surveyed—it may be

said, discovered ; our author having been among the very first that explored it. It is a lofty and expansive region, yet in its purely natural condition ; the mountains, lakes, and forests being still, and so near the sea-board too, the undisturbed haunts, save by a few John Cheney's, of the wolf, the panther, the bear, the moose, the deer, &c. The demolition of the pine-forests, however, and the conversion of less valuable wood into charcoal, are operations which have been rapidly clearing the country. Farming is about to make large encroachments ; the old race of hunters having already begun to find new employment in acting as guides to the owners of lands, and in projecting roads for them through districts where an ordinary surveyor could hardly be paid for the exercise of his profession.

We must now introduce our readers to one of these hunters, under whose kindly wing our author witnessed various forest adventures and forest-life shifts, that would put Mr. Scrope's *helpers*, and the hillmen of Old Scotia, to the blush. Mr. Hoffman says—

“ I had heard of some of John Cheney's feats before coming into this region, and expected, of course, to see one of those roystering, cavorting, rifle-shirted blades that I have seen upon our western frontier, and was at first not a little disappointed when a slight-looking man of about seven-and-thirty, dressed like a plain countryman, and of a peculiarly quiet, simple manner, was introduced to me as the doughty slayer of bears and panthers ; a man that lived winter and summer three-fourths of the time in the woods ; and a real *bond fide* hunter by profession. Nay, there struck me as being something of the ridiculous about his character when I saw that this formidable Nimrod carried with him, as his only weapon and insignia of his art, *a pistol and a jack-knife* ! But when, at my laughing at such toys, I was told by others of the savage encounters which John, assisted by his dog, and aided by these alone, had undertaken successfully—not to mention the number of deer which he sent every winter to market—my respect for his hunting-tools was mightily increased, and a few days in the woods with him sufficed to extend that respect to himself.”

John is expert at all kinds of wild sports which the region affords ; he can also dress and cook as dexterously as he can kill. After having prepared a plump, red, juicy, lake trout, all ready for the appetite, and put it upon a clean cedar chip, laid before the gentlemen, with an accompaniment of roast potatoes and capital wheaten bread, the party being squatted, of course, under the unscreened canopy of heaven, and high among the mountains, the conversation took this turn, at an early period of the mutual acquaintanceship :—

“ ‘ Now,’ said John, ‘ isn't this better than taking your dinner shut up in a close room ? ’—‘ Certainly, John,’ said I. ‘ A man ought never to go into a house except he is ill, and wishes to use it for a hospital. ’ ‘ Well, now, I don't know whether you are in earnest in saying that, but that's jist my way of thinking. Twice I have given up hunting, and taken to a farm : but I always get sick after living long in housen. I don't sleep

well in them ; and sometimes when I go to see my friends, not wishing to seem particular-like, I jist let them go quietly to bed, and then slip out of a window with my blanket, and get a good nap under a tree in the open air. A man wants nothing but a tree above him to keep off the dew, and make him feel kind of homelike, and then he can enjoy a real sleep.'— 'But are you never disturbed by any wild animal when sleeping thus without fire or a camp?' one of us asked.— 'Well, I remember once being awakened by a cretur. The dumb thing was standing right over me, looking into my face. It was so dark, that neither of us, I suppose could see what the other was : but he was more frightened than I was, for when I raised myself a little he ran off so fast that I couldn't make out what he was ; and seeing it was so dark, that to follow him would be of no account, I laid down again and slept till morning, without his disturbing me again.'— 'Suppose it had been a bear?'— 'Well, a bear isn't exactly the varmint to buckle with so off-hand ; though lying on your back is about as good a way as any to receive him, if your knife be long and sharp ; but afore now, I've treed a bear at nightfall, and sitting by the root of the tree until he should come down, have fallen asleep, from being too tired to keep good watch, and let the fellow escape before morning.' "

This is capital : what reader can refuse his respect for John Cheney, or would not after this trust property and life to him with the utmost alacrity and confidence, though utterly defenceless and far away from all other human succour ? But he grows upon us, in whatever scene or adventure he is met. Take him in the case of *camping out* in the wilderness :—

" 'It ain't so bad a place for camping out,' said John Cheney, as he rose from slaking his thirst at a feeble rill which trickled from beneath the roots of a rifted cedar over which he leaned— 'it ain't so bad a place to camp, if it didn't rain so like all natur. I wouldn't mind the rain much, nother, if we had a good shantee ; but you see the birch bark won't run at this season, and it's pretty hard to make a water-proof thatch, unless you have hemlock boughs—hows'ever gentlemen, I'll do the best by ye.' And so he did ! Honest John Cheney, thou art at once as stanch a hunter, and as true and gentle a practiser of woodcraft as ever roamed the broad forest ; and beshrew me when I forget thy services that night in the Indian Pass. The frame of a wigwam used by some former party was still standing, and Cheney went to work industriously tying poles across it with withes of yellow birch, and thatching the roof and sides with boughs of balsam-fir. Having but one axe with us, my friend and myself were, in the mean time, unemployed, and nothing could be more disconsolate than our situation, as we stood dripping in the cold rain, and thrashing our arms, like hackney-coachmen, to keep the blood in circulation. My hardy friend, indeed, was in a much worse condition than myself. He had been indisposed when he started upon the expedition, and was now so hoarse that I could scarcely hear him speak amid the gusts of wind which swept through the ravine. We both shivered as if in an ague, but he suffered under a fever which was soon superadded. We made repeated attempts to strike a fire, but our matches would not ignite, and when we had recourse to flint and steel, every thing was so damp around us that our fire would not kindle. John

began to look exceedingly anxious :—' Now, if we only had a little daylight left, I would make some shackleberry-tea for you ; but it will never do to get sick here, for if this storm prove a north-easter, God only knows whether all of us may ever get away from this notch again. I guess I had better leave the camp as it is, and first make a fire for you.' Saying this, Cheney shouldered his axe, and striking off a few yards, he felled a dead tree, split it open, and took some dry chips from the heart. I then spread my cloak over the spot where he laid them to keep off the rain, and stooping under it he soon kindled a blaze, which we employed ourselves in feeding until the 'camp' was completed. And now came the task of laying in a supply of fuel for the night. This the woodman effected by himself with an expedition that was marvellous. Measuring three or four trees with his eye, to see that they would fall near the fire without touching our wigwam, he attacked them with his axe, felled, and chopped them into logs, and made his wood-pile in less time than could a city sawyer, who had all his timber carted to hand. Blankets were then produced from a pack which he had carried on his back ; and these, when stretched over a carpeting of leaves and branches, would have made a comfortable bed, if the latter had not been saturated with rain. Matters, however, seemed to assume a comfortable aspect, as we now sat under the shade of boughs, drying our clothes by the fire ; while John busied himself in broiling some bacon which we had brought with us. But our troubles had only yet begun."

We must pass over the detail of these troubles, stirring though it be one way and another ; but, in consequence of John's management and dexterity, they got through a dreadful night. Mr Hoffman never enjoyed a sounder snooze, though the hunter, it appears, took precedence of him in going to the land of dreams ; for, says the author, " The last words I heard John utter, as he coiled himself in a blanket, were—' Well it's one comfort, since its taken on to blow so, I've cut down most of the trees around us that would be likely to fall and crush us during the night.' "

We regret, on account of our readers, that we cannot make room for an illustration of the method of taking that noblest of all forest game, the moose, in what is called his *yard*, during the severity of winter, when deep deep snow is upon the ground ; for to be in keeping with the principal subject of our paper, we wish to give an example of deer-hunting in the vicinity of the sources of the Hudson. *Withing* is one of the arts employed by the *camping-out* hunters ; that is, a lasso is made of the saplings of birchwood, which is thrown over the animal, sometimes in the forests, but more effectually, it would seem, when it is overtaken swimming in a lake. The following account can hardly be surpassed for vividness, spirit, and freshness. The writer's perception and glowing description of scenic beauty, and his hearty and tender appreciation of the sentiments naturally inspired by the things that surrounded him, are delightfully exemplified in what follows :—

"Running the canoe under the trees, whose morning shadows still hung over the lake, we stretched ourselves upon the grass, listening and looking with the most eager attention for the first intimation of approaching sport. There was a slight ripple upon the lake, which was not favourable to our seeing the deer should he take the water at any great distance from us; and the incessant call of the jay, with the ever-changing cry of the loon, created so many noises in the woods, generally so still, that the opening of the hounds might have escaped us unheard. These early sounds, however, soon ceased as the sun came marching up above the mountain tops, and spread the silver waves from the centre of the lake far and wide, into all its sheltered bays and wood-embowered friths. The faint ripple of the waters upon the rocky shore was the only murmur left. My companions were conversing in a subdued voice, and I was lying a little apart from them revelling in the singular beauty of the scene, and trying to fix in my memory the peculiar outline of a ridge of mountains opposite, when I heard the faint crashing of a bough upon the other side of the lake, and running my eye along the water, discovered a noble buck, with fine antlers, swimming beneath the bank. My comrades caught sight of him a moment afterwards, and we all waited with eager anxiety to see him put out far enough for us to row round him, and cut him off from the shore. But the buck had evidently no idea of making a traverse of the lake at this time. He was far in advance of the hounds, and had taken the water at this place, not from being hotly pursued, but only to throw them off the scent, and then double on his own track. He, therefore, kept swimming along the shore, close under the steep bank, looking up at it every now and then, as if in search of a 'runway' which would carry him back again into the depths of the forest."

Before following Mr. H. to the hunt, an incidental reflection will come aptly in. No one could have thought of the ideas which it embraces and recognises, and no one could have so distinctly and delicately expressed them, who never had been in a situation where they were forced upon him :—

"There is nothing in the world like being a few hours on a hunting-station, with every sense upon the alert to familiarize one with the innumerable sounds and noises that steal up in such 'creeping murmurs' from the stillest forest. A man may walk the woods for years and be conscious only of the call of birds or the cry of some of the larger animals, making themselves heard above the rustling of his footsteps. But watching thus for young quarry, in a country abounding in game, and when it may steal upon you, at any moment, interest approaches almost to anxiety; and intense eagerness for sport makes the hearing as nice as when fear itself lends its unhappy instinct to the senses. Myriads of unseen insects appear to be grating their wings beneath the bark of every tree around you, and the 'piled leaves,' too damp to rustle in the breeze, give out a sound as if a hundred rills were creeping beneath their plaited matting."

It cannot require all Mr. Scrope's experience and congeniality

feeling, after this, to impress a due sense of the appropriateness of the phrase *still-hunting*, Mr. Hoffman's term for the stealthy craftship of deer-stalking, or deer-withing. Now for the *finale*:—

"The buck, after crossing at the inlet, made a circuit of several miles, and before we could pull half way down the lake, took the water at a runway opposite to the inlet, behind which Catlin was watching in his skiff. Cool and experienced in the sport, this hunter never broke his cover until the deer got fairly out into the lake, when he launched out and turned him so quickly, that the buck made for the island which his pursuer had just left. Linus, however, was too quick for him, and threw his withe over the deer's antlers before he could touch the bottom with his feet. But the buck was a fellow of great weight and vigour, and feeling himself thus entangled, he made a lateral spring into deeper water, which dragged the hunter out of the boat in an instant. Linus fortunately seized one of the oars, which, being rigged with swivels instead of rowlocks, still kept him connected with the skiff. But his situation was a precarious one; the buck becoming the assailant, struck at him with his forefeet, and got him again fairly under water. He rose this time however, with the oar between himself and his antagonist, and while clutching the gunwale of the boat with one hand, seized the withe which had escaped from his grasp, in the same moment that the buck made a pass at him with his horns, which ripped up the bosom of his shirt, and was within an inch of goring him to death. But before the desperate animal could repeat the thrust, the hunter had gained the skiff, now half full of water, and seizing the first missile that came to hand, he dealt the buck a blow upon the head, which followed up by a slash from his hunting-knife, put an end to the encounter.

* * * * *

"A group worthy of Inman's pencil was collected around the roaring fire, by which the dripping Catlin was drying himself; while Cheney, with the fat buck before him, and the dogs licking the blood at his feet, as ever and anon he paused in his operation, and turned round to us, to point out some graceful line of fat with his hunting-knife, would have formed the prominent features of the picture. The potatoes, in the meantime, were roasted whole, or sliced up with various savoury matters, which were put into the kettle to boil; and though we had omitted to bring tumblers with us, Cheney's axe hollowed out and fashioned some most ingenious drinking-cups, which were ready by the time divers choice morsels of venison had been grilled upon the coals. There were a few drops at the bottom of an old flask of cognac for each of us; we had Mackinaw-blankets, stretched upon balsam branches, to recline upon; there was no call of duty or business to remind us of the lapse of hours: and stories and anecdotes of former huntings in these mountains, with practical discussions as to what part of a deer afforded the most savoury venison, prolonged the repast till sunset."

ART. X.—*The Life of Thomas Reynolds, Esq., formerly of Kilkea Castle, in the County of Kildare.* By his Son THOMAS REYNOLDS. 2 Vols. 8vo. London: Hooper. 1839.

By this time we suspect the author is heartily sorry that he ever thought of writing this work, or rather of editing those pages which his notorious parent appears to have taken almost half a century to compose and bolster up, though by no stronger authority than his own asseverations, in the face of every fair presumption, and very frequently of stubborn facts to the contrary. Perhaps, however, Thomas Reynolds, the Son, is the victim of some sort of mental obliquity that prevents him from perceiving or feeling as other people do; and who, the more opposition he meets with, becomes the more hardened and obstinate in his errors. Indeed, the simple fact that he could ever countenance a publication of the present kind, argues that he labours under some sad perversion of judgment, and that he is incapable of appreciating human motives and actions in the way that other men do. Let it not be said that filial piety can sufficiently account for such a book as this, seeing that the most cruel thing he could possibly perpetrate in regard to his father was to revive the story of his infamy, or to write anything that would perpetuate a remembrance of him. Yet we do not mean to say that the work will not be productive of some good to the public, morally loathsome though the hero of it assuredly must ever be held.

First of all, it teaches a valuable lesson, by showing how the world marks with the finger of scorn and with the lips of execration treacherous deeds, that have consigned multitudes to unsurpassed suffering and an ignominious death. Thomas Reynolds, Esq., formerly of Kilkea Castle, figures too permanently in the dark page of Ireland's history to require a more particular description; yet here we have his son undertaking the desperate task of vindicating his father's conduct, of showing him to have been a pure patriot, and altogether incapable of betraying his comrades and confidential friends. But there is another good purpose which the work may serve. It necessarily affords a number of striking pictures of the distracted condition of Ireland during the civil war, which was contemporaneous with the catastrophes of the French revolution. It does more; it holds up to us a state of things, the existence of secret and dangerous associations, which we cannot but fear has at the present moment something like a parallel in the same unhappy country. If men in power, and if the whole of the Irish people, should study the contents of these volumes, we think their eyes might be opened to some appalling truths, the sight of which would yield practical and immediate good.

We have not patience to follow the author through his numerous

repetitions, inconsistencies, and absurdities, which he intemperately utters in vindication of his father. If it was the fact that Thomas Reynolds joined the Society of United Irishmen, binding himself in the most solemn manner to be a faithful member, without being aware of the objects contemplated by the Society, he was at best an unprincipled man. But it is impossible to believe that the traitor was either a simpleton or ignorant of the state of the country. Nothing which is set down in the work can for a moment persuade the reflecting reader, or the man of common sense, that his betrayal of his comrades was in consideration of anything but a tempting reward, the price of blood. Indeed the attempted vindication frequently puts this basest of all motives in a more offensive light than it formerly appeared; while the recriminatory temper of the author, who heaps unmeasured abuse upon all parties, ministers of the crown, unimpeached private individuals, and all others who may at any time have spoken or acted in opposition to his immaculate parent, leads us to suspect that he has been too long the unfortunate pupil of a most unprincipled teacher. We do not say that the spy and informer did not sustain damage in his estate on account of the share he took in the troubles of the time; and had his conduct been morally pure and the offspring of high-minded patriotism, certainly he was entitled to remuneration for what would in such a case have been an effort to save the nation from a deeply concocted conspiracy and the direst horrors of a wide-spreading revolution. But the question of purity and patriotism is the great point at issue; while, according to the writer's own showing, the remuneration has been not only ample, but far greater than any real loss that can be set down to the simple score of lodging information against his brethren. The fact is, that the heavy losses which Reynolds sustained occurred while his devotion to the Government was not positively known, and the lengths he would go not sufficiently tested. The manner, however, in which some of these losses were occasioned furnishes an instructive picture of civil war and the establishment of military law throughout a nation.

It was surmised and supposed that Lord Edward Fitzgerald had secreted himself in Mr. Reynold's house; the military therefore pay the premises a visit:—

“They tore up the flooring from three complete stories of the castle, the whole of which had been recently laid down at great expense. They tore down the old oak wainscoting, not a vestige of which remained throughout the whole castle. They next broke the walls in various places, and tore off the paper and canvass of such as were not wainscoted. They broke up the stairs, and in a few hours they rendered the interior of the castle a mere ruin, preserving only my father's bed-room, which, however, underwent a very severe investigation, having the walls, cupboards, ceilings, and floors, pierced in many places. They also preserved their own sitting-room, which they found necessary for their personal comfort:

yet in that room was the only concealment that had been made in the castle, being the closet which my father had walled up, and which, if found, did not contain anything but money, some papers, and the old family plate. After the rebellion, my father's cousin, Mr Thomas Dunn of Leinster Lodge, who had aided him in closing it, opened it and transmitted the valuables it contained to him in Dublin.

"Captain Erskine, without ceremony, took possession of everything in and about the castle. There were twelve beds for visitors, exclusive of those used by the family, some of whom being absent with my mother, left three or four more vacant. The officers and non-commissioned officers occupied these beds: straw was laid down for the men. Forty horses were placed in the vaults, the others were accommodated at the outhouses. * * * The wine was every morning and evening brought in buckets to the lawn in front of the castle, and a pint was there measured out to every soldier, attendant, and follower of this party. Beer was drunk *ad libitum*. The friends and acquaintances of the officers, their wives and children and trulls of the soldiers, came daily from Athy to see the castle as a party of pleasure, where every one was feasted at my father's expense. If they did not find all they wished for at the castle, they sent out foraging parties through all the neighbourhood, seizing what they pleased. As there was not a sufficiency of oats for their cattle, they mixed with it wheat, which was threshed, and when no more threshed grain remained, they placed the wheat in the sheaf before their horses, by which means full as much grain was lost in the litter as was eaten. They dug up all the frames in the garden, they hacked and carved dates and names on the mahogany dining-tables, broke up all the furniture, and, from mere wantonness, smashed every pier glass in the castle, of which ten or twelve were of very large dimensions; cut out the strings, split the sounding-boards, and hacked the outside of three piano-fortes. * * They cut the paintings from their frames, and used them as targets to fire at, or cut them in pieces with their sabres in the frames. Some of these paintings were of great value, having been a present from Sir Joshua Reynolds to my grandfather, who, proud of his gift, had been at some expense in procuring a few others of good masters, to make up a little collection, to which my father added three or four. The whole collection was destroyed. They broke down the sluices of the river Greece, which ran through the estate, and so let the water inundate about seventy acres of meadow land, ruining it for that season, and by thus letting off the water they emptied the great pond which supplied the manor mill, to the great distress of all the neighbourhood. The pretence for this act was to lower the bed of the river, and empty the mill-pond, that they might see if pikes or other weapons were concealed there. The wives and servants of the officers, as well as the soldiers' wives and followers, kept up a constant petty pillage, carrying off linen, blankets, quilts, books, china, and everything that was portable beyond the precincts of my father's bed-room, where, as yet, all was preserved by his living entirely in it."

The blessings of military law instead of civil tribunals may be estimated from the following pictures, Ireland, it would appear, furnishing some of the most notable illustrations. The author says

“ It has been my father’s lot, since then, to witness the ravages of war in the Peninsula, where Spaniards, French, Portuguese, and English, with their German auxiliaries, men trained to rapine, alternately plundered and devastated the country, but in all that disorder, of which he was an eyewitness during six years, he has frequently assured me that he never saw such coolblooded, wanton, useless destruction, as was committed by Captain Erskine and his companions at Kilkea, and over the surrounding country. It was Croppy property, and that was quite sufficient in their eyes to make destruction a virtue. My father’s steward, William Byrne, was flogged and tortured to make him discover the supposed dépôt of arms. Lieutenant Love, of the ninth dragoons, son of the quartermaster of the same regiment, being a tall man, tied his silk sash about Byrne’s neck, and hung him over his shoulders, while another officer flogged him until he became insensible. Similar acts acquired for Mr. Love the *sobriquet* of the ‘ Walking Gallows.’ ”

Owing to the disturbed state of the country all intercommunication was rendered difficult and dangerous. The courts-martial executed their sentences in the most summary manner. In many places they were permanently sitting; the speed with which their decisions were carried into effect preventing revision. We quote one statement which may be sufficient to show to what a height the fury of partisans proceeded, these partisans frequently being as hypocritical as their deeds were atrocious when they threw off the cloak :—

“ Skirmishes took place also at Rathfarnham, Tallagh, Lucan, Lusk, Dunboyne, Barrestown, Collon, Baltinglas, Dunlavin, Kildare, Rathongan, Kilcock, and Oviestown. In all these engagements the rebels were defeated with considerable loss, except those of Dunboyne and Barrestown. The attack on Prosperous was marked by an act of the most infamous treachery. Doctor John Esmond was a Roman Catholic physician and accoucheur, a man of good fortune and of high family connexion, and a lieutenant in Mr. Griffiths’s troop of yeoman cavalry, then stationed at Clane. Not far from his residence was the small town of Prosperous, where a considerable cotton manufactory was established. It was occupied by twenty-eight of the Cork militia, and nine of a regiment of Welsh cavalry, called the Ancient Britons, the whole commanded by Lieutenant Swaine. Esmond was on an intimate footing with Lieutenant Swaine, who frequently dined at his house, from which circumstance, combined with his rank in society, his situation of lieutenant of yeomanry, and his profession, which obliged him to be out at all hours of the night, he found no difficulty in obtaining the password from Swaine, who dined with him on the 23rd of May. Thus provided, at one o’clock in the morning of the 24th, at the head of a large body of rebels, he surprised his friend, and burned him and all his men in their quarters. He then seized two gentlemen, residents of the town, a Mr. Stamer and a Mr. Brewer, and an old man who had been a sergeant in the line; these he murdered with deliberate cruelty, and mangled their bodies in a horrid manner. His further proceedings were stopped by the approach of a

body of troops, on which he fled from the place and his followers dispersed."

The rapidity with which the secret and conspiring organization of the United Irishmen proceeded, may be gathered from the following :—

" Samuel Neilson, of Belfast, was particularly active. In a letter which he writes to Mr. Tone, on the 21st of November, he says,—' You can form no conception of the rapid progress of the Union here ; and I do assure you we are further forward than even I expected we should have been in a twelvemonth. The universal question throughout the country is, ' When do we begin ? Do we refuse hearth-money or tithes first ? ' Indeed the people of Belfast were not idle ; they spared neither pains nor expense to spread their new doctrine through the whole north of Ireland ; and they had the satisfaction to see their proselytes very rapidly extending in all directions. The more effectually to spread their principles, twelve of the most active and intelligent among them subscribed 250*l.* each to set on foot a paper, whose object should be to give a fair statement of all that passed in France, whither every one turned his eyes ; to inculcate the necessity of union amongst Irishmen of all religious persuasions ; to support the emancipation of the Catholics ; and finally, as the necessary, though not avowed, consequence of all this, to erect Ireland into a republic independent of England.' "

On the dissolution of the Association in 1798, it is stated to have arisen to 400,000 men ; and every man who was not a member, or who did not evince a marked bias and protection towards the members and their opinions, was considered as an enemy, and devoted as a fair object of destruction, in person and property. There were five Directors at its dissolution, it is added, constituting a self-created and mysterious body, four of them being Protestants, and one a Roman Catholic. The fact appears to have been, that it was after all a Protestant rebellion. At any rate it was a conspiracy which brought in its train the following among many other frightful evils :—

" The moment a man became a member of it he unexpectedly found himself placed under the censorship of all his associates ; the slightest hesitation, opposition, or disapproval, of the orders or reports, communicated from the upper committees, was considered as treason and disaffection ; keeping company or habitually associating with persons unfriendly to the Association was held to be just cause of suspicion. A man's acquaintance, his servants, his relatives, and frequently his very children, were so many spies on all his words and actions, which, if suspicious, were directly denounced in some committee. The leaders, conscious of their own criminal projects, and in constant dread of discovery, notwithstanding their precautions, promoted by every means in their power this jealous and suspicious system of espionage among the associates."

Among the multifarious dire consequences inseparable from rebel-

lion, we may mark the distortions which plain and simple acts are subjected to, to the perversion of justice and humanity. We quote a passage corroborative of this as one which is not without its application at the present time :—

“ Hoping to preserve the part of the country in which he resided from continuing their career of murder and robbery, on Sunday, the 25th of March, my father attended at the chapel of Mageny Bridge, and, after the mass had been celebrated, he ascended the steps of the altar, and, by the permission of the priest, harangued the congregation, representing the heinousness of the crimes that were everywhere perpetrated, and the miseries they must inevitably bring upon themselves and their families. He then took up a tone of authority, and assured them that those who seduced them, and led them to such scenes, were a mere set of idle vagabonds, who were a disgrace to the country, and that he himself would aid in prosecuting and bringing such fellows to justice, whenever he could discover them. His harangue seemed to have some effect upon the congregation, and some of the plundered property was restored on the ensuing night, particularly that of Captain Beaver; but even at the chapel door, as he was going out, his own life was openly threatened, and he was plainly told he should assuredly be murdered, if he continued to oppose the orders of the committees.

“ These and other circumstances were considered by government as proofs of his possessing an undue influence; and the very persons whose goods were restored considered him, not as an individual actuated by worthy motives, but as the head of a gang, influencing his subaltern plunderers. So decided was this description of feeling throughout Ireland, that on the trials by courts-martial, during and subsequent to the heat of the rebellion, the successful display of humanity by a person accused was very frequently urged, and with success, as a proof of guilt. Whoever could be proved to have saved a Royalist from assassination, his house from being burned, or his property from plunder, was considered as having an undue influence among the people, and was consequently set down as a rebel commander. When the rebel chief Keugh was brought to trial at Wexford, where at great peril of his own life he had preserved that of the Earl of Kingston, his protection and kindness to that nobleman, who was a witness for the prosecution, were adduced as undoubted proofs of his guilt, to the great scandal of many persons in court. When Keugh was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged, a gentleman in the court exclaimed, ‘ Well, I thank my God that no person can prove me guilty of saving the life or property of any one.’ ”

Though we unhesitatingly pronounce these volumes to be an utter failure in so far as the main design of the author is concerned, still, in the manner indicated by us and as illustrated by our extracts, a number of incidental facts and instructive suggestions are constantly arising from the narrative. One of these, and which is none of the least important, is to be identified with the estimation in which the traitor Reynolds was held, not merely by the betrayed but by government, from the moment that his duplicity and motives for winning

heartlessly obtained blood-money were correctly interpreted. The hand of the assassin from among the betrayed was everywhere to be dreaded. His conscience—of that we shall say nothing,—his realization of contempt and hatred, to a mind even so blunted to moral sensibilities, must, in a nature so selfish, have been terrible. Witness in proof of this his prolonged, regular and miserable effort to obtain the canonization of a patriot, after his death, by the *memoranda* which a son has here dressed up; that son himself feeling very sore throughout from the merited or felt *status* in society to which he innocently has been reduced. We charitably trust that the parent never contemplated the havoc that his treachery was to work, long after he had gone to his last account, by a deliberate deed of baseness. His family, his offspring, have been victimized; and though mysterious may be the ways of Providence in what concerns the fate of individuals as well as of nations, we cannot but regard Mr. Canning's elevation to power as being most opportune, were it but to read to statesmen and ministers the lesson contained in the following embittered effusion. There is a species of judicial infatuation about him who writes as we now quote:—

“Soon after my arrival in Paris, the King went on a tour to Scotland, and during his absence Lord Castlereagh's melancholy death took place. The Earl of Bathurst, who was then Minister for War and the Colonies, received his Majesty's orders to take the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, until a successor should be named; and after the lapse of about a month that successor was Mr. Canning, a gentleman whose political connexions differed from those of his predecessor. Mr. Planta had promised to lay my case in the most advantageous light before the new minister, whenever he should be appointed; but my father, finding that after Mr. Canning's appointment there was a considerable delay, and that several letters which he had written to Mr. Planta remained unanswered, wrote to Lords Camden, Chichester, and Westmorland, requesting their good offices in the affair. He also wrote to Mr. Canning himself, and the consequence was, that he speedily received a note from Mr. Planta, acquainting him that he had a confidential communication to make, if he would send any friend to speak with him. My father consequently requested a friend at the War Office to wait on Mr. Planta, who communicated to him Mr. Canning's final determination not to employ any member of our family in his department, as he did not consider himself at all bound by Lord Londonderry's engagement, that he was resolved to abolish the Icelandic consulship, but that my father should have a proportionate retreat. This arrangement left me unprovided for, and was calculated to do infinite mischief to our consideration in society. My father, having no option, accepted Mr. Canning's offer as a substitute for the Icelandic consulship, and lost no time in renewing his applications to his friends in power for my employment in some other department. A very animated correspondence on the subject was, in consequence, carried on from March, 1823, to the end of 1824, between the Lords Camden and Chichester and my father, but without any successful result.”

As already intimated by us, the present Life, though calculated to do good, is, in other respects, a disgusting affair. There is also much terribleness in it. It savours too oft horribly as if blood stained its pages. One specimen, quite apart from its main intent, we shall extract. It is the story of a duel worthy of Kentucky men. One of the combatants was brother to the author. The *meeting* took place in Paris in 1825:—

“ The Count de Rochefort called on Fitzgerald on the part of Warren, and a meeting was arranged for at eight o'clock in the morning of Sunday, the 17th, on the plain of Grenelle, each party to bring two friends, and the weapons to be pistols only. Fitzgerald, with Messrs. de Puibusque and de Germain, and attended by M. du Hallay's servant, was on the ground about a quarter of an hour when Warren arrived, accompanied by Captain de Toqueville of the guards, the Count de Rochefort, and an Irishman, whose name I never could learn. Fitzgerald had a case of plain duelling pistols, made by Wogden of London: Warren had a French case, rifle barrels, hair triggers, and detonating locks, which unquestionably was an aim of much more certain destruction, and in every respect more formidable than the other, and one which would be incomparably more dangerous than if the barrel was not rifled. Fitzgerald, however, declared himself satisfied that each should use his own weapon, but the seconds would not permit it, their own honour being at stake in allowing such a disparity of weapons; they therefore arranged that the combatants should toss up for choice of weapons, and that both parties should use the same case. Warren won the toss, and chose his own pistols, one of which was given to Fitzgerald, who had never before handled or seen one of the kind. Forty paces were measured, and in the centre of this distance, an inner space of ten paces was measured, at each end of which a hat was placed. The parties were to be placed at the two extremities of the greater distance, and on the word 'advance' being given, they were at liberty to advance as they pleased, or to remain at the extremity, but in no case to pass the hats, so that each had fifteen paces on his side; but the combatants could never approach nearer to each other than ten paces; they could never retreat a foot, each might fire when, where, and how, he pleased: whoever fired first should remain on the spot from which he fired, and there receive the fire of his adversary, who might still continue to advance up to the hat on his own side. Being placed, Warren ran forward up to the hat on his own side, presented at Fitzgerald, and remained in that attitude. Fitzgerald deliberately walked forward, and having advanced to within five paces of his hat, he, for the first time, raised his pistol to take aim, as it was evident Warren kept him covered in order to fire the moment Fitzgerald should arrive at his hat, and before he could have had time to raise his arm: but unacquainted with the nicety of the hair trigger, Fitzgerald by some means touched it, and his pistol went off while he was raising it. Thus disarmed, at only fifteen paces before his most inveterate enemy, a noted and practised shot, he stood like a mark, while Warren several times corrected his aim during a space of time greatly exceeding a minute, as marked by the watch of M. du Hallay's man, until at length M. de Puibusque called out to him, 'Fire;

Mr. Warren, act honourably.' Warren directly lowered his aim, took off his hat, and replied—'Sir, I am at liberty to aim and fire when and how I please, and I will exercise my right.' He then put on his hat, and gradually raised his arm until he had adjusted his aim to his satisfaction; he fired and missed. He looked for a few moments, as if in expectation of seeing the effect of his ball, and when convinced that he had failed, he stamped, raged, swore, flung his arm about, cursed his pistol, and acted, in fine, like a madman."

We close our notice and extracts of this unpleasant work with a passage pregnant with meaning, taken from the Preface. The writer says—"I have a vast mass of curious documents, which are not in these volumes—*anecdotes* of all the leading men connected with the United Irish Society, many of whom have to this day remained unknown as United Irishmen. I have, however, carefully abstained from naming a single individual in these memoirs who has not been already repeatedly named, and I hope I shall be enabled to continue this reserve."

It is not the least painful circumstance connected with this *naming* process, that the elder Reynolds traduces the characters of some of his nearest relatives; his mother not being exempted.

ART. XI.—*Ancient Scottish Melodies. Introductory Inquiry.* By WM. DAUNBY, Esq., Edinburgh. London: Smith and Elder.

WE regard this handsome quarto publication put forward at the instance of the Bannatyne and Maitland Clubs, literary institutions, whose purposes and efforts go to the reprinting and elucidation of Scottish history and antiquities, as the most valuable contribution that has, for many years, been made to the national character and honour. But to the facts: it appears that some twenty years ago, there was bequeathed to the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh, an ancient musical manuscript, by Miss Elizabeth Skene, which had been collected by one of her ancestors, Mr. John Skene of the Hall-yard family, between 1600 and 1620. The manuscript, however, was allowed to remain undeciphered until lately, when it was put into the hands of Mr. G. F. Graham, a gentleman of the highest attainments in the science of music. He soon made himself master of the notation, having discovered that it was set down for the mandour or mandora, a small instrument of the lute species, which was at one time much played upon in Scotland. The value of this collection will at once be appreciated when it is known that it not only contains a great number of national melodies, but that it is a hundred years older than any collection of Scottish music that has yet been discovered.

There has from time to time been a considerable degree of discussion and controversy in regard to the antiquity of Scottish melodies, as well as the claims which have been put forward relative to some of the airs that are most popular in that and other parts of

the British empire. This publication not merely seems to put to rest this question, in not a few instances, but to have provided a key or standard by which something, approaching to certainty, may be applied as a test to decide on the genuineness of ancient Scottish music. Eighty-five tunes are given, with their names from the manuscript. Among these we find "John Anderson my Jo;" "Good Night and Joy (the MS. has God) be with you;" "Bonny Dundee (in the MS it is "Adew Dundee!")" and other much admired airs not previously supposed to be so ancient. There are also tunes that are favourites, but with different names from those by which they have been called in modern times. Besides, there are in this collection, melodies which present the broad and strong features of the Scottish school, that had been long lost, together with a considerable number of doubtful as well as trashy character.

The volume, however, as must already be manifest, is one calculated to excite and satisfy curiosity as well as to supply an extremely valuable addition to the treasures of music; showing at the same time what constituted, in this department, the delight of the nation and its attainments and taste. Let it not be thought that the discovery points out merely the characteristics and advancement of the Scotch in regard to musical art. It has been well observed that national airs as well as national ballads, enable the reflecting and philosophic mind to arrive at just conceptions of the moral, social, and domestic character of a people.

The analysis of Scottish music, which accompanies the collection, furnished by Mr. Finlay Dun, a celebrated professor of the musical art in Edinburgh, will be perused with interest, and many points in it with much satisfaction; although doubts may be reasonably entertained relative to some of his suggestions and theories. Between the structure of these ancient airs and that of the ancient *canto fermo* of the Romish Church, the resemblance, consisting of the omission of certain notes of the scale, is remarkable; but the author of the "Analysis" gives scope to mere fancy in his endeavours to connect in the way of cause and effect these peculiarities; for why should not the same thing have befallen the ancient national melodies of the whole of Europe? Indeed, the causes which impress upon a nation's airs certain characteristic features have never been satisfactorily traced or philosophically accounted for. The suggestion which has been thrown out, and by some imaginative minds curiously pursued, that the strongly developed features of external nature and the audible sounds given out by surrounding objects and creatures—by the rush of waters, by the echoing rocks, by the waving trees, by the sighing and sobbing winds, by the beasts of the field, by the feathered songsters, may all lend distinctive and characteristic cadences and playfulness to the human voice, whether in speech or in melodies sportive or plaintive. Besides, poetry like

romance is the native inhabitant of the soul: the soft, gentle, abrupt, or sublime march of rhythm in poetic diction, into which the human voice naturally falls, is music realized. Now, we know, that every people have a poetry that is broadly characterized by the external and natural features that encompass them; and poetry being the twin-sister of song must take a kindred stamp. There is yet a causation and a source of nationality that ought not to be overlooked. The Deity has inspired some of the human race with what may be called superhuman powers and qualities. There have been a Shakspeare, a Milton, a Burns, (how many other *generic* poets might be named!) and these men taking their song as attuned to their souls by the music, the harmonies of the heavens—of the spheres—have sent entire countries in divided directions—have lived and written as the fathers of *peoples*—have made English and Scottish schools of poetry, and consequently of song. Ah! some of these master-spirits have been at work to whom the “Ancient of Days” revealed superhuman melodies; and though their names be not written in our books, their spirits have been generative, and are everlasting.

But we are losing sight of this elegant and valuable *quarto*; nor have we yet disclosed to our readers all its beauties and riches. Mr. Dauneŷ has furnished, next to the translated melodies, by far the most important and interesting portion of the work, viz., his Introductory Dissertation. This treatise consists of three branches, in each of which deep research, great learning, acute and liberal criticism, and varied accomplishments are displayed. First, he treats of the ancient lyrical poetry of Scotland; secondly, of the ancient musical melodies of that country; and, thirdly, of its ancient musical instruments,—expatiating upon the national characteristics of the entire art. The essay, taken as a whole, has no match on the same subject in literature, not merely for its accuracy, but its excursive-ness, arguments, proofs, and illustrations. We cannot better show its quality than by quoting two of its passages. The first is calculated to put to flight some overweening fancies. Mr. Dauneŷ says,—

“In Scotland, the use of the bagpipe seems to have gradually superseded that of the harp; but this process, we should think, must have taken place chiefly within the last two hundred years; previous to which, we doubt very much whether the natives of North Britain were more distinguished for their partiality for the bagpipe than their Southern neighbours. Even Shakspeare, although he talks of the ‘drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe,’ and of ‘a Yorkshire bagpiper,’ has nowhere associated that instrument with the Scots; and when we go back several centuries anterior to this, we find it used in both countries by the same class of persons. Chaucer’s Miller played upon it—

‘A bagpipe well couth he blowe and sowne;’

and ‘Will Swane,’ ‘the meikle miller man,’ in our ‘Peblis to the Play,’ calls for it to assist in the festivities of the day.

‘Giff I sall dance, have doune, lat se,
Blaw up the bagpyp than.’

Indeed, although we are justly proud of our ancient proficiency on the harp, and adhere unhesitatingly to our claims to supremacy on that head, we are much disposed, upon a candid consideration of the facts, to resign to the English the palm of superiority in this less refined description of music, about the time to which we refer. The pipers who are mentioned in the Lord High Treasurer's accounts, seem almost uniformly to have been natives of England. Thus, 10th July 1489, there is a payment of eight pounds eight shillings. '*Inglis pyparis* that com to the castel yet and playit to the King.' Again, in 1505, there is another payment to 'the *Inglis pipar* with the drone.' It should be added that, while the 'bagpiper' formed part of the musical establishment of the English sovereigns and noblemen during the sixteenth century, we find no such musician retained at the Scottish court. Our monarchs had probably not much relish for this sort of pipe music; and although the result of our investigation of the word 'chorus' has had the effect of clearly convicting our first James of being a performer upon that unprincely instrument, (for which the only precedent we can find in history is that of the Emperor Nero,) we should remember that he had most probably acquired that as well as his other accomplishments in England, where he received the rest of his education. We do not conceive, upon the whole, that the bagpipe has ever been a very popular instrument in Scotland, except in the Highland districts; and we may state this with some confidence as to one part of the country—a royal burgh, which we have already had occasion to name, and where the Magistrates actually prohibited the common piper from going his rounds, in terms by no means complimentary to the instrument. Our readers will be the less surprised at the superior refinement here exhibited, when they are informed that these were the 'musical magistrates' of the city of Aberdeen, whose praises have been so loudly trumpeted by Forbes, the publisher of the '*Cantus*,' in his dedication of that work. '26th May 1630. The Magistrates discharge the common piper of going through the town at nycht, or in the morning, in tyme coming, with his pype; *it being an incivill forme to be usit within sio a famous burghe, and being often fund fault with, als weill be sundrie nichtbouris of the toune as be strangeris.*'

"This instrument must have been the great Highland bagpipe, blown with the mouth; and all who have experienced its deafening effects will concur in the wisdom and good taste of the above regulation. Critically speaking, and holding it in the highest possible estimation for its utility in rousing the energies of the Highland soldiery, the sounds which it emits are certainly of a nature much better calculated to excite alarm and consternation than to diffuse pleasure."

Mr. Dauney makes reference to a statement, by Giraldus Cambrensis, regarding the music of Ireland and Scotland, during the Twelfth Century, and then proceeds thus:—

"The slow, drawling, and monotonous style of many of the Scottish melodies which were popular during the last century, is certainly something very different from the description given by the Cambrian churchman of our ancient airs, and not a little at variance, we should say, with the spirit and character of the nation—the *perfervidum ingenium*—the

effervescent enthusiasm of our countrymen. Some of these airs were composed, and most of those which had been handed down from antiquity, were essentially altered, by Oswald and others, especially the former; a person whose taste in music, although he unquestionably possessed some inventive talent, (would that he had possessed less!) was too much perverted by the age in which he lived, for him to relish the simple notes of our primitive melodies; and who accordingly, so far from taking any pains to preserve them in their original form; generally contrived to adapt them to a formula of his own, in which phrases, the sole merit of which lay in their being unaffected and pleasing, were exchanged for passages of embellishment, invented in order to display the skill of the singer or the performer, and artificial closes or shakes substituted for the natural, broken, and often touching cadences of the original.

“Of this we are enabled to speak the more confidently with the Skene MS. before us. The favourable contrast which many of the Scottish airs therein contained, present to the dull, tiresome, and meretricious productions which, from time to time, have been palmed off upon the public under that name, and the vitiated copies of the same tunes which have been handed down by tradition alone, are among the most gratifying results of its discovery. We are now no longer at a loss for a standard by which we can test the genuineness of our national music, distinguish the true from the false, and separate the pure ore from all admixture of baser metal. Whether or not they come from ‘the well of (Scottish) genius undefiled’ we cannot say; but they are a distance of one hundred years nearer the fountain-head than any with which the public have previously been acquainted. And it is also worthy of remark, (we speak here of the principal Scottish airs,) that they are not cast in the formal and elaborate mould which characterizes the artificial compositions of the age when the collection was formed. They are animated, chaste, and simple in their style and expression, and though ‘old and plain,’ and more remarkable for spirit and originality than for elegance, it may be said of them, as of the poetical relics of ancient minstrelsy,

‘With rough majestic force they move the heart,
And strength and nature make amends of art.’

At the same time, we will not do them the injustice to say that they are less smooth and flowing than the Scottish airs of a more recent date. On the contrary, there are perhaps fewer of those sudden and unexpected leaps in the melody which we find in the latter; and of this any one may satisfy himself, who will take the trouble of comparing the original copies here given of ‘The Flowers of the Forest,’ ‘Alas! that I came o’er the Moor,’ and ‘Adieu, Dundee,’ with the modern versions of the same tunes. They will also see that tradition, and still more, the unscrupulous treatment which they have received at the hands of composers, have tended to injure, and not by any means to improve the originals,—frittering away their simplicity by notes of *remplissage* and variations, and in some instances divesting them of the leading points and characteristics upon which their effect and expression depended. But this is a subject on which it is not our intention to expatiate. It is not for us to presume to arbitrate in matters of taste, or to prejudge the public, to whom this collection is now submitted, and who will form their own opinion of its excellences and its

defects. Whatever these may be, it will be remembered that it possesses more than one recommendation, altogether independent of its musical merits. It comes fresh from the hands of the forefathers of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth centuries, with all the features of their musical genius, style, taste, and ideas, such as they were, fully impressed upon it. Further, it is well known, and has been pointed out in the course of the present inquiry, that the original versions of our ancient and most celebrated Scottish airs were lost, and that they have for many years been given up as irrecoverable. Contrary to all expectation, however, several of them have been preserved by the Skene MS. ; and it ought, we think, to afford satisfaction to every lover of Scottish melody and of Scotland, that relics so precious should at last have been saved from destruction, and thrown into a form which may go far to prevent the occurrence of such casualties in future. Besides the airs that are known to us, the collection contains others of great beauty, which have not been heard for many years, and which are now awakened into new life, to run, it is to be hoped, a new career of existence."

The inquiries which this volume will now set on foot, cannot fail, we trust, to bring to light other ancient musical manuscripts, as well as direct the Scottish mind to facts that ought to have a most interesting practical result in regard to instruments and national taste. One interrogatory alone will illustrate our meaning, and convince our readers of the probability of its fulfilment. "The Highland Society of Scotland," says Mr. Daunev, "has been much and justly applauded for having by annual premiums kept up the great *military* instrument of the Highlanders ; but why should they have allowed to sink into oblivion their great *musical* instrument ?—that for which their oldest and most exquisite airs were composed ? Why has there been no attempt to revive these, and along with them the recollection of the time when ' the shell went round, the bards sung, and the soft hand of the virgins trembled on the strings of the harp ?'"

We have only to add, that this accomplished and enthusiastic author is a member of the Scottish Bar.

ART. XII.—*The Life of George Lord Anson.* By SIR JOHN BARROW, BART., F. R. S. London: Murray. 1839.

THIS life need not detain us long. First of all, its subject is not one of our greatest naval heroes ; at least we do not identify the name so closely as we do that of a Howe, a Duncan, a Nelson, &c., with our national glory. Secondly, all that is known as personally pertaining to Anson, might be thrown into a moderately sized pamphlet. And lastly, these materials have often been handled in previous memoirs of his Lordship, and in the general history of the British navy. At the same time we must admit that Sir John Barrow has brought his great knowledge of the "service," his literary acquirements, and his patriotic enthusiasm, to bear with

admirable effect upon the individual whom he has chosen for his theme, and thus to fill up satisfactorily a chapter in our annals, that is both entertaining and instructive. We shall now glance at the principal passages or events in the Life, and also quote the author's estimate and summary of his hero's character, as well as professional *status*.

The meagre nature of the ascertained facts in this case may be in part judged of, when we mention that it has not been discovered, after all Sir John Barrow's investigations and peculiar opportunities, where or in what manner he received his scholastic education. It is ascertained, however, that he was the son of Mr. Anson of Shugborough, in the county of Norfolk; that he was born in the year 1697; that, though the period of his entrance into the navy is one of the obscurities, he was promoted to a Lieutenancy in 1717, and made Commander in 1722. After this he served in several ships, upon foreign nations. Yet there is little on record about him during this varied service, save his popularity at Carolina. In 1737, he was appointed to the *Centurion*, in contemplation of a war with Spain. His capture of one of the galleons, and the wealth which this good luck brought him, are well known; as also the results of the expedition round the world, which has particularly stamped his name upon history and the mind of the nation. His burning of Païta and his victory off Cape Finisterre, with a superior force, are not points that can, after our familiarity with much more dazzling actions, be quoted with extraordinary exultation.

In 1744-5, Anson was made a Junior Lord of the Admiralty; and in 1757, through the interest chiefly, it would appear, of his father-in-law, Lord Hardwicke, he was promoted to the high office of First Lord. This was on the formation of the Pitt Ministry. He died five years afterwards.

Though Anson was a resolute, and prompt naval commander, an excellent sailor, and an upright man, perhaps his best services were those which he performed at the Board of Admiralty. In consequence of his authority, a visitation to the Dock-Yards seems to have been for the first time appointed and realized. The results are thus described:—

“ In the minutes of their proceedings it appears, that they found the men generally idle, the officers ignorant, the stores ill-arranged, abuses of all kinds overlooked, the timber ill assorted, that which was longest in store being undermost, the standing orders neglected, the ships in ordinary in a very dirty and bad condition, filled with women and children, and that the officers of the yard had not visited them, which it was their duty to do; that men were found, borne and paid as officers, who had never done duty as such, for which their Lordships reprimanded the Navy Board, through the comptroller; that the store-keeper's accounts were many years in arrear, and, what was most extraordinary, that the Navy Board had never required them; in short, gross negligence, irregularities, waste

and embezzlement were so palpable, that their Lordships ordered an advertisement to be set up in various parts of all the yards, offering encouragement and protection to such as should discover any misdemeanors, committed either by the officers or workmen, particularly in employing workmen or labourers on their private affairs, or any other abuse whatever."

Hence it may be inferred that his administration at the head of the Navy Board was effective and most usefully reforming. He paid much attention also to the improvement of ship-building, the sheathing their keels with copper being one of his measures. He it was, too, who established the Marine corps, in place of the old Marine regiment. This was about the period of the commencement of the Seven Years' War.

Besides the contents, which more or less closely bear upon the points of personal history indicated, lengthened and minute sketches as well as inquiries into the naval and nautical affairs of George the Second's reign are presented; among which the conduct, trial, and execution, or judicial murder, of Byng prominently figure; for that his execution amounted to murder, who can doubt after perusing the strong recommendation to mercy by the court-martial, and the distant and anxiously expressed opinion of its members, that they had felt themselves obliged by an existing and cruel law to return a fatal verdict, which law was subsequently repealed? The matters glanced at, together with glimpses of the political intrigues of the day, and the then existing manners of the nation, serve to fill up an octavo volume of nearly five hundred pages.

Having alluded particularly to the case of Byng, we may add that proofs are brought forward in the work before us, that the report of persons having been employed to denounce and write down that unfortunate man was correct. Mallet was one of these hired authors, and the hand which the Lord Chancellor Hardwicke had in the affair, as also a hint as to the estimation in which the hireling was held by the "Keeper of the King's conscience," appear from the following letter:—

" Wimpole, Oct. 10th, 1756.

" My dear Lord—I have taken the opportunity of the Marquess of Rockingham's doing me the honour of a visit, to return (by his servant) to Mr. Cleveland the *manuscripts* of Mr. Mallet's pamphlet. I had read it quite through, and, upon the whole, cannot find much fault with it, though I must own I am not much enamoured with it. But this *entre nous*, for authors of this kind must not be discouraged by too much criticism. However, I have ventured to put down in the enclosed sheet of paper some remarks and queries, which I desire your lordship will take the trouble to peruse, and to consider whether you think any of them improper, especially in what relates to maritime affairs and dispositions. Whatever you shall disapprove in this paper of mine, I desire you will strike out, and then deliver it to Mr. Cleveland, with my request to him to copy it over fair, and forthwith send such copy to Mr. Mallet, keeping my original. My reason

(which I will tell your lordship) for taking this method is, that I am not fond of giving a handle to be named as a joint author with this gentleman ; but I have writ him a very civil letter, wherein I have informed him that he will very soon receive such a paper from Mr. Cleveland. I have also modestly suggested to him to add something further, by way of observation and argument, upon the points of conduct chiefly objected to, for in that part I suspect the performance to be chiefly deficient. Ever yours,

“ HARDWICKE.”

See how firmly and resolutely, and with what effect, a Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas could assert the authority of that tribunal over a Court-martial :—

“ A very extraordinary circumstance occurred with regard to the members of this Court-martial, which shows that it is not the Lords of the Admiralty alone who are tenacious of their privileges. While the Court was sitting, the President was arrested by virtue of a writ of *capias* issued from the Court of Common Pleas, in consequence of a verdict obtained by Lieutenant George Fry of the Marines, against Sir Chaloner Ogle, Perry Mayne, and others, for alleged false imprisonment and ill-treatment in the West Indies, by means of an illegal sentence passed by a court-martial of which they were members. The Court, now sitting, highly indignant that their President, Perry Mayne, should, at such a moment, be arrested, entered into certain resolutions, containing disrespectful language against the Lord Chief Justice Willes, which were submitted to the Lords of the Admiralty. Their proceedings were sent by the Admiralty to the Minister, accompanied with a request that they might be laid before the King ; and received in reply a notification, ‘ that his Majesty expressed great displeasure at the insult offered to the Court-martial, by which the military discipline of the Navy is so much affected ; and his Majesty will consider what steps it may be advisable to take on the occasion.’

“ Chief Justice Willes was not a man to suffer the dignity of his court to be thus infringed, and his authority called in question ; and no sooner did he hear of the resolutions that had been sent to the King, than he caused warrants to be issued to take each individual member of the Court-martial into custody ; determined, as he said, to assert and maintain the authority of his office. The members, being advised of the strict legality of this proceeding of the Judge, and that, from his character, he was likely to carry it to the utmost extent, thought it best to send him a submissive apology ; which was drawn up in the following terms, and signed by the President and all the members :—

“ ‘ As nothing is more becoming a gentleman than to acknowledge himself to be in the wrong as soon as he is sensible he is so, and to be ready to make satisfaction to any person he has injured ; we, therefore, whose names are underwritten, being thoroughly convinced that we were entirely mistaken in the opinion we had conceived of Lord Chief Justice Willes, think ourselves obliged in honour, as well as justice, to make him satisfaction as far as it is in our power. And as the injury we did him was of a public nature, we do in this public manner declare, that we are now satisfied the reflections cast upon him in our resolutions of the 14th and 21st May last were unjust, unwarrantable, and without any foundation whatso-

ever; and we do ask pardon of his Lordship, and of the Court of Common Pleas, for the indignity offered both to him and the Court."

Two extracts bearing upon the general characteristics of Anson's history will suffice to complete our short and hasty review of the present work. Take him first as compared with Lord Howe, whose life Sir John Barrow lately wrote, and in regard to whom the hero before us seems to have borne other striking resemblances, besides being unfertile themes for anecdote and those other sorts of personal and identifying notices which lend the chief interest to works of the kind :—

"The moral and physical character of these two officers was very similar. The same personal qualities and constitution of mind were common to each; resolution, with undaunted courage, united with patience, perseverance, and indefatigable attention to their professional duties; modesty and diffidence were the characteristics of both. Howe, on one or two occasions only, spoke in parliament—Anson never. Howe has been represented as silent as a rock; Anson is called, by the same writer, the silent son-in-law of the chancellor. Howe was a family man, and seldom appeared in society; Anson was said to have been 'round the world, but never in it.' Howe's character was strongly marked by benevolence, humanity, and generosity; and Anson's was not less so. Both were firmly attached to the naval service; and it is so far remarkable that both should have had the opportunity of giving the first blow to the French navy, by each having gained the first victory in the two several wars. The comparison might be carried further; but in one respect there appears to be a great contrast—the one was fond of writing, the other appears to have abhorred it; and this leads me to speak of the materials I have collected for the memoir of Anson. In the case of Lord Howe I had upwards of four hundred letters, all written by the noble earl to one individual, which proved a habit of writing; but, unfortunately, the rest of his correspondence had perished. In the case of Anson I have between five and six hundred letters, none of them written by, but all of them addressed to, the noble lord, by a great variety of correspondents, in and out of the profession; all carefully bound up in three large volumes, alphabetically arranged under the names of the writers, so as to afford an easy reference. From several of these letters it appears that Anson, unlike Howe, was as sparing of his pen as of his tongue. Of whatever letters he may have written, not purely official, few have been found; and I understand that those I have spoken of from his correspondents were scattered about the house, until collected by the old house-steward, Jenkins, who had been in his younger days a boy under Lord Anson's cook, and who lived in the Anson family until his death, in 1824; and that these letters owe their present collective form to the care of Mr. Upcott, a gentleman well known in the literary circle for his valuable collection of curious manuscripts, which, for their novelty and variety, ought to have a place in the British Museum, whose library is certainly not overstocked with MSS."

Our next extract contains parts of an historical outline :—

"To say that Anson was a perfect seaman would be no great compliment to an officer who, like him, had spent the first thirty years at least, after leaving home, in the various duties of the profession; and few men had more painful experience of the dangers, the difficulties, and the melancholy disasters to which a seaman's life is exposed, than he had in those which fell to his lot to encounter in his enterprising voyage round the world. In that voyage he gave ample proof that he was a truly brave man—morally and physically brave—a man of firm nerves, and of great resources in time of need—for the exercise of which, occasions were neither slight nor few. To say he was so is no special praise. All the world knows that a naval officer is and must be brave; it is a virtue common to the whole profession; they are instructed from their earliest youth to be so, and it is a plant that grows with their growth: but like other qualities it has its degrees, and requires occasions to bring it forth. It did not happen to fall to the lot of Anson to distinguish himself particularly in action with the enemy. His engagement with the great *Acapulco* ship, with his reduced and feeble crew, just one-half in number to the enemy, was highly creditable to him, his officers, and ship's company; and perhaps still more so, after all their sufferings, cheerfully to go forth with the true undaunted spirit of British seamen to seek and meet the enemy. Nor was it a less strong feature in the character of Anson, that, soon after taking his seat at the Board of Admiralty, at a time when the public were dissatisfied at nothing having been done for the first two years of the war, he volunteered to hoist his flag, and assume the command of a fleet for the purpose of intercepting two combined squadrons of the enemy, of which he had received certain information; a step that could only have been taken on public grounds, united with a desire to do something that might distinguish him, and render him worthy of the situation he held in the public service. But Anson's character is to be looked at more closely in the civil department of the navy, in which it has been seen he acquitted himself with great ability, diligence, and impartiality. Under his administration, many years before and during the Seven Years' War, the British navy attained a pitch of power and pre-eminence to which it had never before arrived: while the fleets of France and Spain were completely humbled, and almost annihilated; the remaining portion of them being mostly shut up in their ports during the last three years of the war."

The part of the volume which will at present be read with the greatest eagerness, though comparatively short, consists of a "Supplementary Chapter," or Appendix, upon the actual existing condition of the British Navy, its strength relatively considered along with the contemporaneous naval powers of France, Russia, and America. Our readers are aware that the alarm has lately been sounded by various writers about the non-efficiency of our wooden walls, not only as compared with those of the countries named, but as regards our past history. Now this is a subject upon which Britons feel peculiarly sensitive. We are therefore glad that an authority so competent, so zealous in behalf of the "department," and so unimpeachable—that a man who has for thirty years been an active

and deeply responsible servant in the Admiralty, performing with straight-forward manliness his official duties under various Administrations, finds himself called upon to answer the grumblers and their misrepresentations in a manner so significant and sweeping as the passages now to be quoted do and illustrate. Take first a succinct account of the past and present state of our Navy:—

“ In the year 1820, there were in commission 14 sail of the line ; and men voted, 23,000 seamen, including marines.

“ In the year 1830, 18 sail of the line ; men voted, 29,000 seamen, including marines.

“ In the year 1838, 21 sail of the line ; men voted, 34,000 seamen including marines, and 2,000 boys.

“ And if he wishes to go back to the year 1792, antecedent to the Revolutionary War, he will find that twelve sail of the line were in commission, and 16,000 men voted, of whom about 12,000 only were borne for a great part of the year.”

We need not quote the tabular view of the navies of England, France, and Russia, their numbers and relative strength, by which it appears we are greatly superior. But as a vast deal has been lately uttered and boldly speculated in and about the designs and might of Russia, we must extract one of the Secretary's statements on the subject:—

“ When Commander Craufurd talks of the progress made in the Russian Navy, he is ignorant of the fact, that a Russian fleet in the Baltic has been a sort of hobby since the days of Peter the Great, who had not less than twenty to thirty sail of the line—small, it is true, in comparison with the present ; and, with regard to the vaunted increase at the present time, what is the fact ? The Russians have not a single ship of the line in the Baltic nor in the Black Sea, *more* than they had fifteen years ago, except those now on the stocks, intended to replace the old ones ; so little has Russia increased her fleet. If young officers would take the trouble to read what their seniors and superiors have seen and said,—i Mr. Craufurd had done this, he would have found that, in the year 1823^f an intelligent old Captain of the British Navy saw at Cronstadt *twenty-seven sail of the line, and many of them of the largest class of three-deckers* ; that he was on board one of the latter, the Leipsic, and says, ‘ she appeared to me, as did most of the ships, to be hogged ; for when standing on the afterpart of the lower deck, it was impossible to see more than one third forward.’ The ship has long since disappeared from the list. The Russian ships, in fact, last but a few years : they are built either of Casan oak, or larch, both of which species of timber are of short duration. If Mr. Craufurd will look still further back, he will find that, in the year 1801, Russia had sixty-one sail of the line, thirty of which were in commission in the Baltic Sea ; the remainder building or in ordinary. Captain Jones also visited Sebastopol, where he found the exact number of ships that are now there, with the exception of those building—fifteen sail—three of them carrying one hundred and twenty

guns, and the rest eighty-four. It is certain, however, that as the old ones break down, new ones of a superior class are built."

The mal-administration of our navy, in so far as the management and application of funds are concerned, does not appear to have been confined to the times preceding the reforms of Lord Anson :—

"While on the subject of building and preserving the fleet, it may be stated, that not many years ago the attention of the Board of Admiralty was drawn to the great numbers of new ships building, and with such rapidity, that they were launched, not from any want of ships, but apparently as if for no other purpose than to rot at their moorings in ordinary. In the year 1832, when matters of this kind were closely looked into, it appeared that the *Nelson*, of 120 guns, launched in 1814, (eighteen years before), the *Vindictive*, 74, (nineteen years before), the *Pitt*, 74, (sixteen years before), the *Bellerophon*, 80, (fourteen years), had not one of them ever been at sea; and that other ships of the line, in the several ordinaries, to the number of sixteen, were in the same predicament."

We have not the means of knowing whether or not this extravagant and foolish system has been entirely put an end to. One benefit, however, which, it is to be hoped, will arise from the recent complaints about the efficiency of our navel force, ought to be strict scrutiny and an early amendment in every branch connected with the establishment. Nothing is more salutary than the vigilance of the public eye, which has been so pointedly directed to that quarter. We must not, however, withhold the following strong testimony :—

"In conclusion : I cannot hesitate to affirm, and I do so neither rashly nor vauntingly, nor without due research, that, if any confidence is to be placed on official statements and returns, at no former period of profound peace, in the whole history of Great Britain, was her navy in so efficient a state, as to the number, condition, and equipment of the ships in commission, and the number and superior qualities of the petty officers and effective seamen borne on their books : nor were the number, the dimensions, and the condition of the ships in ordinary, and the preparations and stores in the dock-yards for increasing the active and efficient force of the fleet, at any time more satisfactory, than at the present moment—the commencement of the year 1839."

To return for a moment to Lord Anson, and that we may introduce an anecdote of England's Sailor King, who was not only deeply versed in naval affairs, but who was fond of making long after-dinner speeches, we copy the following paragraphs :—

"His Majesty, on the anniversary of the battle of Camperdown falling on a Sunday, attended by the Board of Admiralty and certain naval officers, heard divine service in the chapel of Greenwich Hospital, and

afterwards dined at St. James's. When the Queen and the ladies were about to retire, the King requested they would stay, as he had a few words to say regarding the British Navy. *He began with the landing of Julius Cæsar in Britain; which, he said, must have proved to the natives the necessity of a naval force to prevent and repel foreign invasion; and he went over the main features of all the great battles that had been fought, down to that of Trafalgar.*

"Assembled in the drawing-room after dinner, he beckoned me to him, and said, 'I fear I forgot to mention the name of Anson, and the action he fought off Cape Finisterre: I am not sure I know the details correctly; pray send me an account of it to-morrow.' He added, 'Anson was a good man, and knew his business well; though not brilliant, he was an excellent First Lord, improved the build of our ships, made more good officers, and brought others forward in the Seven Years' War, than any of his predecessors had done.'"

We have said and extracted enough to show that the volume adequately fills up an important chapter in our national and glorious naval history.

NOTICES.

ART. XIII.—*The Bubbles of Canada.* By the Author of "*The Clock-maker.*" London: Bentley.

MR. Justice Haliburton is said to be the author of this volume, as also of the clever satirical work mentioned in the title-page. The present work, however, is neither so clever nor so lively. It is, in fact, a mere party production, a great portion of it consisting of a reprint of despatches and other state papers, as well as numerous quotations, in an undigested form; and being in point of literature below mediocrity; unless the unscrupulous manner of striking right and left be an index of strong, as it of is a reckless mind and manner. The main purpose seems to have been, by a history of Canada since its conquest by Wolfe, to show how in the treatment of the conquered French, in withholding from them certain things and rights, and permitting them to retain others of a dangerous and disrupting tendency, the natural forerunners were established of the evils that are now experienced and the difficulties imposed upon the British party. The following is the most pithy and entertaining passage in the book:—

"As the people of this country know but little of the dissensions in Canada, they very wisely confine their observations to the dissensions of those who govern it. This is a more intelligible, as well as a more amusing subject. Every body talks of Lord Brougham and Lord Durham, but nobody speaks of Canada. Instead, therefore, of inquiring what is to become of that valuable colony, what measures are, or ought, to be adopted to ensure its tranquillity, and to protect British subjects and British property there, people very properly limit their attention to the more interesting question—What will the governor-general do when parliament meets? To inquire whether the English or the French population of Canada is in the right, requires some investigation to ascertain facts, and some constitutional knowledge to judge of those facts, when collected. It is, at best, but a dry

subject. But to decide whether Lord Brougham or Lord Durham has had the best of the dispute, is a matter so well suited for easy conversation, and humorous argument, that it is no wonder it has more attractions than the other. Such, however, is the acerbity of politics in this country, that even this affair is made a party question; and the worst motives are imputed for everything that is said or done by either. There are not wanting those who gravely assert, that while Lord Brougham was affecting to brush off the flies from the heels of an old rival, he intentionally switched him so hard as to arouse his temper, and to induce him to kick. They maintain that there are two sorts of tickling, one that is so delicate as to produce laughter and pleasurable sensations; and another that irritates both the skin and the temper by the coarseness of its application. They say that his lordship is much addicted to the latter species, and applies it equally to both friends and foes; in short, that his play is too rough to be agreeable. While, on the other hand, there are some who are so unkind as to insinuate that Lord Durham was very willing to take offence, and to shelter himself under it. That he felt he had voluntarily undertaken a load which he was unable to draw; and that, knowing greater expectations had been formed of him than he could ever realise, had no objection to kick himself out of harness, and extricate himself by overthrowing friend or foe, so long as the public were willing to believe the fault to be that of the teamster, and not of the steed. Be that as it may, the exhibition has been an entertaining one; and they deserve some credit for having afforded amusement and occupation to the public at this dull season of the year. There they are,—the crowd has gathered round them,—the idle and the vulgar stand gaping,—and each one looks anxiously for what is to follow. What can be more agreeable to a British mob—a people essentially fond of the prize-fight—than the contest of these two champions, men who have always courted their applause, and valued their noisy demonstrations of pleasure higher than the quiet respect of those of more taste and more refinement?"

ART. XIV.—*The Discovery of the Vital Principle, or Physiology of Man.* London: Stirling.

WE have nothing to say in behalf of this goodly octavo, but that the author earnestly believes in his wild dreams about the essential element of all matter. There is no deficiency in the external form of reasoning; that is to say, there are abundance of premises and propositions (pure and unsurpassed assumptions), and strong as well as startling deductions, just as gratuitously set down as the forerunning parts; the connection between these formal observances of logical rules being as visionary as anything that was ever written by a crazed enthusiast.

The author labours to show, not only that all matter, comprising this globe and the hosts of other spheres, is diamond, but fancies that he demonstrates that this world in each of its three conditions; viz., inorganic, vegetable, and animal, has gone through or been subjected to three analogous processes—the oval, foetal, and locomotive states of life. It would be a waste of time, however, were we to endeavour to follow the dreamer in any one of his strange excursions. Two or three sentences and assertions, taken at random, will be sufficient for our readers. "Life is the

ascent or progression," says he, " of a straight line *ad infinitum*; death the deviation from it. Gravitation may be called the death, or descent of matter from its most highly organized to its least organized state; and attraction the life, or ascent of matter from the last to the first or perfect condition." We are told that the origin of the planets, &c., " commenced with the first spark of electricity, elicited by friction in the centre of the ovum" of the diamond, of course. One of the curious things in this volume is that the *discoveries* which it describes are made *plain* by means of diagrams. But that we may at once set the question of the author's sanity at rest, we quote two short passages concerning balloons, &c.

" A balloon rises in the atmosphere by throwing out ballast, and thus is made by its levity to rise above the ordinary confines of matter, and tower over the whole visible creation. *Just so*, man from the surface of his body, exhales the matter which would be destructive to his elasticity, and keeps up his living locomotive powers."

Again,—

" There can be no doubt but that the labour of aëronauts will succeed if persevered in; for

‘ Man’s heart th’ Almighty to the future sets,
By secret and inviolable springs.’

" The human mind, by this time, will comprehend, from the perusal of the preceding pages, how a remnant of the virtuous portion of mankind may be saved alive in the last day by the very powerful invention of balloons. Ere the awful termination of the present abode of man, let us hope we may see the surrounding atmosphere spotted and illumined by moving vessels of every description, as we now behold them on the waters. Here, then, is excitement for genius and talent to unite in every possible way. Not a moment should be lost in devising the means of preservation from the impending danger."

ART. XV.—*The London Flora*. By ALEXANDER IRVINE. London: Smith and Elder. 1838.

WE have here a catalogue which has every appearance of having been drawn up in the course of diligent, accurate, and we may add, enthusiastic investigation and study. Unlike many botanical lists which are far more dry and barren than an abridged Johnson's Dictionary, the notices of precise localities and remarkable scenes lend to the catalogue a peculiar interest which the practical inquirer who may have time to follow the author's route will particularly enjoy. This route, let it be borne in mind, is one of very considerable extent, while it affords no small diversity of specimens belonging to the science treated of. We may mention that Southampton forms one boundary, and that according to an imaginary line the scope in other directions is equally ample.

Besides the lists and the local descriptions, the author has given an able and comprehensive introduction by which the general laws of the physiology of plants, their geographical distribution, &c., may be understood and rendered practically useful. The work, accordingly, forms a good substitute for a perambulating professor, and a learned lecturer.

ART. XVI.—*Mental Philosophy; a Popular View of the Nature, Immortality, Phenomenon, and Conduct of the Human Mind.* By R. MUDIE. London: Orr and Co. 1839.

WE like the present volume much better than the ingenious and eloquent author's "*Physical Man.*" This is less dogmatic, yet equally free from the trammels of Schoolmen, or the dull and abstruse reasoning of metaphysicians. Mr. Mudie is far from attempting to quench the feelings by his views, or seeking to construe the mental nature and capacities of man by regarding only a part of the indissoluble whole. His earnest search after truth, and the example he affords, at the same time, of independent reflection, render his work charming, even although one may differ from him on particular points; for, the exhibitory lesson, which is thus furnished, is valuable as well as engaging and influential.

ART. XVII.—*An Address to the People; occasioned by "A Letter to the Queen," from A Friend of the People.*" By ONE OF THEMSELVES. London: Fraser. 1839.

THE author of this Address is in no respect a match for the writer of the much-talked of Letter to the Queen, which some have taken upon themselves to attribute to Lord Brougham. Not a few of the statements and opinions here set forth will prove extremely unpalatable to the liberal portion of its readers. The author is, in fact, not only an ultra-Tory, who has no tolerance for those who take to themselves the modern and more moderate appellation of Conservatives, but he stands up like a bigot in behalf of the divine institution and rights of Kings. Religion is largely and in a maudlin manner pressed into the pamphlet. We quote a specimen of the production:—

"The question really at issue in all lands now is, whether the blessings of government proceed from God or man, from heaven or from earth, from above or from below. Now the idea of government proceeding from the people is a pure Irish bull. The people are the persons to be governed, and it requires as much wisdom to submit to be governed, as to govern. The community can only be blessed by every one doing his 'duty in the state of life in which it has pleased God to call him.' If the nobles take to gambling, horse-racing, or preaching in conventicles, they are equally unholy in not fulfilling the particular duties which God has appointed for them. If garrulous old men, 'well stricken in years,' take upon themselves to give counsel to the Sovereign, they will give bad counsel, for it will not have emanated from God, but from themselves, or from the devil. Now the wisdom and counsel which Sovereigns and all other men need, is not human wisdom, but the counsel which comes from God: and God communicates this counsel only by certain channels, which he has ordained for this end; and even by these channels not all in the same measure, but a greater measure through one than through another. Yet as there is no baptized person, nay nor no heathen man, since he too is redeemed, but who contains in him some measure of truth, a wise King may get a measure of light from every one, provided it comes to him in a lawful way, and not in an unlawful way; not springing from the vanity and garrulity of childhood, first or second. And if old age and knowledge

of politics were sufficient qualifications to constitute an infallible adviser, the devil would be the best, for he is older than any of us, with far more cunning and experience : and every man may rest assured that in whatever he does, if he be not serving God, if he be not a channel by which God is acting, he is an agent of the devil, whatever seeming good, or piety, or even religion, there may be in the act which he is performing."

We copy, in addition, two short sentences. "As a republic is a great theological, so must it be shown out as a great political lie. Heaven is a kingdom, not a republic ; and its ordinances are monarchical, admitting of no dissenters nor schismatics." This puts us in mind of the extravagance of the author of *Archbishop Sharp's Life*, lately noticed by us.

ART. XVIII.—*Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines.* London : Longman. 1839.

THIS work, so full of scientific and practical instruction, is advancing at a steady pace towards completion. Its celebrated author shows how engaging a perfect mastery may render subjects which heretofore have been made repulsive, not merely to the general reader, but to the student of particular processes, the principles of which he may professionally be required thoroughly to understand. In the Fourth Part, for instance, we find beautiful illustrations of our meaning under such terms as Cutlery Distillation, Embroidery, Fireworks, &c. When completed the work will present one of the richest treasures that the present advanced state of the national mind has furnished and produced.

ART. XIX.—*Travels in Town.* By the Author of "Random Recollections of the House of Lords," &c. &c. 2 vols. London : Saunders and Otley. 1838.

HERE we have Mr. Grant again in his best trim. The "Town," of course, is the "Great Metropolis," which, we are sure, was never so variously and thoroughly threaded and described by any former writer. We have at present, among other papers, accounts of the Parks, of Tattersall's, of the British Museum, and of religious sects. On this last subject the author has exhibited unusual earnestness and spirit. We recommend the picture to the study of Mr. Stephen, who in his life of Archbishop Sharp, has allowed bigotry to blind him to truth, historical and doctrinal, till he becomes quite outrageous. Whatever Londoners may think of particular points and details in these volumes, we may safely affirm that they convey sententious and significant sketches of all that such an indefatigable painter can be expected to have access to in regard to the matters introduced ; so that country readers may rest assured, there is no other substitute but a long residence in Town and diligent investigation while there, that can supply equally accurate and amusing information on the numerous remarkable subjects which have here and in former works engaged our author.

ART. XX.

1. *Janet; or Glances of Human Nature.* By the Author of "Misrepresentation." 3 Vols. Saunders and Otley.
2. *Love's Exchange. A Tale.* By CH. J. BOYLE. 3 Vols. London: Longman.

OUR readers who are fond of fiction must be content this month with a short notice of two of the best novels that have lately appeared. The first of these professes to be "the second of a series of Tales of the Passions," taking Miss Austen as a model. We believe the writer to be a young lady; but whoever he or she be, the work is one of superior merit, while it greatly surpasses the former named in the title by the same hand. The story is made up of such incidents and feelings as characterize every-day life. The Passion which it is intended to illustrate is Envy, and the points evolved are simply, plainly, naturally, and earnestly treated. The characters belong chiefly to classes in the genteel but embarrassed walks of life. There are abundant proofs that the writer is a close observer of mankind and manners, habitually reflective, and a good natured satirist. The dialogue is often particularly clever and effective; and the descriptions though shunning the gloss and tinsel of what are called fashionable novels, or tales of fashionable and gay society, are for the most part happy. The probable nature of the story and its numerous incidents, and the excellence as well as force of its lessons render the production valuable and entertaining. We introduce one short extract:—

"Why are not happy marriages more frequent? One, who knew something of human nature, of its dark shades at least, would reply by pointing to that species of conventional hypocrisy modern society imposes on its members. Nor is he altogether wrong; we are all automaton, and the springs which move us are hidden, sometimes from ourselves—how then shall others penetrate our secret motives, or guess them different than our actions would declare?

"But it is not only that marriages take place under false impressions; in forming such connexions there is frequently a want of *reciprocal* affection. If there be any love at all in the business, (and by the way, that necessary ingredient to wedded happiness is often omitted altogether), it is all on one side. A man may marry the woman of his choice, or *vice versa*, but rarely do both consult their inclinations. A girl, whilst still under parental tutelage, refuses or accepts, not as her heart, but, as her friends dictate; and, in later days, when her own mistress, she marries any one who asks her, because, in her buffetings about the world, she has felt the want of a protector; or because she has not moral fortitude to bear the obloquy of being an old maid. And a man marries from pique, whim, to advance himself in his profession, or to pay his debts. When, therefore, the doting wife, who finds herself forsaken, rails at the fickleness of man, it were more just, perhaps, did she suspect that she had never been beloved. And the indulgent husband, whose affection meets with no adequate return, may nearly always be assured that the jewel he vainly seeks to win has long ago been parted with."

"*Love's Exchange*" is by a new adventurer in the realms of fiction, we believe; at least we are not aware that Mr. Boyle has ever before acknowledged himself to be the author of a novel, although we understand that Miss Mary Boyle, who has given good promise, is his sister.

thus showing that a kindred genius and tendency run in the family. The plot in "Love's Exchange" appears to us to be exceedingly well contrived and sustained; the writing is smooth and correct, and the dialogue skillfully cast, never lagging or falling short of its intended purpose. The tale carries the reader back to the times of Queen Anne, and is full of truthful pictures. We copy one, viz., of a favourite and enthusiastic falconer:—

"Upon the wall, under this window, were suspended a motley assemblage of the dead. Polecats, stoats, weasels, owls, and other species of vermin, were nailed up, not only, as if it were deemed thereby impossible to offend any one of the senses, but disposed with a certain degree of order and attention, that bespoke vanity in their destroyer, even when arranging the putrid carcasses of his victims. Hitherto, on entering the humble dwelling, he had found the falconer confined to his seat, though, for all that, busily employed in the education of a young hawk. As he now once more lifted the latch, and pushed open the low door, he discovered the leg to be so far restored to its former health and activity, that it no longer reposed on the flat surface of an oaken bench. Bernard was altogether in quite a different attitude: he knelt upon the floor, before a short perch, on which stood the hooded bird, which he seemed to be in the act of worshipping, rather than instructing. 'Oh, the brave baggage! the dainty jade! the sweet slut!' cried Bernard, on a sudden, as his ever welcome visitor stood before him on the threshold of his secluded dwelling. 'Look ye, Master Maurice! look ye! See how gallantly she steps from off her perch upon my fist, and back, and without a thought of bating from me. Have ye, pretty mistress? eh! cunning one; have ye then?' he continued, playing with the bird. 'You are an apt hussy, and shall be set to the line right soon.' And, as he ran on in a similar strain, his eyes glistened with delight, and sparkled with scarcely less of brilliancy, than those of the plumed favourite beneath her red hood. 'Why, Bernard, man,' exclaimed his young master, 'you throw away as much honeyed talk, and as many coaxing words, as if a sweetheart, in good truth, stood before you.' Bernard smiled, and again enticed the bird upon his hand. At any other time such a sight would have been hailed with joy by Maurice, have called forth exclamations of loud delight, or questions as to the manner of treating the numerous pupils; but, just now, his thoughts dwelt more with those for whom the iron rule of instruction had been laid aside—hawks, whose gallant prowess, and ready obedience in the fields of air, had been put to the test, and only repaid each repeated trial the more thoroughly. It was, consequently, to his no small satisfaction, that, after the usual inquiry, the falconer declared one day more to be all the rest he required for his hitherto refractory limb, and that the next, 'an' it pleased Master Maurice, should not find him wanting at his usual post.' These good tidings were conveyed to Maurice in a whisper, for a strange step had first attracted the scholar's attention, and she presently started at the sound of another voice in the cottage. In an instant, abruptly quitting the pedagogue's arm, she sprang back to her wooden perch, whilst, to Bernard's discomfiture, a feather or two began to ruffle. 'Tut, tut, baggage! he exclaimed, as pettishly as an offended coquette, and holding forth a bit of raw meat close to the affrighted favourite's beak and with his other hand gently

stroking her on the breast with a small black feather, ' Will you suffer my boy Hal to approach you any moment, night or day, and must needs put up your plumes at your own young master, because, forsooth, he speaks before ye ? I took you to be better reclaimed, hussy !' The bird seemed to comprehend the actual words of reproof, or by the tone in which they were uttered, to interpret their meaning ; for she smoothed her disturbed feathers, cocked her head on one side, then slightly raising her wings, jumped back upon Bernard's extended arm, and snapping at the bit of red food, gulped it down her yellow throat in a second."

ART. XXI.—*The Cathedral Bell. A Tragedy, in Five Acts.* By JACOB JONES, Barrister at Law. London : Miller. 1839.

MR. JONES is one of the most persevering wooers of the Tragic Muse that can be mentioned among our living authors. He informs us that he is at present employed on another piece, the subject being the Magnanimity and Death of Regulus, and that his efforts in the same line of composition have extended over twenty years. He seems also to have been on several occasions entitled to entertain the most confident expectations that some of his dramas, the one before us amongst others, would be represented on the boards of a "leading metropolitan theatre," All these fond hopes, however, have hitherto been balked, the author's anxiety on the subject being evidently extreme. We ourselves, have no idea that it would be successful on the stage unless pruned and invigorated. The plot, on perusing the production at one sitting, did not absorb our feelings. Several of the characters are happily conceived, and some of the speeches powerful ;—but upon the whole there is too much declamation and too little action. The story does not advance,—the incidents do not always naturally develop themselves with the progress of the dialogue. The many short, abrupt, and catching sentences uttered by the Veteran Soldiers and the Guards which fill up the First Scene of all, tell nothing, or, at least, nothing but what in a much more effective manner might have been communicated in a few lines. Some of the most ranting speeches and parts begot laughter.

The story concerns a period in Spanish history, when Saragossa is supposed to be besieged by the leader of Moorish forces, who is a Renegade. The people are reduced to a state of famine, while the son of the loyal and resolute Governor falls into the hands of the enemy. We quote three speeches which are not always equalled by the author.

" *Francesco.* Rumour, my friends ! (next kin to Nobody,
Who fathers half the mischief in the world)
Whose many couriers are the shifting winds ;
Whose throne, foul darkness ; and whose empire, fogs ;
Whose scintillations, like the shooting stars,
Flash o'er the gloom to deepen, not disperse ;—
Whose ministers are those who fetch and carry,
And swallow-alls, and plodding go-betweens,
Liars, and fools, incontinent of tongue,
Who babble, amplify, and ravel truth,
And deaf and dumb, and those who cannot read,
Who read full well, and are not dumb or deaf—
Rumour, which passes in and passes out,

Surer and subtler than the subtle air ;
 For whom the space a needle's eye describes
 Is thoroughfare enough, and room to spare ;
 And whose chief pastime is, with wondrous tales,
 To stun this whispering gallery of the world !
 This gossip hath appeared to me, and shown,
 That famine, yonder, growing bold of late,
 Plucks sour Rebellion by the sleeve.

* * * * *

" *Francesco* Choose now, or life or death, for all you love !
 Peruse this proud array,—not one is here
 But, at my nod, would tap your life's last drop,
 And throw your bones a picking to my dogs !—
 You have a father, deadly in our eye,
 A mother, youth, both idolized by you,
 Both idolizing ; both proscrib'd by us :—
 And here are men your sister soon must soothe,
 Right sturdy rogues to clip her virgin waist ?—
 With you it lies to save them, and, with you
 To seal their fate if't please you, and your own—
 Pledge us your Christian oath, your Soldier's name,
 Leave us your word of honour as a hostage
 You will induce them to surrender, then
 We loose your chains, and trust you, Sir, at large.

* * * * *

" *Octavia* I have a miniature of one who's dead,
 One you approv'd, and your Octavia lov'd ;
 I hoard it next my heart—forgive my tears,
 The likeness is so like, it baulks my eye, [taking it out.
 With the same mournful smile, the last he wore.
 Till I shall knock at heaven's gate, 'twill be soon,
 And, on its threshold, there rejoin my love,
 This lov'd remembrance, portraiture, fair form,
 So like, so little like him, shall abide
 On my heart's pulses ; but for this, this frame,
 This garniture of Diamonds worth a dower,
 This is no part, or index of my love,
 He needs no such adornment—let this go, [uncasing the picture.
 A sister's mite to buy my brother's life."

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

ON the evening of the 28th ult. Messrs. Mori and Lindley's First Classical Quartett Concert, for the Season, took place at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square ; and it augured well that there were crowds present to welcome and enjoy the matchless beauty of compositions which no lapse of time or vitiation of taste, through fashion or pretence, can ever permanently eclipse. It is not to be wondered at that the Concert-room was crowded, when the attractive character of the programme and of the performers is considered. Among the *artistes*, besides the high-priests Lindley and Mori, there were Moralt, Signor Dragonetti, Messrs. Card, Barret, Lazarus, Platt, Tolbecque, Bannmann, &c. Then among the vocal performers, Miss Birch and Mr. Bennet must be mentioned, as having admirably sustained their parts. A trio of Corelli's and one of Beethoven's deserved the particular distinction which they obtained ; as did the duet, by the vocalists we have named, " Oh, Lovely Maiden, Stay," from *Asor* and *Aminta* (Spahr). Sir G. Smart conducted the Concert.

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ART. I.—*Memoirs of John Bannister, Comedian.* By JOHN ADOLPHUS, Esq. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1839.

“JACK” Bannister, as the hero of these volumes was familiarly and affectionately called, not only by all who knew him, but by all who witnessed his professional performances, early or late in his career, afforded but scanty materials for a two-volumed book. His life was too equal and uniform, his prosperity too gradual and ascending; his comedy, so rich and gratifying, bore too strong a resemblance to his real nature and character in private, to furnish to the reader topics for sudden and heart-stirring excitement. One expects and actually longs for madcap pranks and extraordinary incidents in the life of a player, especially a comedian; although, for the most part, the tribe, taken off the stage, are the most insipid or vulgar creatures that walk the ground in the shape of humanity.

Seeing then that Bannister's real and entire history is thus so tame and so little removed from its illustrated geniality on the stage, which so many have had an opportunity of appreciating, it may well become a matter of wonder, how any book-maker could diffuse and expand mere theatrical reminiscences and criticism, immediately relating to one of the buskined race, so as to fill two volumes. Mr. Adolphus, however, has produced a readable work, that will reward while it amuses. This success has resulted from several causes, at which we shall briefly glance. In the first place, these Memoirs are written *con amore*, not only “Jack” but a long line of Bannisters having attracted the affections and engaged the friendship of the author. Mr. A. says, “I have had the unusual gratification of knowing five generations of the same family. Charles Bannister was the companion and delight of my early days. In my subsequent intercourse with his son, I became acquainted with his children and grandchildren, and once saw, in arms, a little girl, the daughter of one of his grand-daughters.” There is not a surer or better way of interesting a reader than for a writer to be fond of his subject. Secondly, Charles the father, as well as “Jack” the son, serves for a text or peg whereon to hang a variety of dissertation on dramatic subjects; much matured judgment or

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matters as well as cultured taste being brought to the task. Particular theatres, actors, and dramatic pieces, accordingly, receive acute and sensible observation. For example, "Jack's" father belonged to Garrick's corps, and was a contemporary of the celebrated Foote; and we have, in consequence, opinions and anecdotes about these players, as well as upon stage management. After a similar manner other suggestions are taken up and pursued, not tiresomely, but in a way which throw considerable light upon, not merely the profession, but the manners of the periods identified with individuals and incidents. The work is thus notably miscellaneous as well as spirited; more by far being made of a barren subject than could be done by any man of limited experience of the world or limited reading and study. After a rapid sketch of "Jack's" history, we shall quote a few passages illustrative and confirmatory of the general opinions we have already expressed in regard to the characteristics and merits of these Memoirs.

John Bannister was born in the year 1760; his father, as we have intimated, being an actor of the old school—of the good old times, as Mr. A. will have it. The son was at first designed for a painter, but at the age of eighteen, though he never lost his love or knowledge of the art which first engaged his efforts, he betook himself to his parents' trade, neither of them loath; for we find that the youngster made a successful *début* at the Haymarket theatre for his father's benefit, having previously been instructed in part by Garrick. "Jack's" choice did not at once decide on the line which he was to pursue, and in which he became so brilliant. It appears that both by nature and study the tragic muse was not beyond the scope of his powers. His heart was too large, sincere, and overflowing, his feelings too spontaneous and tender, to allow his humour to pass without those touches and gushes which give character and currency to true sentiment. We like the manner in which Mr. Adolphus has noticed the use which his hero made of the pathetic resources which were at his command:—

"Altogether, his tragic labours were not absolutely wasted: his attainments in that line matured into a series of characters in which a deep impression was to be made on the feelings by means from which comedy was not banished, in parts where emotion was to be awakened by blunt and genuine nature, true integrity, and by the exhibition of spontaneous sensibility. Had Bannister never contemplated the walk of tragedy, La Gloire, Sadi, and Walter, would never have possessed the great charms with which he adorned them. It is evident that a man may play Scrub the better for having studied Abel Drugger; but not so obvious, although not less true, that he may in both attain greater success for having measured in his mind, or attempted on the boards, some parts of the highest order in genteel comedy, or even the sublime effusions of the sister muse. Who knows that, in the hands of Garrick, the story told by Abel Drugger of his malady, occasioned by an indigestible meal after a shooting-party, cured for twopence by an old woman with sodden ale and a little pellitory 'th'wall, might not derive some additional effect from the skill which

could effectually narrate the progress of Othello's love, or follow out the musings of the melancholy Jacques? No man can know by general anticipation the moment at which, even in the most ludicrous comic part, a single inflection of the voice, the forcible enunciation of a word, or a slight change in the gesture or deportment, will, by a sudden appeal to the natural affections, give life and effect to passages which would otherwise fall still-born and senseless."

The interest Garrick took in the youth may be illustrated by a passage taken from "Bannister's Budget," a dramatic composition, which was much admired when "Jack" entertained the public with his own history:—

"I was a student of painting in the Royal Academy when I was introduced to Mr. Garrick, under whose superior genius the British stage bloomed and flourished beyond all former example. In my first interview with him, I expressed my desire of quitting the study I then pursued, for the stage. After frequent visits to him, he was pleased to say that he perceived a—a—a something in me which conveyed a—a promise, a—an indication of theatrical talent; and here I am led into an imitation—(I beg pardon,) I mean an humble attempt at imitation, of his manner in private. He had a sort of a—a—a kind of a—a hesitation in his speech, a habit of indecision which never marked his public exertions. One morning I was shown into his dressing-room, where he was before the glass, preparing to shave; a white night-cap covered his forehead! his chin and cheeks were enveloped in soap-suds; a razor-cloth was placed upon his left shoulder; and he turned and smoothed his shining blade upon the strop with as much dexterity as if he had been bred a barber at the Horse-Guards, and shaved for a penny: and I longed for a beard, that I might imitate his incomparable method of handling the razor. 'Eh! well—what! young man—so, eh?' (this was to me,) 'so you are still for the stage? Well, how—what character do you—should you like to—eh?' 'I should like to attempt Hamlet, sir.' 'Eh! what? Hamlet the Dane! 'Zounds! that's a bold—have you studied the part?' 'I have, sir,' 'Well, don't mind my shaving,—speak the speech—the speech to the ghost,—I can hear you,—never mind my shaving.' After a few hums and haws, and a disposing of my hair, so that it might stand on end,

Like quills upon the fretful porcupine,
I supposed my father's ghost before me, armed 'cap-a-pie;' and off I started.

Angels, and ministers of grace, defend us!—
He wiped the razor,—

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,—
he strapped the razor,—

Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
he shaved on,—

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee!—

he took himself by the nose,—

I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane.—O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance.

He lathered on. I concluded, but still continued my attitude, expecting prodigious praise; when, to my eternal mortification, he turned quick upon me, brandishing the razor, and, thrusting his half-shaved face close to mine, he made such horrible mouths at me, that I thought he was seized with insanity, and I was more frightened at him than my father's ghost. He exclaimed, in a tone of ridicule,

Angels, and ministers of grace, defend us!

'Yaw, waw, waw, waw!' The abashed Prince Hamlet became sheepish, and looked more like a clown than the Grave-digger. He finished shaving, put on his wig, and, with a smile of good-nature, took me by the hand, and said, 'Come, young gentleman—eh! let's see now what we can do.' He spoke the speech; and how he spoke it, those who have heard him never can forget."

From his first appearance on the stage Bannister's success and prosperity were uninterrupted. He was a prudent as well as a kind-hearted man. His choice of a wife, his treatment of her and his offspring, afforded strong evidence of sound judgment and good feeling. To his friends and associates, who were numerous and choice, he ever conducted himself with warmth and cheerfulness. He was as far removed from vulgarity as he was from ostentation or morbidity of feeling: and when he quitted the stage in 1815, it was to enjoy the blessings of domesticity and of an equable temper, interrupted, to the final and gradual decay of his constitution, by neither mental nor bodily disease, excepting an occasional fit of the gout. He died in 1836.

We have hinted that "Jack's" father affords our author a theme that enables him to enlarge and diversify his work profitably and amusingly. Charles, however, does not appear to have set the best example before his son, unless we regard the affecting warnings which a parent's improvidence may impress. We are led to believe that the parent was fonder of club-society and tavern treatment than of his own fireside or home-dressed fare. The following statement not only helps us to this conclusion, but presents one of those passages to which we have alluded as being illustrative of past times:—

"At this period of his life, Charles had no domestic establishment; he had a lodging, but lived during the day at a tavern called the One Tun, or more shortly, the Tun, in Saint James's Market. The house was remarkable for being the resort of wits and players, of sporting men of the higher class, and of many eminent and wealthy tradesmen in the neighbourhood. There was no regular club, no play, nor any alluremant but lively conversation, with occasionally a song. The whimsical humour of the frequenters distinguished two compartments of the room by the names of the needle-box and the marble-box, representing the comparative sharpness of those who frequented them. At the first, Charles Bannister held his regular seat; and it was allotted to the choice personages of the society. The new pieces and new publications were discussed by some; while others adjusted Newmarket differences, gave and received odds when their books were too heavy on one side or the other, and generally

by their conversation showed that they were real needles. To the other box novices were generally introduced: they were not insulted, but kindly received on all hands, although allowed to be only as sharp as marbles. To this scene old Charles, as he was called by his companions, constantly resorted, cheering them with his good humour, entertaining them with hit anecdotes and witticisms, and occasionally enlivening them with a song. Those which he retained to the last were, 'Rail no more, ye learned asses;' 'While happy in my native land;' and one, set by Carter, the composer of the never-to-be-forgotten 'Oh Nanny,' in an opera called 'Just in Time,' beginning, 'When on board our trim vessel we joyously sailed.' Modern improvement has removed the Tun; and I believe nothing like it exists."

Clubs, Mr. A. says, were, in those days, conducted on the principle, that when once a member, every gentleman was received by all on the footing of an acquaintance, joined in conversation without further introduction, and formed one of a joint stock company of good fellowship. But a member of a club in the present day is no more, as a matter of course, acquainted with the individual who sits opposite or near him, than with the man who meets or overtakes him in Bond-street, or jostles him in Cheapside. But we must not forget to notice how the olden Club-fashion seemed to transmit a lesson to the sensitive Comedian:

"Early in life, he was taught, by a severe lesson, the value of pecuniary independence, and the slights which result from its absence. While at school, the master, being in poor circumstances, did not supply his pupils with the best provisions. The boys became indignant; and Bannister, one of the most high-spirited, was appointed to head a deputation, and represent their grievances. The master received them mildly; and while he expressed his regret, observed, in a very pointed manner, to the spokesman of the party, that if the fathers of some of his scholars would pay their bills more regularly, he could afford them better provisions. This rebuke was well understood, and sank deep into the heart of the abashed leader, who would rather have starved than uttered another complaint. To a late period of his life Bannister mentioned this little anecdote; and while relating it, seemed to be still sensible of the pain which, in his very early days, it had occasioned him."

The father, however, must have possessed qualities to render him a pleasant and choice good fellow any where. In the passage to be now quoted Mr. A. affords proof of this; at the same time in regard to anecdote, the statement conveys characteristic traits:—

"Private parties the most select, and often the most exalted, gladly saw him among their numbers; and, at a later period, he was often seen at the table of the Prince of Wales. It once occurred to me, as probably it has to many others, that in such an assemblage the heir apparent might possibly descend from the elevated station which it became him to maintain, and I asked Charles for information.

"'The Prince,' he answered, 'never assumed familiarity with us.

though his demeanor was always most gracious. We public performers sat all together, as all guests took their places according to their rank; our conversation was to ourselves, and he never mixed in that of the general party, further than to answer questions. At proper moments, with his inimitable politeness, he would suggest that he should be pleased with a song; and the individual selected received his highest reward in praises which his Royal Highness bestowed, with an excellent judgment, and expressed with a taste peculiar to himself.' King Charles the Second, who, whatever were his faults, was certainly an accomplished gentleman, carried his condescensions much further; for, in one of Durfey's publications, called '*Songs Complete, Pleasant, and Divertive*,' he heads one with a description, that he had the honour to sing it with King Charles at Windsor, his Majesty holding one part of the paper with Tom himself."

There are other proofs of the elder Bannister's talent in the account of his having had from Garrick six pounds a week and a benefit, which enabled him to keep out of debt. But under a different management he had fifteen pounds a week and a benefit. In spite of this increase, however, he became needy and distressed, the reason assigned by him being irregularity in the payment of the larger sum, whereas "David" was as punctual and sure as the occurrence of Saturday night. Besides—

"Mr. Garrick's theatre held, when well filled, somewhat less than three hundred and fifty pounds; other theatres would contain between six and seven hundred; but the difference in a benefit at the two was very great indeed. Mr. Garrick's curtain drew up at an expense of sixty pounds at the most; and if I came forward in a new character, or even advertised a new song, it would fill the house, and I should put nearly three hundred pounds into my pocket. In after times, the first two hundred guineas that were received went to pay expenses: in order to gain that and a surplus, I was obliged to depend on my personal influence, and consequently to frequent clubs and live in taverns; a practice expensive in itself and of bad consequence as a habit."

For a specimen of our author's criticism, which is valuable as coming from an authority whose observation extends over several and different eras of theatrical history, take the following—

"Soon after Bannister's appearance, the tone and mode of tragic exhibition were totally changed. The unforced, natural, and almost comic manner of delivering the mere cursory dialogue, was changed for one in which it seemed to be assumed that no sentence, however ordinary, or even unimportant, could have been written without an occult meaning; no phrase could have been penned without a concealed point. 'Will you play upon this instrument?' was delivered as if it had been a declaration of hostility, or the announcement of a detected conspiracy; and the very little which Cibber has left of the rich sportive sarcasm with which Shakspeare endued the character of Richard, is so suppressed, that when the tyrant banters his mother he may almost be expected to aim his dagger at her heart.

"Garrick's agile movement and elegant levity, in which Bannister might have been a valuable follower, were utterly superseded; a dignified and

supermajestic manner was thrown around every character, from Shakspeare's murderous Thane to Rowe's gay rake. This taste descended through all the performers in tragedy; and he who had to deliver a message of no more importance than 'Cæsar sends health to Cato,' would well have earned Quin's indignant reproof, 'I wish he'd sent it by some other messenger.' "

The principal subject of these Memoirs does not require that we should detain the reader at much length concerning him. Indeed, as before mentioned, there is a paucity of interesting matter where he solely appears, the anecdotes being few or trifling. We pick out three or four of the best. The first presents our late sovereign as critic in a matter where his competency as such was unquestionable:—

"His first appearance in Ben was marked by an interesting circumstance. His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, intimately acquainted with the Navy, and qualified to observe any deviation from correctness in appearance or manner, was behind the scenes when Bannister came in dressed for the part. 'What!' said the illustrious sailor, 'would you wear that coloured handkerchief round your neck?—it must be changed.' A black one was procured; and the good-natured, open-hearted Prince assisted with his own hand to give it the tie, the position—all that could contribute to make the performer show like a genuine son of the ocean."

On another occasion the comedian had an opportunity of learning something very simply. When standing one night unobserved—

"A small coterie of scene-shifters were discussing the performers of Hamlet; one admired Henderson, another Kemble, and each commented on his favourite. At last, one of them said, 'You may talk of Henderson and Kemble, but Bannister's Hamlet for me; for he has always done twenty minutes sooner than anybody else.' "

Mr. Adolphus thinks that Mrs. Bannister was "the nearest relation" of old Rundell the goldsmith. At any rate the rich man manifested kindness to an unusual amount, when Drury Lane was burned, if there was no close tie of relationship between the parties. He wrote in these terms—

"Ludgate Hill, 27th February 1809.

"Dear Sir—I have great pleasure in enclosing you a bank-note for 500*l.*, which I hope you will do me the favour to accept, in consideration of the loss you may sustain from the late serious change to your concerns.

"I remain, dear Sir, with the greatest regard for your welfare, your friend and humble servant,

PHILIP RUNDALL.

"I presume there will be a subscription opened for those in distress."

The following statements show that Bannister cherished loyal, as well as independent, generous and refined feelings.

"In the summer, Bannister received a request from the manager at Weymouth to perform before his Majesty. Terms were proposed; b . . .

declined remuneration, saying he deemed the honour sufficient. When informed of this spirited piece of loyalty, the Sovereign said, 'There are not many of them who would have done that.'"

Now for the husband :—

"There was another motive for his wife's retiring, which no intimation from the managers or from the public imparted, but which arose solely from the generous susceptibility of Bannister's manly pride and affectionate feeling. Mrs. Billington had appeared in 1786, as Rosetta, at Covent Garden : Mrs. Bannister had always before been considered as the first singer in that company, but where the new performer was, no other could claim that title. Bannister could not endure that one so dear to him should be viewed as the occupant of an inferior station. To her, had it been deemed eligible, the theatre and the concert-room always presented scenes of profitable engagement and of welcome reception ; but her husband preferred a higher and more spirited determination, and would not permit her to appear as a candidate for precarious or secondary employment.

"At the time of his marriage, he had settled upon Miss Harper the sum she had already realized, and entered into a covenant that the profits of her engagements should be added until a certain sum had accumulated. When she was about to quit public life, he informed Mr. Rundell, her principal trustee, of her intention ; and, that no fears might be entertained on the subject, paid in, from his own funds, the sum that was still deficient."

The general estimate which the biographer has formed of his hero, will not, after the particulars we have noted, be deemed the offspring only of exaggeration and unwarranted partiality. It is in these terms :—

"Bannister, whether on or off the stage, was always the same. In the drama he was affecting, because he was natural and simple ; in society he was distinguished by the same characteristics. His unaffected hilarity in conversation, the flexibility of his mind in adapting itself to every subject which arose, and the almost puerile good humour with which he recalled and recited the incidents of his earliest life and observation, formed altogether a picture equally singular and interesting. In these moments he showed himself to the greatest advantage ; his animated countenance displayed at once the intelligence of a man, the sweetness of a woman, and the innocent sportiveness of a child."

So that "Jack" seems to have differed from his celebrated predecessor, Garrick, of whom Goldsmith has said,—

"On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting ;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting."

We further learn that Bannister preferred London to all other places, rustic and civic, with a real Cockney partiality. He said, "I have often wished to spend some time at a farm-house ; but now, (having been on a visit to his son in Devonshire,) living in one, and finding that poultry produces fleas, I am cured of the propensity."

Take him all in all, it appears, that few individuals of the theatrical profession, either as members of society or as artists, have maintained a fairer or a higher character than "Jack" Bannister.

ART. II.

2. *Prolegomena ad Homerum, sive de Operum Homericorum prisca et genuina forma variisque mutationibus et probabili ratione emendandi.* Frid. Aug. Wolfius. Vol. I. Halis Sax. 1785.
3. *Prolegomena ad Homerum, sive de Carminum Homericorum origine, auctore, et ætate, &c.* Scripsit Rich. Payne Knight. Lipsiae. 1816.

THE history of the question, as to the genuineness of these poems, affords a striking proof, that historical criticism, as a science, is recent in its origin. The Iliad and Odyssey had been admired for ages, as splendid monuments of human genius, and as models of epic composition, without a suspicion in the generality of readers that they were not the productions of the bard whose name they bear, although a slight investigation is sufficient to convince any one, that we know nothing with certainty of his origin and life, and that of his age these poems are the only remains. Critics indeed have often expressed their surprise, that in an age, which exhibits no other traces of recorded literature, an individual should have arisen, who, without rules to guide or models to imitate, produced by his own unaided efforts what admiring ages have pronounced to be models in a species of composition, which, in the subsequent progress of the human mind, three or four only have attempted with entire success. The extraordinary nature of the supposition had not, however, suggested to their minds any serious doubts of its truth, (for the doubts which have been entertained respecting the authority of particular passages, or even of whole cantos, form no material exception to our statement), and until a recent period the persuasion has been general, that the Iliad and Odyssey were the creations of one mind, and have come down to us with as few mutilations as, in the nature of the case, was possible.

We speak of the views respecting these poems entertained by the generality of readers. A few isolated instances may be mentioned of those who doubted their genuineness, even among the critics of antiquity, though none went to the length of the modern school. Before the age of the Alexandrian critics, there was a class who maintained, that the Iliad and the Odyssey were the productions of different authors. Among the moderns two may be named, who seem to have been highly sceptical on this point, Casaubon and Bentley. Their opinions, however, are but casually introduced in their writings,—by the latter but once,—and excited little attention. The passage in which Bentley expresses his views is found in one of his works written in reply to Collins. We quote it as entitled to respect from the reputation of its author, and as remarkable for the period when it was written. “Homer wrote a sequel of songs and rhapsodies, to be sung by himself for small earnings, and good

cheer at festivals and other days of merriment. These loose songs were not collected together in the form of an epic poem, till about five hundred years after." It is remarkable, that this passage, coming as it did from the Coryphæus of English, indeed of European critics, did not excite more attention. Perhaps, the circumstance that it occurs in a work of theological controversy, and not in one of professed criticism, may in part explain the fact.

A few years before Bentley threw out this view of these poems, opinions were advanced respecting their merits and their genuineness, which were so manifestly the offspring of passion and prejudice, that they made no permanent impression. We refer to those which were elicited by the controversy respecting the comparative merits of the ancients and moderns, in which the names of Perrault and Hedelin, (the Abbé d'Aubignac) were conspicuous; the former of whom affected to regard the poems of Homer as inferior even to the worthless productions of some of his own contemporaries, and the latter went so far as to deny that such a poet ever existed.

The discussions, to which these angry invectives against the classics gave rise, were confined chiefly to their merits. The way was first prepared for a thorough investigation of the subject before us, by Wood, in his *Essay on the Original Genius of Homer*, published in 1769; in which he investigates the question, whether Homer committed his poems to writing, and maintains the negative with much learning and acumen. The appearance of this essay excited great attention, and opened a new field of inquiry. Heyne, in his *Excursus* on the last book of the *Iliad*, discussed the question of its genuineness at considerable length, with ample learning, and at the same time with a spirit which commends itself to his readers. The result of his inquiries seems (for he expresses himself with caution) to be as follows: that the *Iliad* was not the conception of a single mind; that several distinct poems or rhapsodies, founded on the same general subject, were recited by rhapsodists, as they were termed, and were collected and wrought into an epic poem by the genius and labour of one or more individuals of a later and more refined age, which he supposes to have been that of the Pisistratidæ. The opinion of Heyne, it will be perceived, differs from that of Bentley. The latter ascribed the "loose songs" to Homer himself, while Heyne, although he does not express himself with perfect clearness on this point, was yet evidently inclined to adopt the supposition, that they were a collection of the poems of different authors. "Let that illustrious genius," says he, "be to us a Homer, to whom we are indebted for this union of different poems, made with such wonderful skill. I will claim for him a share of the inspiration of the ancient bards."

But of all who have investigated this intricate subject, Wolf is pre-eminent. To him is due the credit of assailing, with vast learning and research, and with great effect, opinions which were

sanctioned by an antiquity reaching to the dawn of authentic history. Though his reputation in this country, we apprehend, is more that of a fearless adventurer in criticism, an ardent, headstrong innovator, than that of a judicious critic, his *Prolegomena*, (of which unfortunately the first volume only has ever appeared) sufficiently attest the thoroughness of his investigations, and the patience with which they were conducted. The spirit in which he pursued his inquiries, and the caution with which he adopted conclusions so much at variance with long established opinions, may be learned from his own statement.

“ The die has been cast, and not without preparation on my part. Two individuals of great learning are yet living, who perhaps remember the views on this subject which I expressed to them in 1780 and 1781, both in conversation and by letter. Since that time, having been occupied by other cares, I have rarely suffered a word to escape me, which might disturb the silence or oppose the fixed opinions of the learned. Even in my lectures, for many years, I have followed the example of the expounders of religious doctrines, who from fear of public edicts do not teach what they themselves believe, but what has been prescribed from ancient times ; nor have I publicly advanced any of my doubts. I have frequently laid aside and destroyed all notes which I had made of such doubts, to see if, after they had escaped from my memory, a renewed examination of the subject at a subsequent period would remove them. Once indeed I was ashamed, and tired of my way, or rather of my wanderings, after reading Perrault’s comparison of the ancients and moderns, where he states that a work similar to his own had been written by one of his countrymen, which would soon be given to the world. Soon after, I obtained the work which he announced, in which, with other things of the same character, the writer denies that Homer ever existed, and asserts that each of his poems was composed from the tragedies and songs of beggars and hawkers in the highways, like those sung on the Pont Neuf. In his preface, moreover, the author avows that he had never learned any thing of value from the Greek ;—one of the few assertions in which all will readily believe him. This treatise, entitled *Conjectures Académiques ou Diss. sur l’Iliade*, by Hedelin, the Abbé d’Aubignac, a man in other respects neither contemptible nor wanting in sense, which had been long withheld: either out of friendship for him or for the ancients, was at length published after the author’s death. The frequent perusal of this publication made me sick of my own opinions, into some resemblance of which his thoughtless temerity and his ignorance of antiquity had carried him, and I seriously began to collect arguments in support of the common doctrines, inconsistent as they are ; for I perceived that Hedelin had not been well answered by Boileau, Dacier and others. Thus labouring in various ways to meet the historical difficulties of the subject, harassed by them again, and

again compelled to yield, I am conscious that I have indulged neither vanity nor a passion for novel opinions, and that I have used every exertion to avoid the snares of error. To this fact many of my friends can bear witness, whom of late years I have called to share in my labours, inviting them to search for the truth, and to collect with care every thing which they could find in the poems themselves in opposition to my views. And now, I do not urge these points with the wish of bringing over to my opinions any one who is not convinced of their truth; but that, if I have erred or have wrested the truth in any respect, the error may be detected and exposed."

The opinion of Wolf is, that these poems existed at first in separate portions, most of them the productions of Homer himself, and that they were collected and arranged, so as to form the epics which we now have, in a later age by the Pisistratidæ, or under their patronage; that these works were not at once brought to their present state of perfection, but were emended from time to time by the labours of succeeding critics, until the age of the Alexandrian school. These views coincide very nearly with those of Heyne; the only difference being, that Wolf admits Homer to a large share of the honours which he has received for centuries, while Heyne, if he allows his existence, considers him as one of a number of bards who sung in common the praises of the heroes of the Trojan war.

It has been made a question, to which of these German critics belongs the credit of the new doctrine respecting the Homeric poems. Wolf published his edition of Homer in 1785, while Heyne was preparing his, and thus secured the reputation of being the founder of the new school. Heyne, however, in a memoir read before the Royal Society of Goettingen, claimed the merit of having always entertained the same opinion; a remark which was understood by Wolf, who had been his pupil and heard his lectures upon Homer, to convey an insinuation in regard to his originality, which he repelled with much severity, asserting moreover, that there was a material difference in their views. Hence arose a jealousy between these eminent scholars and critics, which more than once betrays itself in the *Excursus* of Heyne. The difference in their views, however, so far as we can discern, is unimportant. But a marked difference in their intellectual traits of character is apparent in their writings. The one was cautious, the other bold and fearless; and we apprehend the truth of the matter to be, that what Heyne first suggested, Wolf affirmed. By the boldness of his criticism, the pupil bore away the palm, which his accomplished instructor had long held within his grasp. It is highly probable too, that Heyne was confirmed in the opinions which he had long entertained, but which he had not ventured to publish, by the decision of Wolf, supported as it was by the most profound erudition, and therefore expressed himself in his later writings with more clearness than he had done in his earlier ones.

The genuineness of one or both of these poems, notwithstanding the objections of Heyne and Wolf, has been maintained with much ability and learning; among others, by Hug, a German critic, by the Baron Sainte Croix of France, and by Richard Payne Knight and Granville Penn of England. Penn defends the perfect unity of the Iliad as fully and with as much spirit as Aristotle could have done. This point is conceded by Knight, whose *Prolegomena* is, in our estimation, one of the best monuments of English learning. The hypothesis of Wolf and Heyne has been the prevailing belief in Germany; but has found few friends in England, Holland, France or Italy. Volloison, whose edition of the Iliad, founded on a new recension of manuscripts, with a more copious collection of *scholia* than any that preceded it, did more than anything else to prepare the way for the new doctrines, could never, says his biographer, speak of this perversion, as he regarded it, of his labours, without indignation. He was so afflicted with the idea, that he had unwittingly furnished the materials on which Wolf had constructed his system, and the weapons with which he defended it, as almost to repent that he had published his work. More than once, he was tempted to combat this literary impiety, but was restrained by the fear of adding to its importance, and of giving it currency by his efforts to destroy it. He therefore deemed it best to leave to past and future ages the care of the glory of Homer.

The earliest mention of Homer is made by Pindar, who alludes to the praises of Ulysses and Ajax, as celebrated by the poet, thus recognising the existence of both the Iliad and the Odyssey. Pindar was born in 522 B. C. Herodotus, who recited his history at the Olympic games in 445 B. C., uses this language in his second book; 'Hesiod and Homer lived four hundred years and no more before me. They formed the Grecian theogony, gave the gods their names,' &c. He also quotes passages from both poems, and what is worthy of notice, refers to what were called the Cyprian verses, and argues that these were not a production of Homer, from the difference between them and the well known poems of the ancient bard. Thucydides, also, a contemporary of Herodotus, often refers to Homer and his poems.

There is no question, then, that these poems existed as early as 500 B. C. For this fact, we have the testimony of contemporary writers. This, however, is more than four hundred years later than the age in which, on the most favourable view, the poet is supposed to have lived. What notices can we collect of their history before this period?

First, then, in regard to Greece Proper; for as Homer was an Ionian, his poems must have been introduced into Greece at a later period. Have we any accounts of their being thus introduced? Heraclides of Pontus, a contemporary of Plato and Aristotle, states in general terms, as quoted by Heyne, that Lycurgus, who lived a

century after the poet, first brought the poems of Homer into the Peloponnesus, having received them from the descendants of a certain Creophylus. No one knows who Creophylus and his family were; but they may have been, and probably were, a family of rhapsodists or bards, who had retained the poems of Homer, and were in the habit of reciting them. Heraclides lived about the year 330 B. C. Plutarch, who died A. D. 140, informs us, that Lycurgus, who first met with the poems of Homer in Crete, wrote out and collected them in order to carry them to Greece. Ælian, a contemporary of Plutarch, in his *Variæ Historiæ*, states that Lycurgus brought *all* his poems into Greece. It will be noticed that Heraclides, the most ancient authority, expresses himself in general terms, while Plutarch and Ælian, nearly five hundred years afterwards, are very positive and particular in their statements. We cannot, however, for other reasons, place dependence on these testimonies. We shall soon see how much credit is due to the story of Lycurgus writing out a copy of the Homeric poems, and it is unfortunate for this story, that no copy of the poems existed in Greece in the age of Pisistratus. The probability is, that Lycurgus introduced some, perhaps a large portion of the Homeric poetry, into Greece, by means of rhapsodists;—more we cannot assert.

We are now obliged to pass over the three hundred years after Lycurgus. That long interval is a blank in the history of these poems. There is good evidence, that at the end of this period, that is to say, about 550 B. C., when Pisistratus had the ascendancy in Athens, they were collected by him, aided perhaps by his son Hipparchus, or under his authority. Plato informs us, that Hipparchus brought them to Athens, and ordained, that at the great festival of Attica, the Panathenæa, the different cantos should be sung or recited in succession, as was the custom one hundred years later, in his own time. The law, it may here be remarked, which required the rhapsodists to recite these poems in a certain order, is ascribed by some to Solon, who flourished fifty years before Pisistratus, in consequence of which the merit of collecting them has been assigned to him. This is not material. We may conclude without much danger of mistake, that these poems were introduced into Greece in their present form in the age of the Pisistratidae, when, under their patronage, literature and the arts received a great impulse.

Such are the notices which we find respecting the history of these poems in Western Greece, or Greece Proper. The amount of the whole is, that the knowledge of them was brought thither a century after the age of the poet; but that they were not collected into the form which they afterwards preserved, until more than three hundred years after they were composed. Let us now direct our inquiries to the Grecian colonies of Asia Minor. Here we might reasonably expect proofs of their existence at a much earlier period.

Herodotus, himself an Ionian, is silent respecting their history. He frequently alludes to them or quotes from them, but without an intimation of the existence of any suspicion of their genuineness. He was highly inquisitive, and as these poems were the pride of his countrymen, we may suppose that he was well acquainted with all that was known of their history. His total silence on this point, especially when we consider that he generally relates the traditions of every kind that fell within his notice, even those of the priests of Memphis, is a strong and in our view an incontrovertible argument, that they must have existed in Ionia in their present form, substantially at least, long before his time. His researches into the history of Asia extend to a period two hundred years before his day, and yet he meets with no tradition of any collection of these poems, like that we read of in the history of Western Greece;—nothing, in short, which excites a suspicion that they were not the genuine productions of the ancient bard. Still, there is a wide chasm of more than two hundred years, which history does not reach. There is no proof that these poems had not existed, from the supposed era of the poet, as they were in the age of Herodotus and long before his time, but we have no direct evidence on this point. It will be observed, then, that the state of the question, at present, is this. We have good evidence, that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* existed in their present form in Western Greece, four hundred years after the age of their reputed author; and that in Ionia, at the same time, they not only so existed, but no report of their ever having existed in a different form had been noticed in the minute researches of Herodotus. In further pursuing our inquiries, our reasoning must be derived from internal evidence, that is, from the poems themselves, and from the nature of the case, aided by such conjectures as we can form from the circumstances of the period when Homer is said to have lived.

From the circumstance, that public provision was made for the recitation of these poems at the public festival of the inhabitants of Attica, and from the well established fact, that they were collected with much care and labour under the direction of the Pisistratidæ, we conclude that they before existed in distinct portions. We do not refer to the present division into twenty-four books. This division is generally ascribed to the Grammarians of Alexandria, and seems to have been regulated on no other principle, than that the cantos should be as nearly equal in length as possible, and should correspond with the letters of the alphabet. It often interrupts the narrative, and has doubtless been the cause of many interpolations. But a careful reader of the *Iliad* can discern without difficulty, that it may be divided into different parts, corresponding with the different stages in the progress of the action; and that these parts may constitute separate poems, for the purposes of recitation, and possess an interest of their own, apart from the general interest of the whole. This, however, is not a peculiarity of the Homeric poems.

The data, therefore, on which we found the conclusion that the

poems of Homer, in the ages immediately subsequent to that in which he lived, were sung or recited in separate rhapsodies, are the following. It is the testimony of all antiquity, that before writing came into general use, there prevailed a custom of reciting poems in public assemblies and on festive occasions. Ancient authors assert, that the poems of Homer were thus recited. They also refer distinctly to different portions of these poems, as having been recited separately by the rhapsodists; and we can see that such portions may be recited as distinct poems, and may excite a powerful interest. A law, regulating these recitations, was moreover enacted in Athens, at a very early period, so that a particular order was observed in the succession of the rhapsodists. We have, also, an account of the first collection of what had thus become separate rhapsodies, into a single poem.

We now come to another and more difficult inquiry. Did not these poems always exist in the form of separate rhapsodies, until they were collected by the Pisistratidæ?

We see nothing in the story respecting Pisistratus that invalidates in the least the genuineness of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*; and we think we are safe in affirming, that there is nothing in the poems themselves which would have led to a suspicion of their just claims to the character of genuine epics of the bardic age of the Greeks. They contain, it is true, no distinct notices of their reputed author, nor of his age. And yet the metre, the forms of the language, and the manners of the poems, are all characteristic of the Homeric age, and peculiar to it. They have never been counterfeited. It is argued, however, that the art of writing was not known, or at least not in general use, in the age usually assigned to Homer. It is difficult, then, say those who impugn their genuineness, to imagine how a poet, without the art of writing to assist his memory, should have conceived the design of these two great poems, or if he had conceived, should have been able to execute it; and as poetry, at that period, was designed for recitation, how he should have thought of composing works of such length, that they could not be recited at one time. Such a recitation must have occupied many days. And then, again, it is thought to present a serious difficulty to suppose, that people assembled to hear, for several days in succession, without weariness on their part and exhaustion on that of the bard, the recitation of the fifteen thousand verses of the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*: so that the poet who should, under the circumstances of that age, compose poems of such length, to use the humorous comparison of Wolf, would be very like a man, who, in the first rude attempts in navigation, should have built a huge vessel in the interior, with the necessary machines and rollers for moving it, but without a sea on which to test the success of his skill.

As respects the last part of the objection, it is a sufficient reply, that there were festivals which lasted several days, and such poems were well suited to such occasions. Herodotus read his history at

the Olympic festival. A public provision, as we have seen, was made by Pisistratus or his son, for the recitation of the Homeric poems in succession, at the Panathenæan festival; and there is reason to conjecture that the Tetralogies, or sets of plays, which were prepared for the great festivals of later times, afford a specimen of these entertainments. But was not the art of writing known in the Homeric age? Josephus asserts, that Homer did not commit his poems to writing; but his authority was regarded as of too recent date to merit much attention, until the question was discussed by Wood. We will state briefly the argument upon it.

The introduction of letters into Greece is uniformly ascribed by ancient writers, from Herodotus down, to Cadmus, the Phœnician, who is said to have arrived in Greece about 1550 B. C. Supposing this account to be correct, it is argued, that, in the barbarous state of society at that time, it would have required ages for this alphabet to come into general use. But would it not have become generally known in five or six hundred years? Had this been the case, the public laws would have been written. Yet Zaleucus, who lived as late as 660 B. C., passed among the ancients for the first who committed laws to writing. Seventy years after, Solon inscribed his laws on wood. This material indicates the earliest stages of the art, and yet more the style of the writing, which was that called *βουστροφηδόν*, which literally means turning in the manner of oxen, that is, from the right to the left, and then from the left to the right, as land is furrowed with a plough. The Greek alphabet, moreover, was not completed until the sixth or the fifth century before our era, and was not used to record public acts at Athens, until after the Peloponnesian war in the Archonship of Euclid, 403 B. C.; and how is it possible, it is asked, that the art of writing should have been in use in the age of Homer?

In reply to these statements, it may be said, that granting them to be true in relation to Greece Proper, they prove nothing in regard to the Grecian colonies of Asia Minor. These colonies enjoyed a flourishing commerce; much attention was given in them to the arts of life, and much progress must have been made in refinement, centuries before the age of Solon. Besides, if Syria were the home of letters, commerce might have introduced them at a very early period into Asia Minor; and, what is of some importance, we have direct accounts that the Ionians, and after them the Samians, adopted the alphabet of twenty-four letters, before the Greeks of the mother country.

Were the twenty or thirty thousand verses of these poems written on tablets of wood? This leads us to the inquiry whether materials were then known, which would answer the common purposes of writing.

The materials used for writing in the earliest ages, were stone, wood, metals, waxen tablets, the bark and leaves of trees, skins and

linen. Parchment was not known before the time of Eumenes, king of Pergamus, a little earlier than 200 B. C. Herodotus informs us, that papyrus was used in his time for the purposes of writing, nor does he speak of the use of it as recent. We cannot, however, trace it higher than the sixth century before Christ; and even this view of the matter is somewhat doubtful, for Varro, as appears from Pliny, was of opinion that it was not in common use until after Alexandria was built, (330 B. C.,) and Pliny adopts the same opinion. According to Herodotus, the skins of animals, prepared in a particular way, were employed for the purpose in Ionia. There is no direct evidence that they were not used in the age of Homer, and if so, they are the only material on which his poems could have been written. A treaty concluded between the Gabii and Tarquinius Superbus, written on a wooden buckler covered with an ox-hide, was in preservation at Rome, when Dionysius Halicarnassus wrote his *Roman Antiquities*; but for three centuries after the poet, there is no trace of any specimen of writing whatever. It is scarcely credible, it is said, that these poems, bearing a date, too, three hundred years before other monuments of writing, which in themselves have the appearance almost of a first attempt, should stand in the midst of this desert of all written works, as specimens of the art in its full perfection.

All this, it may be replied, as before, is true in its application to Western Greece. Though there is no direct evidence of the existence of the art of writing in the colonies of Asia Minor, still there is none to the contrary, and for aught that appears, though the probability is perhaps against the supposition, Homer may have enjoyed the benefit of this art. When we reflect, however, on the manners of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, there are strong reasons for believing, that writing was not in common use. They are conclusive against its use at the time when the scene of the poems is laid. Treaties are made, messages sent, and orders given, without the aid of writing. A letter or two, says Rousseau, would have blown up the whole plot of the *Odyssey*; and to suppose that the use of writing was then known, would make the poem a tissue of absurdities. Poems, moreover, were composed not to be read but to be heard. Had the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* been committed to writing, it would not have been done for an age in which there were no readers; and what probability is there, that the author would have subjected himself to the thankless labour of copying his works for future ages, especially when the means of doing it were so imperfect? We find Herodotus, four hundred years later, reciting his history to the Greeks assembled at the Olympic games. The disciples of the philosophers, in the most refined periods of Greece, received their instructions from the lips of their masters. Socrates left no writings. This authorizes the presumption, that at so early a period as the one in question, the art of writing must have been unknown.

There is another consideration, which is, in our view, not without importance. The poets of the Homeric age were called singers, and poetry was called song, a circumstance which justifies the conclusion that poetry was originally sung or chanted. Whenever the art of writing became so common, that the productions of mind could be recorded, we might expect a class of works to appear, which from their nature cannot be chanted. Now we have evidence that the art of writing was diffused to a considerable extent in Ionia and Greece, not long before the time of Herodotus. Precisely at that period, the first works in prose made their appearance; we refer to those of Pherecydes of Scyros, and Cadmus the Milesian, who lived in the sixth century before our era. We are inclined, therefore, to the belief, that before this period literary productions were not committed to writing. The history of Arabian literature confirms this view of the connexion between a general diffusion of the art of writing and the origin of prose compositions. There are no prose writings of the Arabs prior to the Koran. This, says Sir W. Jones, is to be ascribed to their want of skill in writing, to their predilection for poetical measure, and the facility with which verses are committed to memory. Writing, he adds, was so little practised among them, that the old poems, which are now accessible to us, may almost be considered as originally unwritten.

This inquiry has formed an important part of the discussion respecting the genuineness of the Homeric poems, because it has been thought inconceivable, that they could have been either composed or preserved without the aid of writing. We are not sure, that this point is of so much importance. Let it be allowed that the art of writing was unknown to Homer;—is this fact decisive?

There is a difficulty in reasoning upon this point, because, under existing circumstances, we can form but a very imperfect judgment of the power of memory, in supplying the want of written language. We must forget the present, and go back in fancy to the past, when men had nothing but their memories to depend upon, for the preservation of their literature; and there are striking instances in proof of the surprising perfection which the memory, under such circumstances, will attain.

There is a fact reported by one who had travelled among the Hebrides and the Highlands of Scotland, which is in itself so curious, and has so important a bearing on the point under consideration, that we will introduce it to the notice of our readers. “In a tour through Scotland,” says this writer, “I visited the Hebrides and met with many old men, who neither spoke a word of English nor could read a word in any language. These men repeated many of the poems ascribed to Ossian and other ancient bards. One of these poems I wrote with such orthography and characters, as I thought might answer to the sounds which were uttered by the old man. I afterwards read it slowly to a sensible old woman, r’

understood it and the English well enough to give me a translation. It was as regular a poem as any I have seen translated, possessing also much genius ; but she often lamented the poverty of the English language, which, she said, was incapable of expressing the sublimity of many of the passages. I saw and heard more unpublished poems of this kind, than have been printed by Macpherson and Clarke (the translators of the Caledonian Bards), and have heard also some of the poems which those gentlemen have translated. Though I wrote tolerably fast, I learned by some of my acquaintance, that the venerable old man could repeat such a variety, as to keep me writing half a year."

We will adduce another fact, which proves, that poems of even greater extent than those ascribed to Homer, may be preserved in the memories of a people, less civilized than were his countrymen. The Calmucs have their Homer, who flourished in the last century, and whose works much exceed those of the ancient bard in length, but have never been committed to writing. This poet is said to have sung three hundred and sixty cantos. These cantos are of about the same length as those of the Iliad, and although it is not easy to find one of their rhapsodists who can repeat more than twenty of them, yet a Calmuc, who can do this, has at command a poem nearly as long as the Iliad or the Odyssey.

The Eddas and Sagas of the ancient Scandinavians, the former containing their mythology and the latter their traditional history, existed centuries before they were reduced to writing. Doctor Henderson has, within a few years, observed, that relics of the custom of recitation which anciently prevailed, are yet found among the present inhabitants of Iceland. "A winter evening," he remarks, "in an Icelandic family presents a scene in the highest degree interesting and pleasing. Between three and four o'clock, the lamp is hung up in the principal apartment, and all the members of the family take their station with their work in their hands. The work is no sooner begun, than one of the family, selected on purpose, advances to a seat near the lamp, and commences the evening lecture, which generally consists of some old Saga, or such other histories as are to be obtained on the island. In some houses the Sagas are *repeated* by such as have got them by heart ; and instances are not uncommon of itinerating historians, who gain a livelihood during the winter, by staying at different farms until they have exhausted their stock of literary knowledge. This custom," he adds, "appears to have existed among the Scandinavians from time immemorial. The person chosen as reciter was called Thulr, and was always celebrated for his knowledge of past events, and the dignity and pathos with which he related them."

It appears that the memory was not unfrequently exercised in a remarkable manner in Greece, even in the period of her highest cultivation. Xenophon represents a person as saying that his father

compelled him to learn all the poems of Homer, and that he was able to repeat the whole *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

The preceding facts and statements make it evident, as we conceive, how these poems might be preserved in the memories of men. Similar achievements have been effected by people less refined and less highly gifted than were those of Greece or Ionia.

The inquiry still remains, how could the poet have conceived and executed the design of such extensive works, without the aid of writing? In answer to this inquiry it may be said, that if there were a succession of poets, who composed and recited poems of greater or less extent without such aid, and of this there can be no doubt, there is no more difficulty in conceiving that one may surpass the rest in genius and achievement, than that any individual in other respects may go far beyond his contemporaries. We, who possess every facility for recording our thoughts as they arise, can form no idea of the power which a mind, compelled to depend on its own resources, may acquire of treasuring up within itself its conceptions and thoughts for future use. Modern times have exhibited a most interesting and imposing picture of the great epic poet of our own language, enshrouded in perpetual darkness, and yet conceiving and executing the magnificent design of one of the noblest efforts of genius; dictating a poem of greater length than the *Iliad*, full of vast reach of thought, of surpassing sublimity, of matchless inspiration. This achievement of Milton is hardly less surprising for his time, than that which we ascribe to the father of the epic poem, for the age in which he lived.

Having shewn conclusively, as we think, that, even in the most unfavourable aspect of the question, these poems might have been originally conceived and executed by the individual whose name they bear, we are prepared to meet the inquiry directly, and state our reasons for believing, at least, that each of them was originally the conception of a single mind;—and that they have come down to us, in all important respects, as they proceeded from the lips of their author or authors. It will be perceived, that we leave the question whether they both proceeded from the same mind, open for separate discussion. Some of the ancients entertained doubts respecting the authorship of the *Odyssey*, but none of them went so far as to suppose that it was a production of many minds. The two questions are wholly distinct.

We have already remarked, that there is nothing in the poems themselves which would have led to a serious doubt that they were genuine epics. We cannot otherwise account for the general belief respecting the character of these poems, which has prevailed from the earliest period until within fifty years. If they were a mere collection of rhapsodies of different poets or a single one, how could this have escaped the notice of Herodotus, Thucydides, and more than all, of Aristotle and Longinus, professed and acute critics? We are

aware that it has been often replied to this, that the ancients knew nothing of the principles of historical criticism; that they were imposed upon by the most idle tales; and that, as Greeks, they were proud of their national poetry. But this reply is not sufficient. They might have been deceived in regard to their true authorship; they might have ascribed to the same author what belonged to two; but are we to believe, that it was reserved for amateurs of these last days to detect changes in this early minstrelsy, which had fallen unheeded on the ears of those who gloried in it as their native song? Nay, the prince of ancient critics extolled the unity of the *Iliad* as the chief merit of the poem; and some of his followers even denied, that a single verse could be removed without impairing the structure of the poem. Three things were said to be equally impracticable; to take from Jove his thunderbolt, his club from Hercules, and a verse from Homer. This was extravagant indeed, but it shows how far they were from suspecting those defects in unity, which modern critics have thought so glaring. We cannot, however, conceive how any one can read the *Iliad* without being struck with its unity. In the midst of the surprising variety of incident which constitutes the action of the poem, and which tends of course to distract the attention, the fortunes of the principal hero and his injured honour, which Jupiter himself has undertaken to maintain, are never forgotten; and this, in fact, is the principal source of that interest which this wonderful poem uniformly excites. We should by no means defend the unbroken unity of the *Iliad* as warmly as the old critics; yet we believe that modern criticism has gone as far towards the opposite extreme, when it refers us to many things which offend against perfect unity; when it imagines that it can discriminate the different parts which have been combined into this whole, and professes to point out the seams and even the stitches of this wondrous patchwork of primæval minstrelsy.

Our readers perhaps will be disposed to believe, that little reliance can be placed on any conclusions to which we may arrive on a subject to which no general principles seem to be applicable. A solution of the difficulty, we apprehend, is found in the influence of a favourite theory on the mind, which has already been alluded to, and in the want of clear, well-defined views of what is implied in epic unity. The *Epopeia* does not require the unity of the drama. It cannot be confined by the strict laws of a perfect unity. Least of all, could the epic of the Homeric age be thus shackled. As we have seen, this was designed for recitation;—a recitation not continuous, but interrupted by intervals. An unbroken unity would not have answered the purposes of the poet. The defects in respect to unity, then, which are diligently sought out and placed before us in imposing array, are in favour of the claims of Homer. They are brought forward as proof, that this poem is not what it claims to be, an original conception of one mind. We say in reply, that such

defects might be expected in a work composed without model and without rules, and under circumstances peculiarly unfavourable ;—nay more, they are precisely such as ought to have existed in the circumstances of the case ; they were required by the nature of the poem. A perfect unity would, in our apprehension, rather indicate the critical labour of a later hand.

It may indeed be well doubted, whether the presumption of a necessity for a pre-arranged plan, exactly commensurate with the extent of the poem, is not founded on a misconception of the history and character of early heroic poetry. Such a presumption seems in fact deduced from an analogy with the artificial contexture of the drama in its finished state ; although even in that case the difference between the Persians of Æschylus and the first *Œdipus* of Sophocles is as great as between the *Iliad* and the *Jerusalem Delivered*. In the first essays of national poetry, impassioned and varied narration is the paramount requisite ; there must be passion to excite sympathy, variety to prevent disgust, and narration or a story to sustain the attention ; but the intricacy, the dove-tailing, the counterpoint of the drama and of modern epics would be useless, because never presented, except in fragments, to the mind of the audience. A certain consistency of character is necessary to create a complete conception of it, and of story, to induce a sense of probability : but perhaps to seek for more than this would be to forget the constitution of society, and the peculiar spirit of heroic poetry in the infancy of a nation. It may seem, therefore, that the resentment of Achilles and his return to the war, are more properly the connecting link or running thread, than the specific subject of the *Iliad*,—the centre round which the orb of the song moves, but not the circumference which bounds it,—the point of departure and the object of frequent retrospect ; but that one half the poem would have been as noble and consistent in itself, if Achilles had never left Phthia, or never quarrelled with Agamemnon. The single combats of Menelaus and Paris, of Hector and Ajax ; the *Ἀγῶνισται*, or days of Diomed, of Agamemnon, of Ulysses, of Idomeneus, of Menelaus, the funeral games of Patroclus, and the restitution and burial of the body of Hector, are all of them splendid minstrelsies, generally complete in themselves, yet having an obvious connexion as still telling the same great tale of Troy. If the divine genius, which ended these immortal rhapsodies with the lamentation of women over the lifeless body of Hector, had gone on and told the fall of Achilles himself, the mortal conflict round his body, the capture and the flames of Ilion, the blood of Priam and the shrieks of Cassandra,—still those added rhapsodies would have been an *Iliad* ; and still, in a vague way, they might be said to have had the same general theme in the fated accomplishment of the will of Jupiter. That fixed economy of the epic poem, with which we are so familiar, and which may at first seem essential to it, does not appear really to exist in the *Iliad* ;—the critical subdivisions or stages are

mined in it by critical fancy alone ; the technical episode has no place in it. From the first to the last line of the poem the whole is *narratio directa*, a straight and onward tale ; and the speeches of Nestor and Phoenix, and the description of the Shield of Achilles, are not parentheses, as they have been commonly called, but parts and acts of the story itself. They have, it is true, their own beauty or their own usefulness ; they charm or they instruct, and either object was sufficient for the desires and manners of the people for whom they were composed.

We think that every one, unbiassed by system, must be surprised at the unity both of action and sentiment in this first example of epic song ; and the fact, that this unity is found in the Iliad to such a degree that the exceptions to it are rather blemishes than gross defects, if they are in truth imperfections, and are not perfectly consistent with the true character of the poem, is the main argument in favour of its genuineness. For how is it possible, that the productions of different minds should be collected together, so as to form a whole of, we had almost said, unbroken uniformity in style and sentiment ? Where could several minds be elsewhere found, equally successful in portraying character ? Look at the characters of the Iliad, the vigour with which they are conceived and drawn, observe how their individuality is preserved throughout, and you see the strokes of one and the same matchless pencil. How could even the separate, disconnected productions of the same mind have been wrought into a vast, magnificent epic, which has become the model of all that have succeeded, and which, considered in itself, after making all the deductions which criticism can reasonably ask, bears abundant marks of an original conception ? We are, however, again told, that in maintaining the genuineness of the Iliad, we hold to an opinion which implies something beyond the power of human genius. How is it possible, it is asked, that an individual, at so early a period, and under the circumstances which have been mentioned, should have anticipated by many ages the improvement of future times ? Unable to conceive that this should have been done, and that a first attempt at this highest species of composition, in an age of comparative rudeness, should in many respects have succeeded in a degree never surpassed in the subsequent progress of the human mind, will those, who are so incredulous, imagine that they have explained the existence of this poem by either of the two hypotheses which have been stated ? Do they rest satisfied with the belief, that, in reality, it is made up of distinct poems, composed in a later age by several bards, and brought together in the form in which we now possess them ; or that it consisted of different poems, most of which were from the individual whose name the work now bears ?

For the former hypothesis, we confess that we have little respect. We cannot conceive of any fancy more extravagant, than that the collected minstrelsy of an age should have been moulded into a single

poem of such uniformity in style and sentiment, and exhibiting an unity of action so well sustained, as to pass the ordeal of criticism and receive the admiration of mankind through the long period of nearly three thousand years, before any suspicion was expressed that it was not an original conception of a single mind. As we have already remarked, we would ask any one to look at a single feature of this poem,—the portraiture of character,—and then to maintain, if he can, that this remote age was so much more fruitful than any other, of minds equally endowed with the lofty genius which reigns throughout the *Iliad*.

Nor does the second hypothesis, although free from the extravagance of the other, and more worthy of serious consideration, explain satisfactorily the existence of this poem. How does it remove the alleged difficulty? By advancing in its place a theory, which seems to us yet more incredible. The combining of different poems into one of unbroken unity and interests, is an unheard of achievement. Is there anything resembling it in the history of mind? Connecting links must be supplied to fill up the interstices. A series of incidents must be interwoven, which shall form a continuous chain from the beginning to the end. The character of the poem, as a whole, should be equally possessed by all the several parts. To effect all this would require the powers of a second Homer; and who, in the age of the Pisistratidæ, could have accomplished this labour? Upon whom had the mantle of the father-minstrel fallen, and enabled him thus to gather the dispersed, decayed relics of a former age, and to mould them into this living form of fair proportions and matchless beauty? But we would ask, if the ancient bard had the power of composing several rhapsodies, each with its own unity of action, why deny him the power of conceiving and executing a production which should include many such? How much smaller an advance beyond his contemporaries is implied in the father of history, who conceived and executed the design of a work, earlier unquestionably in the history of prose, than the *Iliad* was in that of poetry? But whatever may be urged respecting the origin of the *Iliad*, its existence will continue to be one of the mysteries of genius. In the words of Heeren, an author whose opinion is of great weight on any topic of ancient literature, "the creations of genius remain always half miracles. If we were in possession of all the historic testimonies, we never could wholly explain the origin of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*; for that origin must have remained, in all essential points, the secret of the poet."

ART. III.

1.—*Reports of Lectures delivered at the Chapel in South Place, Finsbury.* By W. J. Fox. London: Ch. Fox.

2.—*Self-culture. An Address Introductory to the Franklin Lectures.* By W. E. CHANNING. London: Ch. Fox.

It is impossible to avoid discovering several points of kindred character subsisting in Mr. Fox's Finsbury Lectures, and the Discourses by the Rev. Orville Dewey, on the Morality of Commerce, Society, and Politics, which we so lately reviewed. Though neither is a copyist of the other, both works are characterized by boldness, strength, and originality of views and manner. Both, besides, have introduced into the pulpit topics which have hitherto been generally, nay, universally on the part of our Church establishment authorities and Christian sects, considered secular in nature and tendency. Much, for instance, in the two works will at first appear to a majority of readers purely political; and therefore the attempt to open such a field for pulpit oratory and teaching, will be violently denounced as desecrating in itself and fraught with the greatest dangers which an undefined latitude can admit.

If, however, we distinguish between the politics, falsely so called, which consist merely] in partizanship in regard to power, national government, and the methods which classes, such as Tories and Whigs, have constantly adopted to compass their ends, and the legitimate meaning of the term, viz., that which constitutes and embraces the highest, most enlarged, and most influential department of moral science, we may arrive at a very different conclusion. If political morality (and there can be nothing politic that is not moral) imperatively require from every one, taken individually in the community, such a knowledge of its principles and authority as will ensure practical and heartfelt obedience; and if, besides, the heads of public bodies, representatives of the people, governments, and sovereigns, cannot, dare not, without the most imminent peril to their own present as well as everlasting welfare, and the equally extended interests of the community over which they preside, depart from the strict principles and sanctions of this great code, then, we think, the subject cannot wisely be banished from the pulpit. Why should it be so exiled, unless the morality of individuals and of nations be a thing independent or at variance with religion? or, unless the great purposes of religion be other than to make men morally pure and good,—to exalt their capacities and hearts, so as in some measure to imitate and be able to enjoy God? Mr. Fox's views may be partly ascertained on this point, from the very two first paragraphs of these Lectures. He says,—

“ If Morality be rightly described as the means, or the art or science of happiness (and that different views of it are accurately defined by these expressions I have repeatedly endeavoured to show, and shall assume on

the present occasion), it follows, as a necessary consequence, that it must be the most comprehensive of all arts and of all sciences—that, in fact, it must include whatever comes under those denominations, and claims the attributes of that highest wisdom which consists in the appropriate application of efficient means to the most important of all ends.

“In this view, Morality may be properly said to include whatever advances us in the knowledge of the laws of material nature, of the mind, or of social man. It includes whatever principles the natural philosopher can arrive at by the classification of his accumulated facts; whatever truths the metaphysician may detect by his more recondite researches; whatever the statesman can attain of political science, from the teachings of history, or the results of his own experience and observation; the right application of whatever mechanical machinery may be employed by the manufacturer in the production of the necessaries or the conveniences of life; and whatever mental machinery may be employed by the teacher in the fabrication of intelligence and of character. They all come under this one head—Morality; for they are all capable of supplying means that may be employed for the production, the multiplication, the perpetuation of human happiness.”

We should wish, however, to guard and narrow the amplitude which such a range of subjects would beget, if made pulpit themes. Nothing is so beautiful, so noble, so sure, and so touchingly instructive as the descriptions, the lessons, and the incentives contained in “The Book.” The things as communicated in that record are paramount in every way, and can never safely make large way, even for the soundest disquisitions in political economy, on metaphysics, on mechanics, &c., or anything not clearly declared. For though these hitherto excluded subjects may be wisely made the vehicles as well as effectively become elucidatory in teaching morality from the pulpit, they must be kept not only subordinate to the mighty and direct doctrines and rules contained in the Holy Scriptures, but in no case should the pulpit be allowed to become an arena for the broaching of fanciful theories, much less for the inculcation of views that in any degree run counter to the sacred code. Having thus explained ourselves, we proceed to consider a little more closely, the subjects and the manner of their handling, now before us.

And here we must remark, that though Mr. Dewey and Mr. Fox may be almost solitary examples of preachers, whether in America or England, adventuring to introduce into pulpit teaching the range of subjects already indicated, yet there cannot be a doubt of the public mind in both countries being prepared to admit of innovations that recommend themselves to reason, though these innovations may run counter to old established modes; and also of being inclined to investigate the merits of opinions and things, to the pretensions of which it would have been formerly deemed perilous and wicked to lend the most transient notice. The simple fact that a series of lectures extending over several years, as those of Mr. Fox do, having commanded the attention of a respectable

congregation, and that in a published form they have obtained a wide circulation, are significant circumstances of the times. That things are taking an onward course, that far more knowledge is afloat and far more widely spread, however deficient it may be as yet in regard to general depth, are facts which it is an every-day occurrence to hear mentioned. To enlarge the scope of real knowledge, to purify its channels, to sound its profundities, are objects which our author labours to accomplish.

But we have not yet afforded any distinct idea of the points upon which he principally dilates, nor of the method of his procedure. We have therefore now to state that the first seven lectures are devoted to what the author calls Class Morality, as exemplified in this country ; that is to say, morality as modified by the various classes into which society is divided.

That there is such a distinction accepted and acted upon as that which our author charges against classes, has often, though perhaps never so fully and clearly, been animadverted upon. Every class has its peculiar temptations as well as advantages to enumerate; and if each would deliberately set about the business of calculation, with the practical intent of resisting the former and cultivating the latter, wonderful would be the change over the whole face of society. But instead of entering on this manly and rational course, each class rails against the vices to which it is itself not particularly exposed, and passes over those to which it is prone ; the powerful and the privileged often exemplifying their want of charity, not merely by disparaging opinions, but by oppressive acts.

Now although Mr. Fox should teach the public nothing new in the science of morals by these lectures, he has assuredly enlarged the sphere of doctrine, as usually inculcated, with respect to popular morals ; and done so too in such a popular and impressive manner, as must tend to sweep away much of that virulence that exists between the several distinct classes of society, and thus effectuate a positive moral good. One of his main purposes, indeed, has been to furnish to all a lesson of charity. " And," he truly asserts, " there is no charity like an enlightened beneficence, which analyzes the causes that act upon men, and traces the different ways in which influences, from within and without, fashion our thoughts and pursuits. ' Thus to arrive at a knowledge of the various operations that build man into what he is, must dispose us, far more than any other species of training that can possibly be imagined, to regard all with kindness ; to extend sympathy to the utmost bounds to which sympathy can possibly be felt ; and to look onward with hope and trust to the future evolutions of that nature, which is already so beautiful and so worthy an object of complacency, even in the midst of its darkest aberrations.' "

The field is so wide, even should we alone regard the space which Mr. Fox has allotted to his seven classes of society,—each occupy-

ing a lecture,—that we shall act best to our readers as well as to him by confining ourselves, as regards extracts, to one ; especially as twenty lectures of the series have reached us, the last thirteen being of a more miscellaneous character than the other seven. Besides, the Finsbury Lecturer must share the room we can afford to one article with Dr. Channing, whose address to the working classes of his countrymen on Self-culture, is well worthy of his illustrious genius and philanthropy.

Mr. Fox's first lecture, addressed to a distinct class of society, has for its title "The Morality of Poverty." It is to this part of the series that we shall chiefly solicit notice ; and therefore we pass on to copy, and to do hardly anything more, the titles of all the others before us.

"Aristocratical and Political Morality," is the subject of the second ; in which we have more of disputed politics than is consistent with the author's high moral purpose ; or, at least, if it should be said that the searcher after truth is not to be awed by pre-existent party-contests, we could have wished that he had shown what he calls an artificial aristocracy, in contradistinction to a natural aristocracy, to have been the reverse of a natural result of the institutions of the countries in which it obtains,—to have been in our own country, for example, other than the effect of causes that have acted powerfully upon the community, therefore entitling the order in society to the most charitable construction.

The third lecture is upon the "Morality of the Mercantile and Middle Classes." This is a particularly able and earnest production ; the author having no doubt been stirred by the fact, that the subject concerned the great majority of his congregation, the first listeners to it. We quote from it only two short consecutive sentences. "The Morality of the Middle Classes is eminently the *Morality of Opinion*. *Reputation* has its peculiar dominion amongst them, and this, like the rest, is a power both for good and for evil."

Fourthly, we come to "Military Morality." Fifthly, "Legal Morality." We do not find anything strikingly new in these lectures, though there be much that is excellent, laid before the reader. The sixth in the series is dedicated to "The Morality of the Press." Mr. Fox is a strenuous advocate in behalf of literary labourers, to which fraternity he himself belongs. But we must not enter into subjects he here handles, and shall merely quote a short passage which is pregnant with truth. "The first temptation," says the lecturer, "which besets a man in his literary avocation, is that of lowering the standard with which, if left to himself, he would endeavour to arrive at conformity, and bringing down the purposes at which he aims ; for the obvious reason, that works in all the higher topics of thought, and which in their production imply, and in their perusal also, a strenuous and continuous exercise of

mental powers, are the least acceptable to the world, and the last which are likely to afford anything like remuneration to those by whom they are produced."

Lecture seventh is on "Clerical Morality;" and Mr. Fox being a Dissenter, he naturally expresses opinions which involve controversy; though these opinions, if taken without any regard to the position and history of any particular nation, may be incontrovertible. No. VIII. is on "The Church-rate Imposition;" being "a lecture in aid of the subscription for defending the right of Mr Burder, and the parishioners of Braintree, to refuse payment of a church-rate made by the churchwardens, against the will of a large majority of the parishioners in vestry assembled, to determine upon it." Nos. IX., X., XI., contain "An Inquiry into the history of opinion concerning Death, and the mental state induced by its approach." Upon this solemn subject, upon which most men experience the most intense anxiety and curiosity, the lecturer has brought the stores of his reading and reflection to bear. He rises with his theme, and is impressively philosophic throughout. No. XII., "On Right and Expediency," takes the sterner view, and inculcates the less yielding principle. The author's drift may be in part apprehended from the concluding paragraph. "Caiaphas," says he, "was a man of expediency; he assembled the Sanhedrim that they might consult, lest the Romans should come and take away their place and nation, and asked, 'Know ye not that it is expedient that one man should die for the people?' And the priest of expediency triumphed; the 'one man' was crucified. Within fifty years from that time, Christianity was going forth into all the regions of the earth, and gathering together the Roman and the Greek, the barbarian and Scythian, the bond and the free, into the fold of Christ. Meanwhile, the ploughshare was passing over the dust of Jerusalem."

Lecture thirteenth takes for title "The Three Ideas of Christianity." Mr. Fox says, "In the controversies of the Christian world we may distinguish between some which do, and others which do not, imply a different conception or idea in the mind as to the nature of Christianity itself." The first which he recognizes is that of the Roman Catholics, which he takes to be this;—that it is a system or plan, for the *salvation of men's souls by the agency of a priesthood*. Secondly, the conception of Protestants, according to him, is, that salvation is inseparable from a credence *in the Scriptures, or the doctrines which the Scriptures are supposed to contain*. And the third idea is that in which Christianity is regarded as a *divine plan for the spiritual training of the human race, by the exhibition of fact for the contemplation of individual reason*. It does not appear to us that the lecturer, who attaches himself to this last idea, has succeeded in recommending it in a manner calculated to reach many comprehensions, much less many hearts; neither are we prepared to take his account of what Chris-

tianity is, in the conceptions of Catholics and Protestants. But the subject is not for our handling, nor for our Journal.

Nos. XIV., XV., and XVI., treat of "The Progress and Characteristics of Ceremony. Illustrated in the service performed, and sermon preached, on occasion of the Coronation of her Majesty Queen Victoria." Those who think that much of such ceremonies belong to a barbarous period in society, and that there is much silliness and child's play, as well as absurdity and profanity connected with their celebration, will find Mr. Fox a hearty supporter.

In lecture seventeen we have an essay on "What constitutes a Saint." Without attempting to trace the history and sanctity as claimed and professed by parties, as their peculiar attainment, in all ages of the world, we have no doubt, without intending any personal or collective offence, that Mr. Fox believes and looks upon his own sect, his own congregation, the persons who have most admired these lectures, and acquiesced in his opinions about morality and religion, to be the greatest saints of the day.

The eighteenth lecture is on "Moral Power," as contradistinguished from and identified with physical force. The subject is too full of subtle points for us to touch it here. Besides, it has been, we think, dryly handled. Come we to the nineteenth in the series, which is "On the recent attempts to stimulate a spirit of fanaticism and persecution in the Church of England;" and lastly, to the twentieth, which treats of "Religious Equality." In both of these lectures there are many things to be admired, and not a few which churchmen will object to; though, we are sure, there is not one point, argument, or doctrine in either that calls not for the serious consideration of every man.

We now return to the first lecture of all, viz., that which treats of the morality of the poor, or, as Mr. Fox heads it, "The Morality of Poverty;" a subject which as handled by him ought to take an extraordinary hold of the sympathies.

Having laid it down that it is desirable for each and all, that we should endeavour to estimate fairly and impartially the diversified action of circumstances upon ourselves and our fellow-creatures, according to the standard, that that which produces the greatest and most permanent happiness to the greatest number, must be the highest and most enlarged morality, Mr. Fox proceeds to consider the particular circumstances and prospects of the poor as found in this country, favourable as well as unfavourable; and the sympathies which these circumstances should beget in all other classes. He says,—

"The first and most unfavourable circumstance in connexion with poverty is, that it must be considered generally as a state of ignorance. However ignorance may be called the mother of devotion, ignorance is not the parent of morality. Ignorance—moral ignorance—there is in

all classes, and that to an extent which it is most painful to contemplate. We find those who have accumulated many sciences, and yet who know nothing of this best science; many who can speak various languages, yet know nothing of that language which it is most important that even the infant should be taught to lisp almost in its very cradle. Even the professed teachers of religion and morality too often show a lamentable want of perception, either of the extent of the great principles on which it is founded, or the mode in which those principles should be applied to the present condition of society. But ignorance must needs abound much more—ignorance in reference even to this matter—as we come to the lowest classes of society, because there is that deficiency of general information which co-operates with ignorance as to the particular subject, and renders more deep and intense the darkness of the soul. All vice has been traced to ignorance; the foulest guilt is so ascribed by the great Author of the Christian religion in that memorable prayer, by which he supplicated forgiveness for his murderers, because they knew not what they did. It is the universal character of the wicked man; he is, whatever his acquirements in other respects, in a state of ignorance on this point; he knows not what he does; he mistakes either that in which happiness consists, or the mode in which happiness is to be realized. And fearfully must the chances of such mistakes be multiplied as we come to that class of society which is the most deprived of the manifold means of information that surround others from their early years, and that thicken and multiply upon them as they advance towards maturity in society. For many there are, especially in the rural districts of this country, that have not even the mere mechanism of knowledge; they do not even write and read;—a proportion, the extent of which was fearfully brought out by the trials which took place a few years back in consequence of the spread of incendiarism. How many there are to whom these qualifications are but of little worth, only serving them for an occasional aid, and that of the most paltry kind, in their daily application and toil, just enabling them to decipher the direction of the parcel which they have to bear to its destination! How many there are who, learning to read and write, have no means of exercising the capacity which has been imparted, in whom it dwindles and withers because books are not within their reach, nor the various means of information that are possessed by others! And when we consider the wretched quality, and the limited extent of the education which is bestowed on the children of the great mass of the community, we are left in the dreary contemplation of a wide waste of untilled mind, overgrown with weeds, and left in mist and gloom, where the light of knowledge might have arisen, and every fairest production of the soil have blossomed and ripened beneath its beams."

Writers and lecturers upon the education which is most likely to benefit society, do not always notice the necessity of combining moral with intellectual training; and when noticed, the connection is not always clearly shown; while the contradictions which so often are witnessed where learning and philosophical attainments are allied to gross immorality, have led many well-meaning persons to think and argue, that no such sisterly connection exists at all. To

this last class may be recommended the careful consideration of the following paragraph :—

“ So, again, to what but ignorance can be ascribed that blind desire to aid themselves by acts of violence on the property of others which has sometimes been manifested, and which, beyond the actual perpetration, or even the approval or palliation of violence, has extended itself in a direction of opinion and feeling that is most deeply to be lamented? It is the result of ignorance that they think of bettering their condition by a mode that could only make that condition worse, and aggravate ten-fold—a thousand-fold—whatever of endurance they are at present exposed to. The notions which so closely connect in their minds the invention and application of machinery with their own distress, are amongst the results of a want of knowledge most devoutly to be deprecated. Could the machinery of this country be by one stroke of a giant arm annihilated, what tongue can tell the results, the tremendous results of misery that would instantly be realized? Earth has never yet seen; no siege of a city, however protracted; no war, however bloody and desolating; no revolution, however wild and ferocious, has ever shown a parallel for the misery that would instantly descend upon the heads of millions could any such idea be realized. The means, not only of clothing, but of food and of migration, would instantly fail us; we should be shut up from the rest of the world; we should be reduced into a state in which it would not be strange if even cannibalism were to ensue. The hostility to machinery, to be consistent, must be universal. Each class of workmen has the same right; and if the agricultural labourer be justifiable in destroying the threshing machine, the weaver has a right to destroy the power loom; the printers’ pressmen would be right in destroying the steam press; the waterman would be right in dismantling the steam vessel; and so, throughout the whole compass of society, we should be thrown back into a state of privation, helplessness, and utter barbarism.”

The influence of want, the pressure of hunger when abundance is around, the pinching and stinting from day to day, are evils and tempting circumstances which have often been descanted upon, and which Mr. Fox, in his most earnest and heart-touching manner, describes.

Another unfavourable circumstance dwelt upon by him, as continually operating upon poverty, is the sense of inferiority. We shall hear how eloquently Dr. Channing addresses the working classes on the natural dignity of every man; and how beautifully he encourages all to respect themselves. But in the meanwhile listen to the lecturer :—

“ The condition of a man existing in one of the subordinate castes of the East must be considered as unfavourable to morality. He looks around him, and sees, in every direction, men living in comparative ease and on the resources of others, whilst he himself is subjected to the same toil in which his father dragged through life before him, and in which his sons must drag through life after him. And though we are told that in this

country any man may better his condition—that there is here no distinction of caste—that any man may rise in life—yet is it to be remembered that rising in the world is too often a process which does not tend to disarm the immortal tendency in question, but, on the contrary, gives it greater strength, being accomplished by means of the very servility which is the curse of ignorance and poverty in their degradation; and if so, it carries a blight along with it into the ranks which are above, and spreads through them all either a false estimate of worth, or a conscious and base postponement of moral good to external appearance, which ought only to be found, and there is only to be deplored, in those whose situation is of the most abject description.”

To the pressure of poverty, and the demoralization which particularly marks the poor, must be ascribed the partial extinction, at least, of humanity, alluded to by our author, as witnessed, for example, in the northern parts of the island, where depressing labour is so frequently the lot of wives and children; sold to it by the husband and the father.

Mr. Fox instances one other unfavourable circumstance in the condition of the poor of this country which affects their morality closely, and from which it would be well for society at large were they protected. The observations alluded to have had some remarkable illustrations of late:—

“ If war is to be waged, their passions are to be stimulated; their ignorance is to be misled; their poverty is to be bribed; their bodies and their consciences are to be bought; and they are to be made the living machinery of shedding those torrents of blood, which ambition, or any other evil disposition, may will should flow to drench and desolate the earth. If political bigotry wants a victim, they are to be excited to acts of riot, and then turned loose, often to destroy the property and to endanger the lives of the very best of men, and of their noblest benefactors. And so, on the other hand, there are acting on them the influences of those, who, on their heads, would rise to personal emolument and advantage: the political demagogue, who tells them of all sorts of golden prospects, and by the most absurd means ventures to assure to them the realization of blessings, which may be far beyond their reach by any means, but which assuredly can never be achieved by any panacea in his possession. All bear on the poor, all are continually operating on their ignorance, and perverting their minds. The bigot addresses himself to them, in order to strengthen his bigotry; to give the spirit of sectarianism more power; to roll its thunders with a louder crash against those whom he denominates heretics; and to dart his lightnings with a clearer and more fatal aim. Even the philanthropist very often makes their condition worse, and aggravates their sufferings by a misdirected charity, which increases the evil it endeavours to alleviate; and thus, what is meant for their good, is continually perverted for their evil.”

But all is not gloom, degradation, misery, and vice that the history of our poor population exhibits. Listen once more to the preacher:—

"O, how strong is humanity! What a grand, what a majestic thing is that constitution of sentient nature, which does not break down under all this suffering; which manifests its tendency, which breathes its aspirations, which show its origin from the Father of truth and light and goodness, even amidst all the clouds that time and circumstances cause to brood over it, and dim its brightness! For so it is, that in the favourable circumstances of poverty, we must advert first to the native tendencies of humanity. They are often displaying themselves with a power which shows their beneficent and their everlasting nature. Rightly has the most philosophic of living poets declared, that

"Man is dear to man. The poorest poor
Long for some moments in a weary life
When they may know and feel that they have been
Themselves the givers and the dealers out
Of some small blessings, have been kind to those
Who needed kindness, for this single cause,—
That we have, all of us, ONE HUMAN HEART.'

There is the great source of strength and hope, in that universal oneness of the human heart; there is the origin of what is justly denominated natural sympathy, the craving for it from others, and the innate propulsion towards its exercise in every individual; there is the great pledge which man gives to man, and which God gives to man, that so long as our nature is continued in existence, manifestations of goodness shall not be wanting to vindicate its moral dignity, and eventually its happy destiny."

Again,—

"The poor are to other classes too often but as the inhabitants of a remote and unexplored country. Comparatively little can be realized, by the children of affluence, of their state who are exposed to the mischiefs which I have just enumerated, and to these mischiefs in combination with sickness—with protracted sickness—with bitter privations, and with the other ills which flesh is heir to, but which, in this combination, fall upon them with so much peculiar bitterness. There then springs up amongst themselves a sympathy which has been exercised to an extent that does them honour. Talk what we will of charity, and of kindness, the great alleviator of the sufferings of the poor is the sympathy of the poor. There are immense loads heaved off by this power, the pressure of which would defy any other interposition, and baffle all the philanthropy of those who are most active and most energetic in their philanthropy, but who do not belong to the class, to the good of which they earnestly desire to minister.

"'I love,' said Robert Robinson in one of his beautiful Village Sermons, 'the soul that must and will do good; the kind creature, that runs to the sick bed, I might rather say bedstead, of a poor neighbour, wipes away the moisture of a fever, smoothes the clothes, beats up the pillow, fills the pitcher, sets it within reach, administers only a cup of cold water; but in the true spirit of a disciple of Christ, becomes a fellow worker with Christ in the administration of happiness to mankind. Peace be with that good soul! She also must come in time into the condition of her neighbour; and then may the Lord strengthen her upon the bed of languishing, and by some kind hand like her own, make all her bed in her sickness.'

“ Of Genuine Christian goodness such as this, I have no doubt that there is a most honourable amount, constantly wearing away an immense mass of misery, unapproachable by any other class or in any other way.”

Mr. Fox not only is of opinion that the condition of the poor, though still severe and tending to beget peculiar vices, has on the average been gradually ameliorated and morally improved,—for which change he assigns certain causes,—but he gladdens us with the prospect of still greater advances to virtue and happiness. We can only afford room for one short extract connected with this hope:—

“ A real religion of the people—a religion in the spirit of Christianity, with the modification to present circumstances which that spirit demands—a religion, simple, fervent, expansive, elevated as the spirit of Christ himself—this is needed; toward this, I trust, there is some tendency. Materials for it may, in some measure, be furnished here and there by the existing bodies of religionists, though their combination cannot be made available by the exertions and by the activity of sectarianism. The path must be by the road of national education, without which, no great or permanent good can be expected. I trust there is a tendency towards this; and that in each of the means I am indicating, there is also a self-inherent power of advance.”

The passages we have cited from this lecture, on the “ *Morality of Poverty*,” must have conveyed a very high idea of the author’s head and heart. There is a vast amount of feeling and argument throughout the series that is equally good and striking; and whatever may be thought of some of Mr. Fox’s views in regard to certain political, ecclesiastical, and religious topics, we can safely declare to all our readers that they will find these twenty lectures distinguished by no ordinary compass of purpose, and by no small degree of novelty, of power and felicity in the execution.

Dr. Channing’s Address was delivered at Boston, U. S., September, 1838, and falls in, with particular fitness, with the lecture upon which we have been chiefly dwelling. The Self-culture he describes and eulogizes, is that which he deems best adapted to and most worthy of those of his countrymen “ who live by the labour of their hands;” nor after the universal and accurately measured reputation which the author of the address has won and established for himself, would it be becoming in us to do more than press into the space we can afford some of the best and most arousing passages with which the pamphlet is absolutely crowded. And yet it is no easy thing to please one’s own self with selections where all is so good that it is painful to leave anything untranscribed.

We have already slightly referred to Channing’s conceptions of man’s native dignity, and now quote as follows:—

“ I have expressed my strong interest in the mass of the people; and this is founded, not on their usefulness to the community, so much as on

what they are in themselves. Their condition is indeed obscure: but their importance is not on this account a whit the less. The multitude of men cannot from the nature of the case be distinguished; for the very idea of distinction is, that a man stands out from the multitude. They make little noise and draw little notice in their narrow spheres of action; but still they have their full proportion of personal worth, and even of greatness. Indeed every man, in every condition, is great: it is only our own diseased sight which makes him little. A man is as great as a man be he where or what he may. The grandeur of his nature turns to insignificance all outward distinctions. His powers of intellect, of conscience, of love, of knowing God, of perceiving the beautiful, of acting on his own mind, on outward nature, and on his fellow-creatures, these are glorious prerogatives. Through the vulgar error of undervaluing what is common, we are apt indeed to pass these by as of little worth. But as in the outward creation, so in the soul, the common is the most precious. Science and art may invent splendid modes of illuminating the apartments of the opulent; but these are all poor and worthless, compared with the common light which the sun sends into all our windows, which he pours freely, impartially over hill and valley, which kindles daily the eastern and western sky; and so the common lights of reason, and conscience, and love are of more worth and dignity than the rare endowments which give celebrity to a few. Let us not disparage that nature which is common to all men; for no thought can measure its grandeur. It is the image of God, the image even of his infinity; for no limits can be set to its enfolding. He who possesses the divine powers of the soul is a great being, be his place what it may. You may clothe him with rags, may immerse him in a dungeon, may chain him to slavish tasks: but he is still great. You shut him out of your houses; but God opens to him heavenly mansions. He makes no show indeed in the streets of a splendid city; but a clear thought, a pure affection, a resolute act of a virtuous will have a dignity of quite another kind, and far higher than accumulations of brick and granite, and plaster and stucco, however cunningly put together, or though stretching far beyond our sight. Nor is this all. If we pass over this grandeur of our common nature, and turn our thoughts to that comparative greatness, which draws chief attention, and which consists in the decided superiority of the individual to the general standard of power and character, we shall find this as free and frequent a growth among the obscure and unnoticed, as in more conspicuous walks of life. Perhaps the greatest in our city at this moment are buried in obscurity. Grandeur of character lies wholly in force of soul, that is, in the force of thought, moral principle, and love; and this may be found the humblest condition of life."

Again:—

"I believe this greatness to be most common among the multitude whose names are never heard. Among common people will be found more of hardship borne manfully, more of unvarnished truth, more of religious trust, more of that generosity which gives what the giver needs himself, and more of a wise estimate of life and death, than among the more prosperous. And even in regard to influence over other beings,

which is thought the peculiar prerogative of distinguished station, I believe that the difference between the conspicuous and the obscure does not amount to much. Influence is to be measured, not by the extent of surface it covers, but by its *kind*. A man may spread his mind, his feelings, and opinions through a great extent; but if his mind be a low one, he manifests no greatness. A wretched artist may fill a city with daubs, and by a false showy style achieve a reputation; but the man of genius, who leaves behind him one grand picture, in which immortal beauty is embodied, and which is silently to spread a true taste in his art, exerts an incomparably higher influence."

Self-culture is defined to be the care which every man owes to himself, to the unfolding and perfecting of his nature; it is a thing that is possible; it is not a dream; it has foundations in our nature. Man has the power, the fearful as well as glorious endowment of acting on, determining, and forming himself. To cultivate anything, is to make it grow; to cultivate one's own self is to grow, to advance morally, religiously, intellectually, socially. Each of these phrases and terms are expanded and illustrated in the author's happiest style. He also dwells at some length upon two other branches of self-culture, which have been generally overlooked in the education of the people, viz., first, the sense or perception of beauty,—beauty external, literary, mental, &c., and secondly, the power of utterance.

As to the means by which self-culture may be promoted, Dr. Channing in a single address, has, of course, to confine himself to a rapid glance at a few of those which are most striking, important, and applicable to manual labourers. We copy some fragments under the head *of means* :—

"A man, as I have said, is to cultivate himself because he is a man. He is to start with the conviction, that there is something greater within him than in the whole material creation, than in all the worlds which press on the eye and ear; and that inward improvements have a worth and dignity in themselves, quite distinct from the power they give over outward things. Undoubtedly a man is to labour to better his condition, but first to better himself. If he knows no higher use of his mind than to invent and drudge for his body, his case is desperate as far as culture is concerned.

"In these remarks, I do not mean to recommend to the labourer indifference to his outward lot. I hold it important, that every man in every class should possess the means of comfort, of health, of neatness in food and apparel, and of occasional retirement and leisure. These are good in themselves, to be sought for their own sakes; and still more, they are important means of self-culture for which I am pleading. A clean, comfortable dwelling, with wholesome meals, is no small aid to intellectual and moral progress. A man living in a damp cellar, or a garret open to rain and snow, breathing the foul air of a filthy room, and striving without success to appease hunger on scanty or unsavoury food, is in danger of abandoning himself to a desperate, selfish recklessness. Improve, then, your lot. Multiply comforts, and still more, get wealth if you can by

honourable means, and if it do not cost too much. A true cultivation of the mind is fitted to forward you in your worldly concerns, and you ought to use it for this end. Only, beware, lest this end master you; lest your motives sink as your condition improves; lest you fall victims to the miserable passion of vying with those around you in show, luxury, and expense. Cherish a true respect for yourselves. Feel that your nature is worth more than everything which is foreign to you. He who has not caught a glimpse of his own rational and spiritual being, of something within himself superior to the world and allied to the Divinity, wants the true spring of that purpose of self-culture, on which I have insisted as the first of all the means of improvement."

As to intercourse with superior minds :—

"I have insisted on our own activity as essential to our progress: but we were not made to live or advance alone. Society is as needful to us as air or food. A child doomed to utter loneliness, growing up without sight or sound of human beings, would not put forth equal power with many brutes; and a man never brought into contact with minds superior to his own, will probably run one and the same dull round of thought and action to the end of life.

"It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds; and these invaluable means of communication are in the reach of all. In the best books, great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts, and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. Books are the true levellers. They give to all who will faithfully use them, the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am; no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling; if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof—if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise; and Shakspeare to open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart; and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom—I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship, and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live."

Of newspapers :—

"They are the literature of multitudes. Unhappily their importance is not understood; their bearing on the intellectual and moral cultivation of the community little thought of. A newspaper ought to be conducted by one of our most gifted men, and its income should be such as to enable him to secure the contributions of men as gifted as himself. But we must take newspapers as they are; and a man, anxious for self-culture, may turn them to account, if he will select the best within his reach. He should exclude from his house such as are venomous or scurrilous, as he would a pestilence: he should be swayed in his choice, not merely by the ability with which a paper is conducted, but still more by its spirit, by its justice, fairness, and steady adherence to great principles: especially, if he would know the truth, let him hear both sides. Let him read the defence as well

as the attack : let him not give his ear to one party exclusively. We condemn ourselves, when we listen to reproaches thrown on an individual, and turn away from his exculpation : and is it just to read continual, unsparing invective against large masses of men, and refuse them the opportunity of justifying themselves ?”

But even a just appreciation of what some look upon as degrading drudgery becomes self-culture :—

“ I will take one example, and that is, of a man living by manual labour. This may be made the means of self-culture. For instance : in almost all labour, a man exchanges his strength for an equivalent in the form of wages, purchase-money, or some other product. In other words, labour is a system of contracts, bargains, imposing mutual obligations. Now the man who, in working, no matter in what way, strives perpetually to fulfil his obligations thoroughly, to do his whole work faithfully, to be honest, not because honesty is the best policy, but for the sake of justice, and that he may render to every man his due, such a labourer is continually building up in himself one of the greatest principles of morality and religion. Every blow on the anvil, on the earth, or whatever material he works upon, contributes something to the perfection of his nature.

“ Nor is this all. Labour is a school of benevolence as well as justice. A man to support himself must serve others ; he must do or produce something for their comfort or gratification. This is one of the beautiful ordinations of Providence, that to get a living a man must be useful. Now this usefulness ought to be at an end in his labour as truly as to earn his living. He ought to think of the benefit of those he works for, as well as of his own : and in so doing, in desiring amidst his sweat and toil to serve others as well as himself, he is exercising and growing in benevolence, as truly as if he were distributing bounty with a large hand to the poor. Such a motive hallows and dignifies the commonest pursuit.

“ Again. Labour may be so performed as to be a high impulse to the mind. Be a man’s vocation what it may, his rule should be to do its duties perfectly, to do the best he can, and thus to make perpetual progress in his art. In other words, Perfection should be proposed ; and this I urge not only for its usefulness to society, nor for the sincere pleasure which a man takes in seeing a work well done. This is an important means of self-culture. In this way the idea of perfection takes root in the mind, and spreads far beyond the man’s trade.”

Are manual labourers to take an interest in politics ?—

“ I respectfully counsel those, whom I address, to take part in the politics of their country. These are the true discipline of a people, and do much for their education. I counsel you to labour for a clear understanding of the subjects which agitate the community, to make them your study, instead of wasting your leisure in vague, passionate talk about them. The time thrown away by the mass of the people on the rumours of the day, might, if better spent, give them a good acquaintance with the constitution, laws, history, and interests of their country, and thus establish them in those great

principles by which particular measures are to be determined. In proportion as the people thus improve themselves, they will cease to be the tools of designing politicians. Their intelligence, not their passions and jealousies, will be addressed by those who seek their votes. They will exert, not a nominal, but a real influence on the government and the destinies of the country, and at the same time will forward their own growth in truth and virtue."

Dr. Channing has a good deal to say about the necessity and the means of encouraging and advancing education in his country, where so much has already been done in this department. But we must close the pamphlet, and will do so, giving it as our opinion that every man, be he peer or peasant, would be benefited essentially were he to read and digest for himself its contents. A short extract will suitably conclude the article:—

"One important topic remains. That great means of self-improvement, Christianity, is yet untouched, and its greatness forbids me now to approach it. I will only say, that if you study Christianity in its original records and not in human creeds; if you consider its clear revelations of God, its life-giving promises of pardon and spiritual strength, its correspondence to man's reason, conscience, and best affections, and its adaptation to his wants, sorrows, anxieties, and fears; if you consider the strength of its proofs, the purity of its precepts, the divine greatness of the character of its Author, and the immortality which it opens before us, you will feel yourselves bound to welcome it joyfully, gratefully, as affording aids and incitements to self-culture, which would vainly be sought in all other means."

ART. IV.—*Medical Reform; being the Subject of the First Annual Oration, instituted by the British Medical Association, and delivered at the Second Anniversary of that Society.* By A. B. GRANVILLE, M.D., F.R.S. &c. &c. &c. London: Sherwood: 1838.

No one who has ever reflected on the various grades in the medical profession as they exist in this country, or who is but partially aware of the discussions and investigations of which our medical institutions of late years have been the theme, can be insensible to the anomalous, confused, and contradictory nature of the whole, or otherwise than puzzled to know what is the precise province of each. It is very easy to learn and say that there is a College of Physicians which was incorporated by royal charter in the time of Henry the Eighth, and that it is the province of the members to prescribe for disease, but without compounding or furnishing medicine, or operating upon the body in any manner. The social rank, and the general education, not including what strictly belongs to their profession, has placed physicians at the top of the tree. Indeed, superior family connection, as well as the degree which it is necessary for a physician to have obtained at a university, have prevailed with the community,

especially the exclusive orders, so as to accord to this class the highest rank. We are of opinion, however, that as regards imperative professional studies and actual practice, physicians are shut out, according to existing conventional forms, from departments of knowledge in which it may be the lot of every medical man to pronounce a most important judgment.

The College of Surgeons is another chartered body ; the duties of its members being, properly, to exercise their skill in such operations as the hand and the lancet or other surgical instrument may have to perform. But many purely surgical diseases may be the offspring of internal and constitutional states of the body ; hence surgeons have gradually come to prescribe as well as to operate. There are several legal distinctions which might be noticed in regard to the charges and the rights to enforce payments, between the two branches of the profession already named ; but the striking fact which we wish to keep at present in view is, that surgeons in every part of the nation, be it city or country, perform all the offices, not merely of physician and what originally belonged properly to their own department, but of a third incorporated society, viz, the Apothecaries' Company, whose particular province, one would naturally suppose was confined to the compounding and furnishing of drugs. While, however, surgeons who are general practitioners, for the most part, are members of the Apothecaries' Company, an apothecary as such, though the title and the education of this class be the lowest in the profession, has in fact, according to the Statute, the highest privileges of any, the prescribing of physic, the practice of surgery, and the supplying of medicine being open to him. But who is there that is in the least acquainted with a druggist's shop who does not know that the keeper of such an establishment performs all these different offices, though he may have no degree, no diploma of any sort, and may have passed through no accredited medical education ? What sort of certificates again, for example, are necessary to the practice of midwifery ? Or what means can be adopted to prevent the most arrant quack, the self-dubbed. M. D., from recommending and selling patent medicines ?

We might notice and distinguish the appointed forms, rules, and periods of study, which each of the three chartered companies observe ; and also the nature as well as course of examination which the candidates have to undergo. But it may be sufficient to state, that, according to our own understanding of the matter, the theory of the healing profession, and a considerable degree of learning to garnish the language of science, are the main desiderata in the aspirant to the physician's dignity. From him who would be a surgeon, a knowledge of anatomy, of human physiology, a considerable dexterity with the knife, an acquaintance with hospital practice, and a certain proficiency in other branches technically known, are the things required ; an apothecary being tried by the same tests, with

the necessary addition that he has served an apprenticeship with a member of the Apothecaries' Company. It appears, however, as we shall afterwards learn, that the surgeons are subject to a more protracted education than the last-named candidates, and necessarily in surgery, a branch over which an apothecary may skip.

Upon the whole, it may be safely affirmed, that neither of the three branches are complete in the matter of education, or the manner of testing it ; while, as regards distinctions, most invidious rules obtain—the physicians, the top of the tree, as it occurs to us, being in some respects more cramped than either of the other two privileged bodies. Their province is most limited in practice, their rights more rigidly interpreted.

It cannot be matter of wonder to any one that the anomalies in our medical institutions, the contradictions, and the chaos should have rendered the several grades of the profession proverbially jealous of each other, and given rise to heartburnings and squabbles disgraceful to science, especially when the health and life of man are thereby likely to be frequently sacrificed. Something not much short of radical reform is therefore loudly called for by most of those disinterested persons who have come to direct their attention to the subject. Both in and out of the profession—both in and out of parliament, there has been for some years a movement party. The pressure is on the increase, the strongest connected weight in this pressure, consisting, probably, of the “British Medical Association,” which was founded about two years ago, “to obtain a national system of medical government ; to procure wholesome changes in the constitution of the medical corporations or colleges ; to press for the adoption of a higher and uniform standard of medical education ; to insist upon an equal enjoyment of professional rights and privileges, and an equal protection from the laws ; to remove and oppose all professional grievances, and all abuses in medical affairs ; to uphold the dignity and respectability of the medical profession ; to form a Benevolent Fund for distressed brethren, by inculcating kind, friendly, and honourable feelings towards each other.” Such are the professedly leading objects of this Association, which is sending out its roots and branches to the provinces, and in which a number of medical gentlemen have already taken a hearty interest. As the title of the pamphlet before us intimates, Dr. Granville, in delivering an Annual Oration in furtherance of the object of the society, chose for his theme, or rather had appointed to him, that of “Medical Reform ;” and from the narrative, strictures, and suggestions herein found we shall make some extracts.

The author, perhaps not in the best taste, prefaces his essay with some remarks about the necessity, the spirit, and the progress of Parliamentary Reform ; passing on to observe that similar energy and perseverance are requisite to carry through, against the formidable obstacles that exist, a similar sweeping away of old abuses in

our medical institutions and government. He first considers "What is there to reform?" and in his strictures here and elsewhere in the pamphlet, draws many of his opinions and facts from the contents of three ponderous volumes of Parliamentary evidence, as reported from the proceedings of the Select Committee on Medical Education in 1834. He argues, under the question put, that the mode and kind of education must be altered and improved. But it would appear that the heads and other office-bearers of the three chartered companies, not only disagree as to principles, but as to facts:—

"It would be an endless task, and not a pleasing one withal, were I to enter in this place into the enumeration of the incongruities, the irregularities, and the absurdities, which, at every page of these pregnant volumes, meet the eye of the most impartial reader, touching the past and present history of medical education in England. The most incredulous would startle, for instance, at the fact, that even in the definition of what medical education should be—what length of time it should occupy—of the qualifications it should impart—and of the rank or importance it should confer on individuals; none of the three officers at the head of their respective chartered bodies in 1834, examined by the committee, could agree. And what a pitiable sight, indeed, must those officers have afforded to the assembled members of the parliamentary committee, with their selfish and narrow-minded views respecting questions which, as they regard the public more than individual interest, ought to have been treated with boundless liberality!—How pitiable a sight, I repeat, must it not have been to behold one officer after another, of those chartered bodies, clinging with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause, to the defence of abuses and irregularities, and even of the violation of prescriptive rights, (for of such the evidence of 1834 affords sundry examples,) after the existence of such abuses, irregularities, and violations had been established by the skilful agency of cross-examination! What impression upon the examining committee must that distinguished individual have made, during his examination, who, being at the head of one of the colleges, declared that a doctor of medicine, while practising surgery, or belonging to the College of Surgeons, was not a fit person to be admitted into his college—that the powers granted by parliament to the Apothecaries' Company to examine candidates in physic were to be lamented—and that an obstetrical practitioner ought not to enter the royal college as a fellow, though a doctor of medicine, because 'midwifery was an act foreign to the habits of gentlemen of enlarged academical education;'—concluding at last by asserting that the principal use of his college to the public was, that the latter looked at it as a tribunal by which persons properly educated are admitted into the profession! As if the thousands in the profession who neither seek nor care for such an admission, were to be considered as improperly or imperfectly educated! As if he, the head of that college, had not known that many who had practised or now practise surgery, have been or are, by education and science, able to prescribe as physicians! As if he had not been fully aware that, at the very moment of his delivering his evidence, and now, there were and are, in London and the principal cities in England, physicians exercising the branch of midwifery, who, by their

acknowledged university and preliminary education—their standing in society and the profession—and the estimation in which they are held both at home and abroad for their writings—were more likely to do honour to his college than to lower it in the opinion of the public!

“If we now turn to the evidence of the head of the second Royal College, we find in it the same pretence to a superiority, or at least to an equality of medical education in his own class, as was proclaimed by the first witness: although neither the discipline, the length of studies required, nor the examinations, are like those of the first college. Undoubtedly, says the head of the second college, in answer to questions to that effect—undoubtedly we prescribe in medical cases—we learn and examine in the practice of physic—we are superior in anatomy and physiology—and we are essentially the best practitioners in surgery:—a surgeon, in fact, does everything. We have, therefore, a right to exercise the medical art generally, barring the dispensing of medicines, which we leave to the Company of Apothecaries. ‘As to that society,’ observed the president, ‘it is in a false position under existing circumstances. The society never should have had the power of appointing examiners at all; and it was a gross error on the part of government to have given it to them.’—‘Had I been president of the College of Surgeons at that time, they never should have had it.’ (! !)

“The apothecaries themselves, on the other hand, nothing loth to stand forward, proclaim through their master, that *they* ‘form, of all the branches of the medical profession, the most important.’ An apothecary, observes the said master of the worshipful company, is a person competent to ascertain the nature of a disease, and to treat it. He must therefore learn the art of medicine. He must also learn the art of pharmacy; and we examine our candidates in both, adding by our recent regulations midwifery, and other branches of natural science, making them over, afterwards, to the College of Surgeons, to be tried in surgery, which they must consequently have learnt. An apothecary, therefore, is necessarily an accomplished medical man, and as such we license him to practise all over the kingdom. The only difference between him and the members of the two colleges consists in this, that he neither occupies, in the acquisition of his professional knowledge, the same length of time—nor is he bound to take in the same quantity of each branch of instruction, as in the case of physicians and surgeons.”

This last sentence contains an unfortunate admission which our Orator does not fail to turn to good account, and to the disadvantage of the master of the worshipful company and the apothecaries generally. According to the witness’s own showing, his class forms “the most important branch of the medical profession,” although sent out with an inferior education. But this is not the worst, Dr. Granville says, if the worshipful master’s statement is to be tried by the opinions of the presidents of the two colleges:—

“According to the standard of the first president, the test of capability ‘in ascertaining and treating disease,’ consists not only in a variety of medical studies, but in a long preliminary education also: and, according

to the standard of the second president, a proper examination in surgery is necessary to complete the apothecary. Now, as the court of examiners at Apothecaries' Hall have not strictly the power to inquire exclusively into the classical or preliminary education of their candidates, nor can they make a bye-law to that effect, (although they do try a little their latinity,) it is evident that the licensed apothecary is an inferiorly qualified healer of disease, in the opinion of the president of the College of Physicians. And inasmuch as the said court of examiners at Apothecaries' Hall cannot inquire into the surgical knowledge of their candidates, but turn them over to be examined concerning it at the Royal College in Lincoln's-Inn Fields, (whither, it is admitted in evidence, a very large proportion of such candidates never proceed, from being aware that the said college can neither compel them to do so, nor can prevent them from exercising the art of surgery)—it follows, that a great many of the licensed apothecaries must be imperfectly qualified, when they take upon themselves afterwards 'to afford medical relief to by far the larger proportion of sick of the whole community,' in the character of persons 'competent to ascertain the nature of a disease, and to treat it.' "

Our author shows that the President of the College of Physicians was not much more happy than the Master of the Apothecaries, when the former alleged as a reason for the privileges of his college being restricted to the graduates of Oxford and Cambridge (this was before the enactment of some recent and liberal regulations), that those were persons who had undergone a moral and intellectual trial, to which they are not subject in foreign universities. Now, to say nothing about the moral training obtained at the two great English Universities, we never before heard any one quoting them as other than the very worst medical schools in Europe. But then the president spoke of intellectual culture, no doubt thereby meaning classical and philosophical education ; all which is unquestionable to be desired as preliminary training in any of the learned professions. Now even under this last view of the subject, Dr. Granville, who has travelled much on the continent, and who is familiar with foreign institutions of every kind, does by a direct mention of certain celebrated schools, a short sketch of the studies pursued in them, and the notice of other notorious facts, at once demolish the intended boast of the president.

Another answer to the question "What is there to reform in medical affairs," as constituted and conducted in this country, regards the "government of the chartered bodies," which our Orator declares is so defective as to prove them unnecessary :—

"They are unnecessary, because, as they *teach* nothing themselves, and only undertake to examine people : if a general board should be instituted in London to examine all candidates for medical practice—(and in that point the heads of the corporate bodies have all unwittingly agreed, when asked their opinion on that subject by the shrewd chairman of the committee)—their existence would become useless. They are inefficient,

because, in protecting the public from pretenders, impostors, illegal or dishonest practitioners, and quacks, the two colleges have admitted, through their respective presidents, that they possess no power: while the Company of Apothecaries have confessed that there are more cases of infraction of their own peculiar Act than the society has the means of prosecuting and punishing.

"But the inefficiency of the Apothecaries' Company is proved much more strongly by another of their own admissions. Their charter and acts bind that body to visit the shops of general practitioners, to see that no bad drugs are kept, or spurious medicines sold. When asked how often they exercised that duty, the master answers, 'During one day, or more than one day, once in two years.' To a former question the same gentleman had replied, that such visits generally began at one o'clock, and ended at about six; and that, upon an average, each visit lasted, perhaps, a quarter of an hour.' How, on the face of this very admission, does the effective nature of the Apothecaries' Company's operations in this matter appear? Here is a body politic desired to watch over an important branch of public safety, who exercise it by limiting their vigilance to about twenty investigations on one, two, or three days, once in two years, among the one thousand general practitioners who, according to another answer of the worshipful master, are said to practise in London. To which we must also add another piece of information, afforded us by the same witness; that although directed by act of parliament to make similar visitations all over England and Wales, they, the Company of Apothecaries, do not comply, and *never have complied*, with that injunction. Supposing, then, the protecting efficiency of that chartered body to be necessary for the purpose for which it is required by the laws of the country—is it not at present reduced to a mere nullity?

"The chartered bodies, therefore, stand on the records of parliament as self-condemned, ineffective bodies. They also stand there as self-admitted *defective* bodies. The learned president of the first of the two colleges, for instance, (not to allude to several other matters,) admits that they have no power of doing their duty as the guardians of the public health in this country—their influence extends only to a few miles around the capital—and even in that narrow circle it is effectually cramped by the interference of the two other bodies. 'We are,' says the president, 'we are deterred (from doing our duty) by the powers which the Legislature has given to apothecaries and surgeons.' Is this not a glaring defect in the constitution of his college?"

Another gross absurdity, it must certainly be admitted, characterises the manner in which druggists and chemists are overlooked as regards competency to select and compound medicines:—

"Is it not passing strange that the College of Physicians and the Company of Apothecaries should be invested with the power of examining, from time to time, the drugs themselves, but not the dealers and the compounders of them under any circumstances?

"The candidate who solicits admission into the College of Physicians, either as a fellow or a licentiate—another candidate who presents himself for a diploma before the College of Surgeons—neither of whom may

ever require, in the course of their practice, to see a single drug, but may rest satisfied with knowing its pharmaceutical powers only—each of these is to be examined, according to existing regulations, as to his technical acquaintance with the natural characters and physiognomy of drugs, and is to name and describe each drug presented to him by the examiners, while the man who is to select the good from the bad drugs in the market, who is to use them for compounding medicines, who is to prepare and retail them to the public, or to the patients of physicians and surgeons—that man's capability of doing all these things is *never* investigated! What other parallel example of an absurdity so gross can be found in the history of civilised societies? In what other country than Great Britain is such an example to be met with?"

Dr. Granville in further considering "what there is to reform," merely glances at the "Management of Medical Charities;" but finding the field too vast to be entered upon in the present oration, leaves it to be the theme of future discussion. In the absence, however, of particular information about medical foundations and hospitals, in the pamphlet before us, we shall copy, from another recent work, a striking passage to supply in some measure the want. We allude to an essay on Puerperal Fever by Dr. Ferguson, a malignant disease that attacks lying-in women, and which, we are told, commits its greatest ravages in our hospitals as these receptacles are managed. It will occur to the reader, at the same time, that the reform of such establishments is a question that concerns the legislature and municipal governments, rather than any of the sections of medical distinction hitherto the theme of criticism. Dr. Ferguson says—

"We have abundant evidence of the disease being most fatal in hospitals as these receptacles are now managed. Neither the skill, the comfort, the careful dieting, and even the assiduous nursing which are lavished on its inmates, diminish the mortality to a level with that attendant on the outdoor population. In her own home the patient is generally better placed, with regard to ventilation, than in most hospitals; and in no malady is pure air, quickly changed, so requisite as in the puerperal state. It is, in fact, the chief prophylactic. A lying-in hospital should consist either of a series of cottages, or its spacious wards should contain very few patients. Under the old system in France, two and three used to be put into one bed; the frightful mortality which ensued was diminished by abandoning this pernicious custom. If the condition of the puerperal patient be considered,—the load of secretions, some of which readily become putrid, the effluvia generated, the susceptibility to nervous impression, the nervous exhaustion,—the vital importance of affording more space than any hospital now offers, I think, will be apparent. Whatever, says Cruvelhier, favours the production of hospital gangrene, favours that of uterine phlebitis; and, I will add, that both, in their severest forms, are only to be seen in hospitals. With regard to the General Lying-in Hospital, its locality, rather below the level of the river, and surrounded by a mesh-work of open sewers, fifteen hundred feet in extent, receiving the filth of Lam-

both, and some not thirty feet from the wards of the institution, may account for its unhealthiness. It is only after repeated remonstrances that these sources of pollution have in part now begun to be obliterated. In the absence of a medical police, nothing but a catastrophe, known under the gloss of a 'strong case,' has the slightest chance of remedy. Public bodies, like the Commissioners of Sewers, are hampered by their rigid customs, and by the penalties of the law, from coming forward, while individuals have little inclination and less influence in making the appeal."

Dr. Granville's second principal text for consideration is indicated by the question, "How far has Reform hitherto proceeded" in the medical institutions of this country? Here he alludes to certain conductors of professional publications, to particular practitioners, and also to certain societies, the British Medical amongst others, as having either accomplished so much real good, or given promise of such excellent fruits as ought to encourage and stimulate all philanthropists, friends of science, and advocates of lasting reform. The parliamentary investigation, already alluded to, was in the Orator's estimation a mighty step; and he augurs hopefully that the same high authority will be invoked and will perform the great services desired, if earnestly, vigorously, and assiduously appealed to by an enlightened community. It is gratifying to find that the chartered *conservatives* of abuses and antiquated errors, have already been obliged to give way in some points where they felt extremely sensitive; and that they have considerably lowered their tone. But we shall not detain our readers any longer beyond quoting what Dr. Granville regards as the great points to be conceded to the profession, and secured by parliamentary statutes, in order to accomplish "what yet remains to be done" towards a total Medical Reform:—

"1st. A maximum degree of education, theoretical as well as practical, both preliminary and professional, obtained either at the existing colleges, or through authorised private teachers, for all medical students.

"2ndly. The same, uniform, and the highest possible test of qualification, for all who intend to practise the healing art, no matter in what branch: the said test to consist of practical as well as theoretical demonstrations of the candidates' abilities, exhibited at one or more public examinations, to be carried on in writing as well as verbally.

"3rdly. One and the same rank and title in the profession bestowed on all who have proved themselves capable to exercise the healing art by the highest possible test of qualification: whether the candidate chose afterwards to practise as physician, or as surgeon, or both, or as one and the other compromising obstetrics, and any other subdivision of the art and science of medicine:—according as his own taste or inclination, or the strength of circumstances, and the situation he may be placed in, or the opinion of the public, may induce him to act:—thus affording to the poor, and the moderately affluent, as well as to the rich, (the lives of all

of whom are of equal value in the eyes of humanity and the laws) the same means, and those of the highest character, for resisting the fatal inroads of disease.

" 4thly. An equal enjoyment of all the privileges and benefits appertaining to the highest degree of education and qualification as certified in a diploma, by every one possessing such a testimonial, in whichever part of Her Majesty's dominions he may choose to settle as a practitioner.

" 5thly. The establishment of One Faculty in the capital of each of the three realms—to be governed by the same laws—to be similarly constituted—and to be endowed with similar powers of qualifying candidates to practise in every part of the empire. As each of the capitals has its university for instructing and examining and granting degrees to students in every branch of educational knowledge, their privileges and rights should be left undisturbed in every respect, except as to the right of examining and conferring degrees in the medical art,—which must be surrendered to the medical faculty.

" 6thly. The medical faculty in each capital should consist of a certain number of eminent practitioners and public teachers, no matter to what particular branch of the profession they may have deemed it convenient or useful to confine themselves. By this provision, candidates would be certain to be examined in all the branches of medical art and science, by persons known to be thoroughly conversant with those branches. The members should be remunerated by a fixed salary, and not by fees dependent on the number of examinations; and to the post of member of the faculty all medical practitioners should be deemed eligible, either by open election or by competition.

" 7thly. The medical government should be centralised in the three faculties, so as to form but One Body, acting together in the framing and promulgation of the laws which are to regulate the profession—in defending the rights and interests of the latter—in superintending the medical police of the country—and in protecting the public from the ignorant and the pretender. The faculties should also have the power to establish, with the concurrence of the respective committees of governors, new and uniform regulations for the management of hospitals and the attendance of the medical officers and students, as well as for the appointment of the former, which should in future be open to competition on a public trial of skill.

" 8thly. The establishment of a Board is likewise absolutely necessary, to consist of members of the faculty most conversant in chemistry, botany, and natural history, for the purpose of examining and licensing the venders of drugs, and compounders or dispensers of medicines. The same board should be empowered to fix, and from time to time to alter, the regulations by which the operations of the vending chemists and druggists ought to be governed.

" 9thly. A general registry of all who have been admitted to practise the healing art, as well as to sell and compound drugs, should be strictly kept at the faculty's offices, open to public inspection: so that in case of imposters or unqualified persons, (whose names of course would not appear in the said registry,) being found engaged in practising medicine in any of its branches, or in administering or compounding medicines, or in vending drugs, whether simple or compounded, with any reference what-

over to health or disease—a *common informer* may be able to prove the fact by a mere reference to the registry, and convict the transgressor before a magistrate, who shall be empowered and bound to treat the case summarily, and by such pecuniary or other punishment as is awarded in cases of misdemeanour.

“ 10thly. A law should also be enacted by parliament to prevent the sale of poisonous substances, and of all potent medicines by the licensed chemists and druggists, except on the prescription of a well-known medical practitioner.

“ 11thly and lastly. Those parts of the acts or charters under which the present medical corporated bodies or colleges claim the right to examine candidates, before the latter can be authorised to practise either physic, surgery, or pharmacy; and all such other acts in existence as interfere with the carrying out of the principles of legislation laid down in the present scheme of medical reform,—should be annulled. But in no other respect should the said medical corporate bodies be disturbed, nor any of their vested rights encroached upon. Their interference with the medical education, qualifications, degrees, and right to practise, of individuals, being once put an end to, the colleges should be permitted to continue the career for which they were originally intended,—that of promoting medical science, through and with the assistance of their halls, their libraries, and their museums. And inasmuch as the said colleges, whether in London, Edinburgh, or Dublin, or elsewhere, were founded for public and not for private benefit; and some of them are even now, or have been, supported by grants of public money; their respective establishments for the promotion of science should be thrown open to the public.

“ The best and wisest measure which the three corporate bodies in London can adopt under such circumstances, is to form themselves into a Royal Academy of Medicine, divided into three great classes, of medicine, surgery, and pure pharmacy. No doubt but that their example would be followed by the chartered medical bodies of the other capitals and cities. Each class should be limited in its numbers, and have a simple form of government; and all the members of the profession should be deemed eligible to a place in the academy, by election. This academy might become the medical consulting Board of the Government in matters of medical science.”

We hope these extracts and what we have said may have the effect of awakening to some extent the interest with which our medical institutions ought to be regarded, help to give stability to whatever is excellent in their nature and government, and serve to correct whatever is wrong, to supply whatever is wanting.

ART. V.—*The Comic Annual for 1839.* By THOMAS HOOD. London: Baily and Co. 1839.

WELL, here we have Hood at last, who can never come at a wrong time, be it winter or midsummer. We wonder, indeed, that the punster, the jester is not exhausted. But the fact, the reason is,

he is something far more and better than a mere punster or jester. The point of his satire is exquisitely polished; the aptitude of his sarcasm to passing events is nice and instructive also; the apparent unmeaning of his drollery covers sound and home-truths, sometimes touching and pathetic; the play upon words at which he has a matchless facility, but which were it verbal play alone would soon tire the reader, always carries along with it that which requires, and is worthy of a second reading; and therefore, though we have the Comic Annual in its eleventh year, it seems as young as ever. Nay, it is this year more fresh and playful, more smart, healthful, and cheerful, than ever we remember to have found it; the satires being closer, and the moral, in not a few instances, deeper, than one would think it possible to work out of the materials and the incidents seized.

But there is something besides the cleverness, the pith of the satire, and the force of the lessons, so remarkable in Hood's jokes. They are always good-natured, well-intended, never bilious, bitter, nor acrid jokes. The joker's heart is seen in them, simply, kindly, and exhaustless in its flow of affection as well as of wit; so that we have all the complacency and pleasure afforded which loveliness and riches can yield. It would be a real loss were this Annual to be discontinued. Should we survive Hood, a void not only in the hall of Comus will be felt, but the departure of an agreeable reprover, a powerful preacher lamented. Our readers, however, will hardly forgive us thus keeping them at bay, knowing that lots of laughter, harmless fun, and well-timed ridicule must be at hand.

We cannot start with a better specimen in the prose department of these tales, sketches, happily seized incidents, and curious word-catching fancies, than the "Corresponding Club," where the fuss consequent upon a village club leaving a certain public-house is exaggerated into an alarming and deeply concerted plot. The article is headed, "More Troubles at Stoke Pogis—Treasonable Letters—Nocturnal Assemblage—and Conspiracy against an Illustrious Personage." We wish that we could reasonably copy the whole; it is so good, so two-edged, and happily illustrative of Hood's method of showing up the ludicrous points of even serious and perilous absurdities. But we must confine ourselves to a report of the incipient turbulence from the "Pogian Argus."

"Although no alarmists, we cannot help calling the attention of our local authorities to the threatening posture and decidedly serious aspect of a certain party in this place. We flattered ourselves that the *cordon sanitaire* of sound and loyal principles we had drawn round the neighbourhood would protect it effectually from contagion; and that Stoke Pogis, so much smaller than Birmingham, and so much quieter than Sheffield, would be secure from political disturbance. We have been deceived. On Saturday night last, what is called a 'Demonstration' took place at the Pig and Puncheon, the notorious Timothy Gubbins, of Guy Fox celebrity, in the

chair. The taproom was crowded to excess; and many speeches were delivered, the sentiments of which, and a great deal of the language, were anything but English. After some preliminaries had been gone through, the chairman said he hoped every gentleman would make himself comfortable. They was met there for the good of the nation, including the good of the house; and he hoped, in calling for reform, every gentleman would call for what he liked best. Nobody was tied to nothing, either in spouting or drinking. He trusted as how there would be an impartial hearing, and that no gentleman's mouth would be stopped, so long as he drank his own beer. Reuben Taylor said he riz early to recommend an early rising. The people had laid down long enough. There was no sort of use in getting up petitions—they ought to get up themselves. If they loved the country, they would rise betimes. It was a great point to be wide awake and up to every thing. He would repeat to them a line from the immortal and patriotic Burns:—

‘ Now’s the time, and now’s the hour,’

namely, four o'clock in summer, and six in winter. Philip Grumpage was for all sorts of equality. All men was born little at first, and no human being had a right to be more shorter or taller, or thinner, or richer or poorer, or wiser or unwiser, then another. In New Harmony there was no first fiddles. Jacob Parish stood up for the poor. Short Commons and Universal Sufferings was the birthrights of the poorest pauper on earth. He recommended their all signing the Beggar's Petition, and getting it presented to the House of Lords. Didimus Tibbs was for any strong proceeding that had no spirit in it. They were more tyrannized over by gin, brandy, and rum, than by king, lords, and commons. Some said measures not men, but he said vice varsay. All measures was bad from a gill to a gallon. Our public-houses wanted reforming. There was no fair representation; for whatever other pumps there might be, there was no member for Aldgate. He differed with Mr. Hume. The total of the whole ought to be tea: it agreed with the chest. If they were resolved on a strike, he should vote, as an amendment, tea and turn-out. Peter Plumridge went along with the speaker as went afore. The best way to get at the exchequer, was through the excise-office. Let them leave off every thing as was taxed, direct or indirect. A man might have, consequentially, to go unshod, unkiver'd, unwashed, unhoused, unfed, untaught, undrest, unwatered, unlighted, unwatch'd, unattended, unphysicked, unburied, and untestate, but it would be for the public good. Self-denial was a virtue. He had practised it a little himself, and had left off soap. Ebenezer Snuggles was all for 'tinerations. He had 'tinerated all over the country, and it did him good. The last place he preached at was Smithfield, and he always had a flock. He did not like the present ministry, and was always preaching at them to resign. It was a powerful instrument. He had preached to a Cripplegit widow till she was as resigned as a lamb. The Reverend Stephen Leech said he didn't mind a sight of blood. It always came eagerly, as if it enjoyed being let out. He had been accused of liking brute force. So did Barclay and Perkins, for it drew all their drays. Nothing could be moved or carried without physical power—not even a parcel. As for arms, the working classes could not work without 'em. Petitioning was a farce. He wanted to bring down the quartern-loaf; and, as every sportsman knew, the way to bring down anything was

to shoot at it. Give a man a gun; and, if he aimed straight, the game was in his own hands. He advised every poor man to save up three pounds thirteen shillings and sixpence, and take out his certificate. One word about dragooning. There was one thing a man on horseback was very shy of, and that was a pike. He recommended all his hearers to keep a pike. A good stick was better than nothing in some cases; and, if it came to a battle, he meant to cut his stick himself. Timothy Boltbee prescribed all existing evils to unperfect education. He had gone among the lower classes on purpose to learn their ignorance, and they positively knowed nothing. He was for universal schools every wheres on the cheap principle, namely, the ignorant teaching one another. For his own part, he owed all his prominent figure to being a schollard. An individual, who addressed the meeting with his hat on, deprecated any violence. Things might be done quietly. He belonged to a Friendly Society, which had great objects in view. They had already the command of the corn market; and if they could only get hold of the money market, and the cattle market, the coal market, and the rest of the markets, they might dictate their own terms to ministers, or any one else. He did not object to a little bodily agitation, and advised Quaker's meetings to be called in every part of the country."

We shall now give a few fragments from the poetic portion of these facetiæ, regretting, however, that we cannot conveniently afford our subscribers a specimen of the accompanying cuts which are so felicitously and humorously married to the letter-press. "Lord Durham's Return," is a capital topic capitally turned to account. Four stanzas will exemplify its spirit and method:—

"It's the text over wine,
And the talk after tea;
All are singing one tune,
Though not set in one key.
E'en the Barbers unite
Other gossip to spurn,
Whilst they lather away
At Lord Durham's return.
The most silent are loud;
The most sleepy awake;
Very odd that one man
Such a bustle can make!
But the schools all break up,
And both Houses adjourn,
To debate more at ease
On Lord Durham's return.

* * * * *

"Is he well? is he ill?
Is he cheerful or sad?
Has he spoken his mind
Of the breeze that he had?
It was rather too soon
With home-sickness to yearn;
There will come something yet
Of Lord Durham's return.

There's a sound in the wind
 Since that ship is come home ;
 There are signs in the air
 Like the omens of Rome ;
 And the lamps in the street
 And the stars as they burn
 Seem to give a flare up
 At Lord Durham's return."

By the bye this phrase "flare-up," one of those vulgar absurdities of speech, which like many others that annoy the ear whenever one sets foot upon the pavement, though they have only temporary reign in town, coming and going no one knows how or why, makes us turn to a piece where some of these are not allowed to remain any longer without a meaning and a sentiment. We wish that every one of our wedded readers as well as *intendeds* would treat themselves to a budget in which such a comical leer distinguishes the phiz of him who sports such an amply craped hat all round and deeply *depending*, as that which crowns the figure to which the following verse is set :—

"As yet the best of womankind
 Continues all that wife should be,
 And in the self-same room I find,
 Her bonnet and my hat agree,
 But say the bliss should not endure,
 That she should turn a perfect cat,
 I'd trust to time to bring a cure,
 All round my hat, all round my hat !"

There is a number of good points in "A Flying Visit," which lets fly at the balloon-phrenzy. The same praise, of course, may be bestowed, more or less, on every one of the pieces, the poetry, in the versified articles, being always, in regard to rhythm, flowing, and sometimes, as respects the higher qualities of this kind of composition, rising to decided excellence. The point, however, of the satire and the closeness of the reference are not always equally apparent ; and many of the allusions have only a metropolitan notoriety. But every one who regularly peruses the London newspapers must readily apprehend all that is said and meant in "The Draper's Petition," a few verses of which we extract :—

"Pity the sorrows of a class of men,
 Who, though they bow to fashion and frivolity,
 No fancied claims or woes fictitious pen,
 But wrongs ell-wide, and of a lasting quality.
 Oppressed and discontented with our lot,
 Amongst the clamorous we take our station ;
 A host of Ribbon Men—yet is there not
 One piece of Irish in our agitation.

We do revere Her Majesty the Queen,
 We venerate our Glorious Constitution ;
 We joy King William's advent should have been,
 And only want a Counter Revolution.

* * * * *

We long for thoughts of intellectual kind,
 And not to go bewilder'd to our beds ;
 With stuff and fustian taking up the mind,
 And pins and needles running in our heads !
 Till sick with toil, and lassitude extreme,
 We often think, when we are dull and vapoury ;
 The bliss of Paradise was so supreme,
 Because that Adam did not deal in drapery."

Jack Bannister, also Charles Lamb, would have sung " Rural Felicity" with right good heart. But many as perfect and thoroughbred Cockneys remain, and two stanzas will suffice to send not a few of them, we hope, to Baily and Co. for the whole.

" Well the country's a pleasant place, sure enough, for people that's country born,
 And useful, no doubt, in a natural way, for growing our grass and our corn.

It was kindly meant of my cousin Giles, to write and invite me down,
 Tho' as yet all I've seen of a pastoral life only makes one more partial to town.

At first I thought I was really come down into all sorts of rural bliss,
 For Porkington Place, with its cows and its pigs, and its poultry, looks not much amiss ;

There's something about a dairy farm, with its different kinds of live stock,

That puts one in mind of Paradise, and Adam and his innocent flock ;
 But somehow the good old Elysium fields have not been well handed down,

And as yet I have found no fields to prefer to dear Leicester Fields up in town."

Among the incidents which are not of a temporary character, and never can become stale, we may mention " A Table of Errata," which is remarkably lively and whimsical. The distresses of a hostess, whose greatest anxieties are connected with dinner-giving, are served up in the trim exemplified thus :—

" Well ! thanks be to Heaven,
 The summons is given ;
 It's only gone seven
 And should have been six ;
 There's fine overdoing
 In roasting and stewing,
 And victuals past chewing
 To rags and to sticks !

* * *

The veal they all eye it,
But no one will try it,
An Ogre would shy it.
So ruddy as that !
And as for the mutton,
The cold dish it's put on,
Converts to a button
Each drop of the fat.

The beef without mustard !
My fate's to be fluster'd,
And there comes the custard
To eat with the hare !
Such flesh, fowl, and fishing,
Such waiting and dishing,
I cannot help wishing
A woman might swear !

Oh, dear ! did I ever—
But no, I did never—
Well, come, that is clever,
To send up the brawn !
That cook, I could scold her,
Gets worse as she's older ;
I wonder who told her
That woodcocks are drawn !

It's really audacious !
I cannot look gracious,
Lord help the voracious
That came for a cram !
There's Alderman Fuller,
Gets duller and duller.
Those fowls by the colour
Were boil'd with the ham !

Well, where is the curry ?
I'm all in a flurry ;
No, cook's in no hurry—
A stoppage again !
And John makes it wider,
A pretty provider !
By bringing up cider,
Instead of champagne !

My troubles come faster,
There's my lord and master,
Detects each disaster,
And hardly can sit.
He cannot help seeing,
All things disagreeing.
If he begins d—ing
I'm am off in a fit !

This cooking ?—it's messing !
 The spinach wants pressing.
 And salads in dressing
 Are best with good eggs.
 And John—yes, already—
 Has had something heady,
 That makes him unsteady
 In keeping his legs.

How shall I get through it !
 I never can do it,
 I'm quite looking to it,
 To sink by and by.
 Oh ! would I were dead now,
 Or up in my bed now,
 To cover my head now
 And have a good cry."

One of the pathetic contributions is a ballad called " Ben Bluff," who has taken leave of Baffin's Bay in a sort of pet. Here is a sample:—

So Ben cut his line in a sort of a huff,
 As soon as his whales had brought profits enough,
 And hard by the docks settled down for his life,
 But, true to his text, went to Wales for a wife.
 A big one she was, without figure or waist,
 More bulky than lovely, but that was his taste ;
 In fat she was lapp'd from her sole to her crown,
 And, turn'd into oil, would have lighted a town.
 But Ben, like a whaler, was charm'd with the match,
 And thought, very truly, his spouse a great catch ;
 A flesh-and-blood emblem of plenty and peace,
 And would not have changed her for Helen of Greece.
 For Greenland was green in his memory still ;
 He'd quitted his trade, but retain'd the good-will ;
 And often when soften'd by bumbo and flip,
 Would cry till he blubber'd about his old ship.
 No craft like the Grampus could work through a floe
 What knots she could run, and what tons she could stow ;
 And then that rich smell he preferr'd to the rose,
 By just nosing the hold without holding his nose.
 Now Ben he resolved, &c."

" A Plain Direction" has much truth and a touch of melancholy in it. Take three or four verses :—

" In London once I lost my way
 In faring to and fro,
 And asked a little ragged boy
 The way that I should go.

He gave a nod, and then a wink,
And told me to get there,
'Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square.'

* * * *

I've dreamt about some blessed spot
Beneath the blessed sky
Where Bread and Justice never rise
Too dear for folks to buy.
It's cheaper than the Ward of Cheap :
But how shall I get there ?
'Straight down the Crooked Lane
And all round the Square.'

They say there is an ancient House,
As pure as it is old,
Where Members always speak their minds,
And votes are never sold.
I'm fond of all antiquities :
But how shall I get there ?
'Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square.'

They say there is a Royal Court
Maintain'd in noble state,
Where every able man, and good,
Is certain to be great.
I'm very fond of seeing sights :
But how shall I get there ?
Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square.'

They say there is a Temple, too,
Where Christians come to pray ;
But canting knaves and hypocrites
And bigots keep away.
O, that's the parish-church for me !
But how shall I get there ?
'Straight down the Crooked Lane,
And all round the Square.'"

But we must leave off, though there be many things as good behind as anything we have quoted. Our readers, however, cannot but long for the latest news from Stoke Pogis, and it gratifies us that we are able to afford some satisfaction on the subject of that unsettled and turbulent corner of the land ; although it cannot be pleasing to any but conspirators and revolutionists to learn that an incendiary song has been found on the person of one of the Club. It is a most inflammatory effusion, as a specimen will prove :—

"Come, all conflagrating fellows,
Let us have a glorious rig :

Sing old Rose, and burn the bellows !
 Burn me, but I'll burn my wig !
 Christmas time is all before us :
 Burn all puddings, north and south.
 Burn the Turkey—Burn the Devil !
 Burn snap-dragon ! burn your mouth !
 Burn the coals ! they're up at sixty !
 Burn Burn's Justice—burn old Coke.
 Burn the chesnuts. Burn the shovel !
 Burn a fire, and burn the smoke !
 Burn burnt almonds. Burn burnt brandy.
 Let all burnings have a turn.
 Burn Chabert, the Salamander,—
 Burn the man that wouldn't burn !
 Burn the old year out, don't ring it ;
 Burn the one that must begin.
 Burn Lang Syne ! and, whilst you're burning.
 Burn the burn he paddled in.
 Burn the boxing ! Burn the Beadle !
 Burn the baker ! Burn his man !
 Burn the butcher—Burn the dustman.
 Burn the sweeper, if you can !
 Burn the Postman ! burn the postage !
 Burn the knocker—burn the bell !
 Burn the folks that come for money !
 Burn the bills—and burn 'em well.
 Burn the Parish ! Burn the rating !
 Burn all taxes in a mass !
 Burn the paving ! Burn the Lighting !
 Burn the burners ! Burn the gas !
 Burn all candles, white or yellow—
 Burn for war, and not for peace !
 Burn the Czar of all the Tallow !
 Burn the King of all the Greece !
 Burn all canters—burn in Smithfield.
 Burn Tea-Tottle hum and bug ;
 Burn his kettle, burn his water,
 Burn his muffin, burn his mug !
 * * * *

Burn the Whigs ! and burn the Tories !
 Burn all parties, great and small !
 Burn that everlasting Poynder—
 Burn his Suttees once for all !
 Burn the fop that burns tobacco.
 Burn a Critic that condemns.
 Burn Lucifer and all his matches !
 Burn the fool that burns the Thames !”

Sure our readers had never such a treat of burning ; long be it
 before Thomas Hood's wit and jokes are burnt out !

ART. VI.—*Dissertations on Subjects of Science connected with Natural Theology : being the concluding Volumes of the New Edition of Paley's Work.* By HENRY LORD BROUGHAM, F.R.S., Member of the National Institute of France, &c. In 2 vols. London: Knight. 1839.

THERE surely never existed a man who was possessed of more active powers, or was impelled by a more restless temperament than the noble author of these and many other volumes. This activity and restlessness manifests itself not merely by the constancy and earnestness with which he pursues certain objects, performs certain labours, but by the number and variety of these pursuits and labours. It seems as if nothing came amiss to him ; as if he were intimately acquainted with every branch of study, be it politics, legislation, belles lettres, natural history, philosophy, or mathematics ; and as if the object in hand occupied exclusively his mind and feelings. Perhaps in none of his other works has he exhibited so many proofs of a most varied and curious range of reading as well as observation. The fact most probably is, that even such active and lively powers as those possessed by his lordship, could not put forth such energy or sustain such constancy in regard to any one of his pursuits,—his business in Parliament, for example, were he not refreshed by variety, change being to him, not only positive rest but an absolute process of restoring and communicating new nourishment. It is quite clear that his exhaustless illustrations in debate or in composition on any subject, have, in the way pointed out, been furnished to him ; for whatever be the theme no one can predict how far he will travel for ideas, without for a moment losing sight of the object aimed at, or how aptly he will turn to account what in the hands of most persons would appear unnatural, forced, and enfeebling or absurd.

In no other performance of Lord Brougham have we ever discovered a more characteristic display of all his peculiarities. Comprehensiveness of view, clearness of statement, felicity of expression, art in selecting and disposing of facts, and dexterity in forming conclusions ; these are features in these Dissertations that have seldom, comparing each of them separately with as many writers, been surpassed. It must be remarked, besides, that among the things that will recommend these volumes to every reader, the obvious flow of the author's animal spirits, his vivacity, and light-some mood, are so pervading as to communicate kindred feelings to the reader, and to render some of the abstrusest subjects that ever engaged philosophic minds interesting and engaging. What other man could have written about animal instinct and the origin of evil, and not been tiresome to the ordinary reader ? Where is there another mathematician who could have popularized Newton's *Principia* ? The work is, in fact, stored with amasing matter, all tend-

ing to the main end ; or if the digressions are at any time sudden, they are so playful and aptly introduced as to relieve the tension of mind which the discussion occasions, and prepare the attention to take it immediately up again with renovated vigour.

We must, however, observe that along with these favourable features and excellences, his lordship's less enviable and yet no less characteristic qualities distinguish the volumes. Self-conceit, an effort to show himself off, inconclusiveness of argument, the habits of advocacy, as if a case must be made out by might, rather than by right, and ingenuity instead of originality, are throughout prominent. We are not aware that any one ever attributed the highest evidence of genius, viz., originality, to his lordship ; and on such subjects as instinct, and the origin of evil, we should least of all expect from him a ray of new light. Nor have our anticipations been negatived. There is not a single discovery made, a single difficulty removed, a single novel principle of proof advanced. But there is a great variety of new illustration, a vast deal of novel or curious information, and many instances of old facts so ingeniously collocated as to produce nearly as much interest as if novel principles were presented and novel conclusions arrived at. True, the reasoning is often faulty, the deductions are frequently unwarranted, while assumption and inconsistency, natural to a mind of remarkable activity and vivacity, are sometimes bolder than any things of the kind to be expected from a far duller person.

The principal subjects handled are, first, the nature of animal instinct and animal intelligence ; secondly, that most puzzling of all questions, the origin of evil. Here we are left just where we were before, and where, we believe, we shall ever remain, so long as we are mortal beings. We shall not for a moment detain our readers with anything we can say on this wonderful subject, further than to state that Lord Brougham's view is the only one we can safely adhere to, viz. that if we knew all, we would fully understand that

“ All discord's harmony not understood,
All partial evil universal good ;”

that there is far less evil than good in the world, and that even in imagination we cannot make a better world.

We are far from thinking that our author has wasted time in writing, or that any one will be idly employed in reading this or any other part of these volumes. Quite the reverse ; for he succeeds in impressing the mind with deep feelings of wonder, veneration, and awe towards the Deity by his diversified and richly multifarious views. The very fact that a mind of such compass in secular knowledge sees beauty, wisdom, and goodness in every thing ; that his habits uniformly lead him to trace all that is great, lovely, and perfect to God, is instructive as well as consolatory.

Two or three passages may be introduced here to prove that the tone of the work is as we have now described it :—

“ A man of the most extensive benevolence and strictest integrity in his general deportment has done something equivocal; nay, something apparently harsh, and cruel; we are slow to condemn him; we give him credit for acting with a good motive and for a righteous purpose; we rest satisfied that ‘ if we only knew everything, he would come out blameless.’ This arises from a just and a sound view of human character, and its general consistency with itself. The same reasoning may surely be applied, with all humility and reverence, to the works and intentions of the great Being who has implanted in our mind the principles which lead to that just and sound view of the deeds and motives of men.”

While this exhibits the author's reverential mode of speaking and thinking, it also illustrates our statement of his method of accounting for the existence of evil, viz., that nothing would be evil if we knew all. The passages we now quote, elegantly and happily declare that nothing is worthless or other than beautiful in the inferior creation; nothing that does not command man's admiration, the moment he understands its nature; and, the deeper his insight reaches, the greater his wonder and the more satisfactory his comprehension of divine goodness and intelligence become :—

“ The structure and functions of the maggot, bred in the most filthy corruption that can disgust our senses, exhibits, even to the eye of the philosopher, how cumbered soever with the mortal coil, as marvellous a spectacle of Divine skill and benevolence as the sanguiferous or the nervous system of the human body, or the form of the most lovely and fragrant flower that blows.”

Again,—

“ If the senses so move the animal's mind as to produce the perfect result which we witness, those senses have been framed, and that mind has been constituted, in strict harmony with each other, and their combined and mutual action has been adjusted to the regular performance of the work spread out before our eyes, the subject of just wonder. If it is Reason like our own which moves the animal mechanism, its modification to suit that physical structure, and to work those effects which we are unable to accomplish, commands again our humble admiration, while the excellence of the workmanship performed by so mean an agent impresses us with ideas yet more awful of the Being who formed and who taught it. If to the bodily structure of these creatures there has been given a mind wholly different from our own, yet it has been most nicely adapted to its material abode, and to the corporeal tools wherewith it works; so that while a new variety strikes us in the infinite resources of creative skill, our admiration is still raised as before, by the manifestation of contrivance and of expertness which everywhere speaks the governing power, the directing skill, the plastic hand. Nor is there, upon any of these hypotheses, room for doubting the identity of the Great Artificer of nature. The same

peculiarity everywhere is seen to mark the whole workmanship. All comes from a supreme intelligence; that intelligence, though variously diversified, preserves its characteristic features, and ever shines another and the same."

The third great topic which engages Lord Brougham in these Dissertations is Fossil Osteology, Cuvier's researches and discoveries being the subject of analysis. Newton's *Principia* constitutes the fourth part; a masterly abridgment of that profound work being presented, from which persons but slightly acquainted with mathematics may be made acquainted with the proofs of almost superhuman discoveries. It is quite evident that the author is particularly in love with the lofty demonstrations of mathematics. They must often exercise and delight his eager powers. Another volume is promised, in which the *Mécanique Céleste* will undergo a similar process with Newton's great work.

In the present volumes some subordinate subjects are handled to those already indicated. Ubiquity, the *Vis Medicatrix*, the Resurrection of the Body, being of the number; the whole bearing as illustration upon Natural Theology.

To the part of the work which will be most relished by the ordinary reader, we shall now confine ourselves, viz. that which treats of animal instinct and intelligence. Here we have first a long list of facts; and, secondly, the theories deducible from them. The Dissertation is conducted in the shape of a dialogue between the author and Lord Althorp, after the manner of some of the ancients, Cicero being the model chosen. We really do not think that even the Roman orator and philosopher could have so variously enlivened his discourse as does the modern forensic ornament, who closely resembles him in more respects than one, whether we take the two as advocates, or statesmen. Of his enlivening infusion, perhaps, the clever and by no means bitter manner in which the facilities afforded by dialogue, allow of his bringing in recent or passing occurrences, that have at the same time no remote connection with the author's own peculiar history, will be chiefly relished. For instance, at one time we find Lord A., who, by the bye, is politely made to have the best of the argument generally, inclining to boast that he has driven Master B. from an original position, when the following digression and allusions are interposed:—

"B. Patience, good man, patience! What is this to what you have gone through? Fancy yourself once more in the House of Commons, on the Treasury bench, listening to ———"

"A. God forbid!

"B. Or suppose yourself in Downing Street, with Drummond announcing a succession of seven deputations or of seventeen suitors.

"A. The bare possibility of it drives me wild. Why, to convert you to the most absurd doctrine I could fancy—to make you swallow all the

Zoonomia whole, and believe that men derive their love of waving lines and admiration of finely-moulded forms from the habit of the infant in handling his mother's bosom, or even to drive you into a belief that the world was made by chance—would be an easy task compared to the persuading any one suitor at any one of the offices that you had any difficulty in giving him all he asks, or convincing any one of those seven deputations that there exists in the world another body but itself.

“*B.* Or to convince any one man who ever asked any one job to be done for him, that he had any one motive in his mind but the public good, to which he was sacrificing his private interest. I remember *M.* once drolly observing, when I said no man could tell how base men are till he came into office — ‘On the contrary, I never before had such an opinion of human virtue; for now I find that no man ever drops the least hint of any motive but disinterestedness and self-denial; and all idea of gain, or advantage, is the only thing that none seem ever to dream of.’ But now compose yourself to patience and discussion; take an extra pinch of snuff, walk about for five minutes, a distance of five yards and back, with your hands in your breeches-pockets; and then return to the question with the same calmness with which you would have listened to a man abusing you by the hour in Parliament, or with which you looked an hour ago, in the Castle farm, at the beast you had bred, and which by your complacent aspect I saw you had sold pretty well.”

We give other two specimens where dryness is playfully admixed with personal references that have spirit and engaging substance:—

“*A.* You often complain of my obstinacy; which I call sometimes caution, and sometimes slowness, according as I may be in a self-complacent or a modest humour.

“*B.* Then as *I* do not remember ever to have seen you in the former state of mind, I am sure you must always call it slowness, which no one else ever called it; but I will call it caution, and ask what more it leads to?”

Again—

“*A.* I think the instinct of hunger has begun to operate upon my structure, whether stimulated by the operation of the gastric juice upon the coats of the stomach, or how otherwise, I do not stop to inquire. Nor do I apprehend that our good hostess's instinctive love of order and method would approve of our keeping dinner waiting.

“*B.* Your own excellent mother was the pattern of that regularity, as of so many other admirable qualities; and the intercourse of society was in this, as in far more important particulars, greatly reformed by her example. Therefore let us adjourn our further discussion, of which not much remains, till to-morrow, at least not much that is difficult.”

This last extract brings us to Lord Brougham's doctrine in regard to the instinct of animals and their intelligence, which amounts to this—as we understand him, that instinct is the immediate impulse of the Divinity, and that animals, though they manifest faculties

different from what is included in the term instinct, something which seems to prove the presence of will and of reasoning powers, yet they are different in kind as well as degree from human intelligence and volition. Many of his observations and experiments are to us new, bees and other creatures subservient to man being largely drawn upon. We are not sure that all the facts adduced are sufficiently authenticated; but each and the whole bear such a strong resemblance to others with which almost every person is acquainted, that the precise accuracy of any one instance as given does not affect the argument sought to be established.

Lord Brougham's opinions and views about instinct may be gathered from the following passage:—

“It is one thing or being perceiving, comparing, recollecting—not a being of parts, whereof perception is one, reasoning another, and recollection a third; so instinct is one and indivisible, whatever we may hold it to be in its nature, or from whatever origin we may derive it. This thing or being, is variously applied and operates variously. There are not different instincts, as of building, of collecting food for future worms, of emigrating to better climates; but one instinct, which is variously employed or directed. I agree with you, however, that we have now done something more than merely clearing away the ground. We have taken a first step, or, if you will, laid a foundation. We have ascertained the peculiar or distinctive quality of instinct, and that which distinguishes it from reason. It acts without teaching, either from others, that is, instruction, or from the animal itself, that is, experience. This is generally given as the definition or description of instinct. But we have added another peculiarity, which seems also a necessary part of the description; it acts without knowledge of consequences; it acts blindly, and accomplishes a purpose of which the animal is ignorant.”

We think there are assumptions without proof, as well as defects belonging to this description. But we avoid controversy, well aware that we could not say anything that would be so pertinent or so much desired as what the learned and versatile author throws out upon whatever he adopts. We further read on the same subject, as we now copy:—

“*B.* Beginning with laying aside those actions of animals which are either ambiguous or are referable properly to reason, and which, almost all philosophers allow, shew a glimmering of reason; and confining ourselves to what are purely instinctive, as the bee forming a hexagon, without knowing what it is, or why she forms it; my proof of this, not being reason, but something else, and something not only differing from reason in degree, but in kind, is from a comparison of the facts, an examination of the phenomena in each case—in a word, from induction. I perceive a certain thing done by this insect, without any instruction, which we could not do without much instruction. I see her working most accurately without any experience, in that which we could only be able to do by the expertness gathered from much experience. I see her doing certain things which are manifestly

to produce an effect she can know nothing about; for example, making a cell, and furnishing it with carpets and with liquid, fit to hold and to cherish safely a tender grub, she never having seen any grub, and knowing nothing, of course, about grubs, or that any grub is ever to come, or that any such use—perhaps, any use at all—is ever to be made of the work she is about. Indeed, I see another insect, the solitary wasp, bring a given number of small grubs, and deposit them in a hole which she has made, over her egg—just grubs enough to maintain the worm that egg will produce when hatched; and yet this wasp never saw an egg produce a worm, nor ever saw a worm—nay, is to be dead long before the worm can be in existence; and, moreover, she never has in any way tasted or used these grubs, or used the hole she made, except for the prospective benefit of the unknown worm she is never to see. In all these cases, then, the animal works positively without knowledge, and in the dark. She also works without designing anything; and yet she works to a certain defined and important purpose. Lastly, she works to a perfection in her way; and yet she works without any teaching or experience. Now, in all this she differs entirely from man, who only works well, perhaps at all, after being taught—who works with knowledge of what he is about—and who works, intending and meaning, and, in a word, designing to do what he accomplishes. To all which may be added, though it is rather, perhaps, the consequence of this difference, than a separate and substantive head of diversity, the animal works always uniformly and alike, and all his kind work alike; whereas no two men work alike, nor any man always, nay, any two times, alike. Of all this I cannot, indeed, be quite certain, as I am of what passes within my own mind, because it is barely possible that the insect may have some plan or notion in her head implanted as the intelligent faculties are: all I know is the extreme improbability of it being so; and that I see facts, as her necessary ignorance of the existence and nature of her worm, and her working without experience; and I know that, if I did the same things, I should be acting without having learned mathematics, and should be planning in ignorance of unborn issue; and I therefore draw my inference accordingly as to her proceedings."

The longer that we listen to his lordship, or to any one else whose writings we have read on the subject of instinct, convinces us the more strongly that it is a term conveying a negative idea, and that it says as much as that it is a something we know nothing about. It seems to allude to impulses which are as noncognizable on the part of human reason, as human reason is on the part of the peculiar endowments of the lower animals or instinct itself.

But whatever may be the precise character of animal instinct we are sure we shall interest our readers by quoting some curious examples of what, for want of another term, we may call animal intelligence and reasoning:—

"*B.* When two goats meet on a ledge bordering upon a precipice, and find there is no room either to pass each other or to return, after a pause, as if for reflection, one crouches down and the other walks gently over his back, when each continues his perilous journey along the narrow path.

"A. In Rees's Cyclopædia a story is given as well vouched, of a cat that had been brought up in amity with a bird, and being one day observed to seize suddenly hold of the latter, which happened to be perched out of its cage, on examining, it was found that a stray cat had got into the room, and that this alarming step was a manœuvre to save the bird till the intruder should depart."

Again—

"B. In the forests of Tartary and of South America, where the wild horse is gregarious, there are herds of 500 or 600, which, being ill prepared for fighting, or indeed for any resistance, and knowing that their safety is in flight, when they sleep, appoint one in rotation who acts as sentinel, while the rest are asleep. If a man approaches, the sentinel walks toward him as if to reconnoitre or see whether he may be deterred from coming near—if the man continues, he neighs aloud and in a peculiar tone, which rouses the herd, and all gallop away, the sentinel bringing up the rear. Nothing can be more judicious or rational than this arrangement, simple as it is. So a horse, belonging to a smuggler at Dover, used to be laden with run spirits and sent on the road unattended to reach the rendezvous. When he descried a soldier he would jump off the highway and hide himself in a ditch, and when discovered would fight for his load. The cunning of foxes is proverbial; but I know not if it was ever more remarkably displayed than in the Duke of Beaufort's country; where Reynard, being hard pressed, disappeared suddenly, and was, after strict search, found immersed in a water-pool up to the very snout, by which he held a willow-bough hanging over the pond. The cunning of a dog, which Serjeant Wilde tells me of, as known to him, is at least equal. He used to be tied up as a precaution against hunting sheep. At night he slipped his head out of the collar, and returning before dawn put on the collar again, in order to conceal his nocturnal excursion. Nobody has more familiarity with various animals (besides his great knowledge of his own species) than my excellent, learned, and ingenious friend, the Serjeant; and he possesses many curious ones himself. His anecdote of a drover's dog is striking, as he gave it me, when we happened, near this place, to meet a drove. The man had brought 17 out of 20 oxen from a field, leaving the remaining three there mixed with another herd. He then said to the dog 'Go, fetch them;' and he went and singled out those very three. The Serjeant's brother, however, a highly respectable man, lately sheriff of London, has a dog that distinguishes Saturday night, from the practice of tying him up for the Sunday, which he dislikes. He will escape on Saturday night and return on Monday morning. The Serjeant himself had a gander which was at a distance from the goose, and hearing her make an extraordinary noise, ran back and put his head into the cage—then brought back all the goslings, one by one, and put them into it with the mother, whose separation from her brood had occasioned her clamour. He then returned to the place whence her cries had called him."

Many facts bearing upon the subject of memory, sagacity, and the powers of comparing and designing on the part of animals are adduced of a curious and amusing manner. We need not insert

more of them ; and shall therefore quote some paragraphs of a theoretical character, and that consequently have a wider sweep.

Lord Brougham attributes the inferiority of animal intelligence as compared with man's, in some measure to the inferiority of their physical organization :—

“ The want of fingers endowed with a nice sense of touch is an obstruction to the progress of all, or almost all the lower animals. The elephant's trunk is, no doubt, a partial exception ; and accordingly, his sagacity is greater than that of almost any other beast. The monkey would have a better chance of learning the nature of external objects, if his thumb were not on the same side of his hand with his fingers, whereby he cannot handle and measure objects as we do, whose chief knowledge of size and form is derived from the goniometer of the finger and thumb, the moveable angle which their motion and position give us. Insects work with infinite nicety by means of their antennæ ; when these are removed, they cease to work at all, as Huber clearly proved. Clearly, this different external conformation, together with their inferior degree of reason, is sufficient to account for brutes having been stationary, and for their being subdued to use, as the Deity intended they should when he appointed this difference.”

Let each reader decide for himself how far this doctrine goes to support the system of materialists. We know that the human fingers or hand is, from its nervous organization, the principal organ of touch. But there are other external senses, in the case of each of which some of the lower animals are wonderfully more sensitive and nicely endowed than man is ; and yet their intelligence remains always at the same inferior distance that it did thousands of years ago ; this latter fact shewing us at the same time that animal intelligence is not unlimitedly progressive, though it be in certain cases transmissible.

Among the passages which have a theoretical comprehensiveness, and that contain the author's principal conclusions, we shall give one or two more :—

“ *B.* First of all, be pleased to observe that many philosophers altogether deny, even to man, the power of forming abstract ideas. The dispute of the Nominalists and Realists, so well ridiculed by Swift, or rather by Arbuthnot in ‘ *Scriblerus*,’ is as old as metaphysical inquiries, under one name or another. They consider it impossible for us really to form these abstractions, and hold that we only are using words and not dealing with ideas, just as you seem to think we do in algebraical language. Mr. Stewart is among those who conceive that we think in language. My opinion, if against such venerable authority I may venture to hold one, is different. I think we have ideas independent of language, and I do not see how otherwise a person born deaf, and dumb, and blind, can have ideas at all ; which I know they have, because I carefully examined the one of whom Mr. Stewart has given so interesting an account. Indeed, he has recorded the experiment of the musical snuff-box, which I then made upon this unhappy but singular boy. But, next, I am to shew you that abstraction

independent of algebra, or metaphysical reasoning altogether, is neither difficult nor painful. Without abstraction we cannot classify in any way, or make any approach to classification. Now, I venture to say, that no human being, be he ever so stupid, is without some power of classification, nay, that he is constantly exercising it with great care, and almost unavoidably, and acting upon the inferences to which it leads. He can tell a man from a horse. How? By attending to those things in which they differ. But he can also tell a stone from both, and he knows that the stone is different from both. How? By attending to those things in which the two animals agree, and to those things in which they differ from the stone. So every person, having accurate eyes and the use of speech, can call a sheet of paper and a patch of snow both white; a piece of hot iron and of hot brick both hot. He has, therefore, the idea in his mind of colour and of heat in these several cases, independent of other qualities, that is, abstracted from other qualities; he classifies the white bodies together independent of their differences; the hot bodies independent of theirs; and he contrasts the white metal with the snow, because they differ in temperature, without regarding their agreeing together in colour. All this is abstraction, and all this is quite level to the meanest capacity of men. But is it not also level to brute intellect? Unquestionably all animals know their mates and their own kind. A dog knows his master, knows that he is not a dog, and that he differs from other men. In these very ordinary operations, we see the animal mind at one time passing over certain resemblances and fixing on differences; at another time disregarding differences and fixing only on resemblances. Nay, go lower in the scale. A bull is enraged by a red colour, be the form of the body what you please. A fish is caught by means of a light, be it of any size or any form."

Better still—

"A. I think we may go a step further; have not animals some kind of language? At all events they understand ours. A horse knows the encouraging or chiding sound of voice and whip, and moves or stops accordingly. Whoever uses the sound, and in whatever key or loudness, the horse acts alike. But they seem also to have some knowledge of conventional signs. If I am to teach a dog or a pig to do certain things on a given signal, the process I take to be this. I connect his obedience with reward, his disobedience with punishment. But this only gives him the motive to obey, the fear of disobeying. It in no way can give him the means of connecting the act with the sign. Now, connecting the two together, whatever be the manner in which the sign is made, it is abstraction; but it is more, it is the very kind of abstraction in which all language has its origin—the connecting the sign with the thing signified; for the sign is purely arbitrary in this case as much as in human language.

"B. May we not add that they have some conventional signs among themselves? How else are we to explain their calls? The cock grouse calls the hen; the male the female of many animals. The pigeon, and the fieldfare, and the crow, make signals; and the wild horse is a clear case of signals. All this implies not only abstraction, but that very kind of abstraction which gives us our language. It is, in fact, a language which they use, though simple and limited in its range.

" *A.* As to the power of comparing, what is commonly called reason, *par excellence*, comprising judgment and reasoning, this needs not detain us very long. The facts here are not well liable to dispute. There is no possibility of explaining the many cases which we began by going over without allowing this power. They all prove it in some degree. Several of them shew it to exist in a very considerable degree. The acts of some birds and monkeys cannot be accounted for by instinct; for they are the result of experience; and they are performed with a perfect knowledge of the end in view; they are directed peculiarly to that end; they vary according as the circumstances in which they are performed alter, and the alteration made is always so contrived as to suit the variation in the circumstances. Some of these acts shew more sagacity, according to Mr. Locke's observation, than is possessed by many men. The existence of a comparing and contriving power is, therefore, plain enough. And, on the whole, I conceive that a rational mind cannot be denied to the animals, however inferior in degree their faculties may be to our own."

But this rationality is still different from the human, in kind as well as in degree, as we understand the author, taking the whole of the dissertation, although the difference is not very consistently maintained. He says, it is a question of relations and connections—of adaptation, adjustment, mutual dependence of parts, conformity of arrangement, balance, and compensation; these things appearing in every department, and pervading the whole system of animated creation. Accordingly it signifies not whether we regard instinct—

" As the result of the animal's faculties actuated by the impressions of his senses, or as the faint glimmerings of intelligence working by the same rules which guide the operations of more developed reason, or as a peculiar faculty differing in kind from those with which man is endowed, or as the immediate and direct operation of the Great Mind which created and which upholds the universe. If the last be indeed the true theory, then we have additional reason for devoutly admiring the spectacle which this department of the creation hourly offers to the contemplative mind. But the same conclusion of a present and pervading intelligence flows from all the other doctrines, and equally flows from them all."

And this is the safe conclusion to which all such speculations should be brought. A reference to Lord Monboddo's strange and whimsical theory may aptly be quoted after the last extract, and at the same time aptly conclude our samples of a work that will increase the celebrity even of Lord Brougham:—

" *B.* I consider it a thing just as little supported by the facts as it is repugnant to all known systems of theology. But my objection to it is really not founded upon its tendency to lower human nature. On the contrary, I doubt if it does not rather exalt our faculties beyond all the ordinary doctrines, and draw a broader line of distinction between us and the lower animals, than that which it was intended to efface. For surely

if we have not only by our intelligence made the great progress from a rude to a refined state—from the New Zealander to Laplace, and Newton, and Lagrange—but have also, by the help of the same faculties, made the progress from the state of monkeys and baboons, while all other animals are the same from one generation to another, and have made not a single step for sixty centuries, and never have attempted in a single instance to store up for after-times the experience of a former age, our faculties must needs be immeasurably superior to theirs. In short, the only question is as to the nature of the difference.”

ART. VII.—*The Boot and Shoe Trade.* By JAMES DELVIN. London : Steil. 1839.

THE subject of costumes is curious and interesting. Dress is an object which everybody thinks of. It forms a distinct and important trade ; or, we should be more inclined to call it, profession ; it constitutes a very large branch of commerce. We should be somewhat at a loss to determine whether civilized or barbarous nations are most occupied by the cares of the toilet. Certainly a full-dressed savage makes a wonderful display of art. His painted face and decked head, the variety of colours which he fancies, the torturing of his hair, the pouch and moccasin skilfully embroidered with variegated porcupine quills, the cloak of gorgeous feathers, or cloth of bark, indicate plainly, that his attention has been directed with no slight degree of patience and contrivance to this all-important object. And we doubt not, that as much anxiety is expended upon his toilet, as the votary of civilized fashion gives to his.

We should be almost afraid to compute how large a portion of our time is occupied, either in dressing or thinking about dress. It may be safely asserted, however, that half-civilized nations display more taste in their costumes than the absolutely savage or the highly refined. Besides, there is this peculiarity in the case of the mediate condition, that it appears to arrive at and keep by a uniform style. The people know what colours and what forms they are to use, by adopting and never imagining that another sort can be entertained than that which their ancestors have worn for centuries. Therefore little time can be wasted by them in this department. What in the world can the fair in such a country find to supply the place of that deep interest which the subject affords to the happier heirs of civilization ? Just think of a country where there is no such thing as fashion ! where a blooming damsel must dress like her great grandmother ; and where the morning and the evening require no change, no difference ! No new shapes in the matter of bonnets to study, no alteration in the style of the waist, the flounces, the sleeves ! Ah ! the half-civilized must be dull and stupid.

It might well occupy the most ingenious speculations of a fanciful philosopher were he to choose for his theme the causes which have in different countries affected the forms of dress. It would be reason-

able, for instance, to attribute a good deal to climate. The peculiar taste in the fine arts, as we shall see, that obtains among any people, will naturally reach the matter of costume. Still, how are we to account for the people of Persia dressing at the present day as they did in the times of Cyrus, while the forms of England and France have been constantly changing, at least since the times of the Roman conquests, much of the intermediate period being identified with the people of these countries while in a condition not more advanced than that of the Persians? How shall we account for anomalies in costume? Why does civilization in different countries affect people differently? Let each one pursue, as his opportunities and tastes prompt, the inquiry for himself: it will be sufficient for us to note some facts, that may help to the construction of a theory.

There is certainly no way in which taste, whatever it is, displays itself more than in dress; and, as far as nationality of costume exists, there will, we think, be found a certain correspondence in this department and that of the fine arts. Thus, the Egyptian costume would be very different from that of Greece and Rome. The dress of one age, too, would vary from that of another in the same country. The costume of a cavalier in the thirteenth or fourteenth century would not be in exact conformity with that of a Roman in the days of Cicero, any more than the temples were. A difference in the ceremonies of religion, in the weapons and art of war, and, perhaps, still more in architecture, would affect the forms of dress.

We shall find this last-mentioned influence strikingly illustrated. The architecture of the Egyptians was stiff, graceless, square, massive, and solid. Now the ancient dress of that extraordinary people is strongly marked, and analogous to their pyramids and obelisks, though not imitative or copies. The closely-wrapped body, showing the whole outline of the figure, the bare arms, the small cap, with its wings or pendants, making the neck as broad as the shoulders, were all in keeping not merely with the style in which the same people set out their mummies, but to the harmonies in colossal taste which distinguished their statues and public or sacred buildings.

How different is the Asiatic dress! There we have flowing tunics and loose trousers, the folds being ample and the reverse of stiff, conferring on man a dignity and grandeur, of which, by the aid of art, he is so susceptible.

Then, to come to the classic costume, how remarkably is it in keeping with the taste displayed by the Greeks and Romans in other things! First of all, with regard to the former people, observe the great pains they bestowed upon the arrangement of the hair. Writers on costumes distinguish the different ages by the changes in this particular. The earliest style was characterized by primness, the hair being divided into symmetrical curls, somewhat in the corkscrew form; and the dress was made to correspond with this by

plaiting it into straight and stiff folds. The hair was dressed in the same way for man as for woman. After a time, it became the fashion to gather all the hair hanging on the back, by means of a riband, into a single bunch, having only two or three long slender ringlets hanging in front of the ears. At a later period, this bunch of hair hanging down behind, was gathered up and doubled into a club, while the side locks were allowed to descend as low as the breast. These long ringlets at last shrunk away to a number of short curls about the ears, leaving the neck quite free. The hair and the beard were arranged with extreme care, and were made to resemble the cells of a beehive, or a network of wire, the Greeks being very skilful in the use of the hot tongs.

The dress of Greek females was a tunic or gown, with sleeves reaching to the elbows. Over this was a second garment, which was intended only as an additional protection to the upper part of the person. It was a square piece of stuff, folded double, so as to show only half of the original width, and was worn with the doubled part upwards, so as to display the embroidered edge more fully, hanging down. This garment was suspended round the back and chest, passing under both arms. The centre was brought directly under the left arm, so that the ends met and hung down under the right, and it was kept in place by two clasps or buttons, which fastened together the front and back part over the shoulders. The outer garment was called the *peplum*, and was used more for occasions of ceremony than for ordinary convenience, as it was very long and ample, and, from the manner of putting it on, must have been inconvenient to the wearer. It was sometimes wound double round the body, first under the arm, and then over the shoulders, and was not fastened by any clasps or buttons, but was kept on by the intricacy of the folds. The *peplum*, and the *pallium*, or men's outer garment, gave occasion to a great display of taste in the manner of wearing, as the various combinations seem to be almost endless. Every variety which human ingenuity or fancy could devise in the manner of putting on this part of the dress, may be seen in the pictures on ancient vases; and it is supposed that the different degrees of grace, in the arrangement, indicated the degree of refinement in the wearer. At times, the mode of wearing it was made to indicate the state of mind of the individual. Accordingly, it was drawn over the head by persons in deep affliction, or engaged in any solemn service. Finally, the *peplum* served as a protection to the head in stormy weather.

The dress of the Roman ladies was much like that worn by the Greeks. It consisted of the tunic or *stola*, reaching to the feet, with long sleeves worn next the skin; then the *amiculum*, formed of two square pieces of stuff fastened on the shoulders; and, lastly, the *palla*, corresponding to the Grecian *peplum*, and very similar to the men's toga, except that it was more ample and was embroi-

dered. The Roman ladies bestowed infinite pains upon the dressing of the hair. Like the Greeks, they used the curling tongs; displaying in the coiffure an ingenuity and dexterity that would baffle the most accomplished Parisian professor of the present day. The fleece of the head-piece was plaited, twisted, and woven, into the most elaborate and exquisite forms. Coronets, wreaths, diadems, baskets of flowers, clusters of grapes, were all represented or imitated by the cunning hand of the Roman hair-dresser. When the natural colour of the hair was not agreeable, it was stained by means of a pomatum made of the dregs of vinegar and the oil of mastic. And when, after the conquest of Britain, the light golden hair of the Caledonian maidens gained the admiration of their conquerors, the ladies of Rome aspired to the same attraction by filling their hair with gold dust. They also used white and red paint for the face, besides a variety of washes and cosmetics.

The Roman ladies were fond of jewels, and carried their passion for them to such an excess, as to become occasionally the subject of legislation. The principal personal ornaments were ear-rings, necklaces, and finger rings. The ear-rings were of gold, pearls, and precious stones, and were sometimes of immense value. Necklaces were also set with gems, and were worn by men as well as women. In the manufacture of ornamental chains the Roman and Greek jewellers displayed great skill. There was one kind of chain, in particular, wrought with such consummate art, that modern jewellers have in vain attempted to imitate it. The links were so cunningly shaped and knit together, that, when the chain was extended, it resembled a single bar; and yet it was perfectly flexible in every direction, like a small cord. Chains of this kind, in the most perfect preservation, have been found in Pompeii.

The dress of the men among the Romans consisted of the tunic, which reached nearly to the knees and had no sleeves. It was fastened by a girdle; and a stripe of purple, on the right side of this garment in front, indicated, by its breadth, whether the wearer was of Senatorial or Equestrian rank. Beckmann says, that the Roman weavers made each piece of cloth just of the proper size for a toga, so that when it came from the loom it was ready for use, and probably had no seam. It was a loose robe or cloak, extending from the neck to the feet, closed below the breast, but open above, and without sleeves. It was ample, flowing, and graceful, and gave a dignified and majestic air to the wearer.

The materials used by the Romans in the manufacture of their garments were chiefly linen and wool. The toga was woollen, and generally white, though mourners wore it black. Silk began to be imported in the latter days of the republic, nor did the Romans at first understand the manufacture of it. Afterwards they began to weave it, intermixing woollen thread. The fabric thus formed was called *Vestes Cocce*, as it was invented in the island of Cos. It was

very thin, like gauze, and is spoken of by Seneca as "woven wind." The term *bombycina*, undoubtedly the origin of our word *bombazine*, derived from *bombyx*, a silk-worm, was applied to this fabric.

The distinguishing marks in the costume of the Greeks and Romans were elegance, majesty, grace. Their robes were ample, loose, and flowing. They were never intended to adhere closely and correspondingly to the body so as to show its precise outline, but hung loosely around it, allowing the imagination to form to itself flattering ideas. The dress of these nations had a good effect upon the art of sculpture. In their costume, form was of much more consequence than colour; and it could therefore be perfectly represented by the marble. The sculptor at the present day is embarrassed in the representation of his hero. The modern costume, which, especially with military men, depends as much for its effect on colour as on form, cannot be adequately represented by marble; and the artist must clothe his statue in some foreign or imaginary garb, which every one knows he never wore. The Greek sculptor, on the contrary, found in every man he met a model which he might study to advantage. And the immense variety of combinations, which the ample robe allowed, must have constantly suggested to him some new idea with regard to the arrangement and flow of drapery. We can do no more than hint at the effect thus produced on one of the fine arts.

We must hasten on the dress of modern ages. The costume of the different Christian nations has not greatly varied in the same century; and the description of one, at some of its most remarkable periods, may be taken as a specimen for all. We take England.

The dress of the Anglo-Saxons consisted of shirts; tunics, both long and short; surcoats or sleeve gowns; cloaks or mantles; conical or Phrygian bonnets; shoes open in the middle, or on each side, and stockings. The legs were protected by breeches reaching to the knee. The hair was parted on the middle of the head, and hung down on each side, and the forked beard was in fashion. Women of the same era wore under-tunics with sleeves; upper-tunics like gowns; mantles; kerchiefs or hoods; high-quartered shoes, and stocks.

Such was the general outline of the costume worn in England from the beginning of the tenth century. Some changes became visible in the fourteenth century. The head covering for men assumed a great variety of forms. We should have mentioned before that among the Greeks the *Peplum* served as a protection to the upper story in stormy weather; though travellers provided themselves with a flat-broad-brimmed hat, which they called a *petasus*, tied under the chin like a bonnet. The Romans commonly went with the head bare, or only covered with the toga, except at sacred rites and festivals, on journeys, and in war. At the *Saturnalia*, they wore the *pileus*, or woollen cap, which was never permitted to be worn by slaves. Roman travellers followed the Greek travellers in

this particular. But coming down to the fourteenth century of our era and to England, head-coverings might be seen in all the variety of wreathed, turban-shaped, flapped, rolled, skull-capped, brimmed, with projecting ends, conical and cylindrical with or without brims, night-capped, tied under the chin, sometimes tongued over the head, or simple bandages round the hair, &c. Who invented, or how people have persisted in wearing that preposterous empty-topped thing known by the name of hat, now-a-days, it is impossible to say.

At the period in England's history of which we have just been speaking, spencers were worn, buttoning in front and without sleeves. The shoes were long-pointed, and were joined to the stocking so as to form one garment; and were differently coloured on each leg. The skirt in the time of the Saxons and Normans formed no ostensible part of the dress; but, at a later period, when tunics became doublets or waistcoats, they were made more open upon the neck and bosom, so as to display the shirt collar, which was richly embroidered.

In the fifteenth century, the costume became still more fanciful and grotesque. The doublets were cut and slashed, and nearly disjointed at the elbows, in order to show the fineness of the skirts. The dress of the two sexes could hardly be distinguished from each other; men wore petticoats over their lower clothing; the doublets were laced in front like stays, over a stomacher; and the gowns were open in front to the girdle, and again from the girdle to the ground. The women wore gowns, enormous trains, and corsets over the other dress; and were particularly distinguished by two peculiarities, the horned and the steeple-head dresses; the former consisting of two elevations like a mitre worn edgewise, the other having only one elevation of a pyramidal or conical form, and very high.

In the sixteenth century, men wore gowns, boddices, close pantaloons, boots coming up to the thigh, cloaks, slashed doublets, petticoat breeches, and the remarkable trunk hose, which were breeches sitting close to the leg, and stuffed out enormously about the hips. The women appeared in long boddices, with or without skirts, and the famous farthingale, which was an immense hooped petticoat; they also invented a kind of doublet with high wings and puffed sleeves, a costume in full fashion in the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth.

We shall not pursue the subject further, which might be spun out to great length. Nay were we even to confine ourselves to one article, such as shoes and boots, we could point out changes and varieties that would require more space than what our present sketch occupies. We shall now merely call attention to the book of the literary disciple of St. Crispin, named at the head of our paper, and quote a short passage of its contents.

The French have long taken a lead in the boot and shoe trade, and laughed at the clumsy articles of the kind which are manufactured in this country.

Now, Mr. Devlin would have his countrymen imitate these foreign rivals, that is, adopt their styles of tanning and currying, the forms of their lasts, their methods of cutting and fitting, and be more attentive to the operations of closing and making, and then the French boast of superiority will no longer be heard, or at least reasonably uttered. We fear, however, that it is easier to lay down rules, and gravely philosophize on this subject, which our author most earnestly does, than to effect a sudden improvement. For as he remarks, our system of duties is injurious to the home-manufactures; while we must add that the French shoe and bootmakers, like other craftsmen among them, have more of the taste of artists and take a deeper interest in their workmanship than our countrymen generally do. It does not appear, however, that really good articles of the kind are much cheaper in France than in England. Nevertheless, owing to the belief that they are so, and also to the fact of their more accurate and finished quality, an immense quantity are imported to England, to the injury of our trade. Such a statement as that which we now quote, should not only stir up Mr. Devlin's brethren, but should prompt our legislators, when making laws to benefit the revenue and the working classes:—

“I may say, speaking of the men's boot and shoe trade, that Lehoecq makes now, on an average, for British consumption, about ten thousand pairs of boots in a year, and about two thousand pairs of shoes and pumps; that the two Gradelles make between them, about two thousand pairs of boots for British consumption, and from seven to eight hundred pairs of shoes and pumps; and that Mackey and others in Boulogne may make together from two to three thousand pairs of boots more, and the proportional number of shoes and pumps; or, no doubt, a far greater proportion of shoes; the more straightened class of purchasers generally wearing the most shoes. I might say again, and in all these particulars my information and my inquiries have been very close, that Concancon may yearly make for British consumption between four and five thousand pairs of boots, though not many shoes, perhaps not more than about five or six hundred pairs annually; while again, the rest of the boot and shoemakers of Paris, which it would be needless to attempt even the slightest enumeration of, may conjointly dispose of to the same connexion about twelve or fourteen thousand pairs of boots in the twelve months, and better than half that number of shoes.

“Thus, then, at this estimate, in Boulogne and Paris alone, the British purchase of *boots* would amount altogether to fully *thirty-two thousand pairs annually*, and in *shoes* to upwards of *twelve thousand pairs annually*; and then, what average shall we put against the other great resorting-places, Calais, St. Omer, Dieppe, Havre, Tours, &c.?

ART. VIII.—*A History of the United States, from the Discovery of the American Continent to the present Time.* By **GEORGE BANCROFT.**
Vols I. and II. Boston.

THESE two volumes of a work which, it is intended will reach at least to as many more, have not appeared simultaneously, the first having been published some six years ago, and the second but lately. It is a production, however, that can never be unseasonably read and studied; one that is sure to take rank with the standard histories of any country. In point of literature it has no ordinary claims to favour; but still more in regard to its containing a code of philosophy, that must teach by example, it presents a still finer and more arresting contribution.

Mr. Bancroft, who is an American himself, possesses the best qualities of a historian. His diligent research, his earnest yet tolerant spirit, and the sustained accuracy and dignity of his style, have been nobly brought to bear upon one of the grandest subjects that ever engaged the study of the philosopher, the legislator, or the historian. There is, we believe, a general yet mistaken estimate made of the beginning, progress, and consummation of independence in the United States of America. It is very usual to refer the whole to the era of the Revolution, a wonderful convulsion and triumph no doubt, which it would be vain for us to attempt to appreciate fully in all its details and results. But that mighty achievement, that unmatched event, by no means includes the whole beautiful and impressive history of American independence; and if there be one fact more forcibly demonstrated than another in the course of the two first volumes of Mr. Bancroft's work, it is that self-government was the unfailing object of desire on the part of the great majority of those who from the first left Europe for the territory which now constitutes the United States. Independence was what they yearningly longed for; a spirit of nationality was what they constantly cherished and invigorated; and so abundant and striking are the proofs of all this now brought to light by our author, and so delightfully does he sympathize with them, that, we almost fear, nothing which remains for him to narrate and to dwell upon, in the succeeding volumes, will either be so instructive or picturesque.

We now go on to solicit attention to some of the contents of what is before us, the volumes bringing down the history to the close of the 17th century, but entirely passing over the narrative of the early voyages of discovery, the enticements which led chivalrous adventurers to cross the Atlantic, till we come to the colonization of Virginia; then slightly noticing the early annals of this province, and those of Maryland, that we may have more space for the settlement of the New England States, and some succeeding events, which must at the present day possess the greatest interest. The glance at a few facts in the early history of these colonies, will enable our

readers to understand more clearly the results which can only be in an imperfect manner pointed out within our limits.

All the world knows that the Reformation gave rise to discussions and dissensions that issued in many intolerant acts, dividing the society of the British islands into several fierce parties. A spirit for political debate was aroused; even the common people became judges in regard to the rights of man, especially the rights of conscience; and when persecution was hot or the doctrines of prerogative violently urged, the oppressed and the discontented emigrated to the New World, carrying with them the most austere virtues, principles as well as habits, that were the best calculated to make the place of their settlement permanently theirs and that of their descendants. The single circumstance of the majority being poor, or obliged to labour to supply their daily wants, was a leveller of the distinctions which obtain in Europe, and a security for equality of rank.

In the settlement, however, of the three provinces mentioned there were points of difference; though each colony resembled the others in this, that adversity had overtaken and driven the people from home—from the same great home—and that independence, or freedom from oppression, could alone recompense them in a quarter of the globe so far removed from many of their dearest ties.

The first charter of Virginia, which may in general terms be characterized as the province to which the High Church and Cavalier party resorted, was granted by James the First, in the year 1606; and Mr. Bancroft points out a number of circumstances that concurred to render this period unusually propitious to the emigrants. These we have not time to trace or note. We pass on, therefore, to the year 1621, when the political rights of the Virginians were established by a written constitution, the benefits contemplated to be derived by this sacred ordinance being “the greatest comfort and benefit of the people, and the prevention of injustice, grievances and oppression.”

What was called the London Company for a time possessed and exercised some exclusive powers in Virginia. But, says our author—

“The colonists, ceasing to depend as servants on a commercial company, now became freemen and citizens. The ordinance was the basis on which Virginia erected the superstructure of its liberties. Its influences were wide and enduring, and can be traced through all following years of the history of the colony. It constituted the plantation of its infancy, a nursery of freemen; and succeeding generations learned to cherish institutions, which were as old as the first period of the prosperity of their fathers. The privileges which were now conceded could never be wrested from the Virginians; and as new colonies arose at the South, their proprietaries could hope to win emigrants only by bestowing franchises as large as those enjoyed by their elder rival. The London Company merits the fame

of having acted as the successful friend of liberty in America. It may be doubted whether any public act during the reign of King James was of more permanent or pervading influence, and it reflects glory on the Earl of Southampton, Sir Edwin, and the patriot party in England, who, unable to establish guarantees of a liberal administration at home, were careful to connect popular freedom so intimately with the life, prosperity and state of society of Virginia, that they never could be separated."

Again,—

"Virginia was the first state in the world composed of separate townships, diffused over an extensive surface, where the government was organized on the principle of universal suffrage. All freemen without exception were entitled to vote. An attempt was once made to limit the right to housekeepers; but the public voice reprobated the restriction: the very next year it was decided to be 'hard and unagreeable to reason that any person shall pay equal taxes and yet have no vote in elections;' and the electoral franchise was restored to all freemen. Servants when the time of their bondage was completed, at once became electors, and might be chosen burgesses. Thus Virginia established upon her soil the supremacy of the popular branch, the freedom of trade, the independence of religious societies, the security from foreign taxation, and the universal elective franchise. If in following years she departed from either of these principles, and yielded a reluctant consent to change, it was from the influence of foreign authority."

As to the separate townships, an act of the Virginian legislature, passed in 1658, declared, "that all things respecting parishes and parishioners were referred to their own ordering." In the statute book it was also said, "Among other things, God Almighty hath vouchsafed increase of children to this colony, who are now multiplied to a considerable number." Thus we learn that the colony was the real home of its inhabitants in respect of every human right; while Mr. Bancroft adds, that the huts in the wilderness were as full as the birds-nests in the woods.

During the vicissitudes and troubles of England from James to the Restoration, Virginia experienced an extraordinary degree of tranquillity. To be sure the Cavalier party was obliged to capitulate with the parliament during the Commonwealth; but it was rather a verbal sacrifice of principle than that any actual oppression was sustained. The colony, too, had to contend more than once with the aborigines; but the horrors that marked these conflicts were trifling when compared with those of some neighbouring colonies. In short, hardly has there ever been a finer illustration of the blessings that have attended popular government, religious toleration, social equality, and of the manner in which the institutions securing these were gradually developed. The emigrants were in many instances royalists in the mother country, enthusiastic officers in war, men of education and property. But even these, the waters

of the Atlantic divided "from the political strifes of Europe; then industry was employed in making the best advantage of their plantations; the interests and liberties of Virginia, the land which they adopted as their country, were dearer to them than the monarchical principles which they had espoused in England; and therefore no bitterness could exist between the partisans of the Stuarts and the friends of republican liberty." Still, the colonists, as a body, were not altogether superior to the bigotry of the times; for we find them enacting a severe law against the Quakers, and expelling them from their territory: and Lord Baltimore, a high-spirited, generous, and liberal-minded man, was obliged to escape to England because he was a Catholic.

The intolerance exhibited in the case of this estimable nobleman was not without remarkable results. In fact it led to the settlement of Maryland, which was planted under Lord Baltimore with Catholics; he, with a rare liberality not only making the utmost provision to secure to the colonists enlarged political rights, but jealously limiting his authority over the country, the proprietary of which had been granted to himself. Take part of Mr. Bancroft's estimate of his conduct. Lord Baltimore, he says,—

"Deserves to be ranked among the wisest and most benevolent law-givers of all ages. He was the first in the history of the Christian world to seek for religious security and peace by the practice of justice and not the exercise of power; to plan the establishment of popular institutions with the enjoyment of liberty of conscience; to advance the career of civilization by recognizing the rightful equality of all Christian sects. The asylum of Papists was the spot where, in a remote corner of the world, on the banks of rivers which as yet had hardly been explored, the mild forbearance of a proprietary adopted religious freedom as the basis of the state."

It was well that the founder of the Maryland colony possessed so much personal favour at court as to be clothed with rights and powers, which by his enlightened generosity transmitted the most substantial and popular benefits to the province. But it is not so flattering to the history of the Puritans to learn, that when Cromwell arrived at supreme power, the rigid party now named, who were so jealous and strenuous on the subject of liberty of conscience when they themselves were threatened or made the victims, wantonly disfranchised the whole Catholic community of Maryland. But the Protector was wiser; or, at least being remote from the scene of strife, "was not betrayed into an approbation of the ungrateful decree. He commanded the commissioners not to busy themselves about religion, but to settle the civil government."

Even from the very hasty and imperfect account which we are giving of the contents of these volumes, it will already be perceived that among other admirable lessons they are pregnant with things on the subject of toleration in matters of religious faith.

But the early history of New England, which was the resting place of Calvinists, affords by far the most affecting incidents, besides calling up to remembrance the almost unexampled persecutions and tribulations to which the pilgrim-fathers had been for a long term of years exposed, before any of them sought peace and a sanctuary in the Western Wilderness.

Mr. Bancroft's account of the Puritans of England, and of the first band of them that crossed the Atlantic for an asylum, is clear, animated and awakening. Let those who love to be excited by strange adventures, by the annals of suffering, courageous, triumphant virtue, resort to the history of those devout men who planted the standard of freedom and religion in New England. Let those who desire to cherish and cultivate the noblest sympathies of our nature follow the harmless, holy brethren in their perilous escape from the shores of their native country—in their short sojourn in Holland,—in their voyage thence, its dangers and vicissitudes. Let the fugitives be beheld in their utmost incertitude as to the place where they might land, and as to their reception by white and red men. Let them be thought of—when in darkness and during the inclemency of mid-winter, they arrived upon a desolate rock, the spot where the town of Plymouth now stands, and say whether the heart can resist its warmest responses to the eloquent French traveller's appeal which he appends to a notice of the event?

"This rock," says M. de Tocqueville, "is become an object of veneration in the United States. I have seen bits of it carefully preserved in several towns of the Union." He then adds, "does not this sufficiently show that all human power and greatness is in the soul of man? Here is a stone which the feet of a few outcasts pressed for an instant, and this stone becomes famous; it is treasured by a great nation; its very dust is shared as a relic: and what has become of the gateways of a thousand palaces?"

The earliest settlers in New England encountered the greatest privations, and had frightful evils to overcome; but they accounted religious freedom a sufficient compensation. Slow at first, however, was the increase of their numbers; for we are told that in Massachusetts the emigrants did not exceed three hundred in the ten years that elapsed after the landing of the pilgrim-fathers. But the healthful growth of free institutions had been rapid and cheering. Fifteen years after a representative democracy had been established in Virginia, a similar occurrence marked the history of Massachusetts; thus showing, as indeed the origin and the progress of every other settlement in what now constitutes the Union uniformly has done, that civil and religious liberty carries in its bosom the seeds and food of prosperity; and that democracy, which Mr. Bancroft happily terms the "epidemic of the country," was the never-failing and highest worldly object with the colonists. To keep by New England;—

“Through scenes of gloom and misery, the pilgrims shewed the way to an asylum for those who would go to the wilderness for the purity of religion or the liberty of conscience. They set the example of colonizing New England, and formed the mould for the civil and religious character of its institutions. Enduring every hardship themselves, they were the servants of posterity, the benefactors of succeeding generations. In the history of the world, many pages are devoted to commemorate the heroes who have besieged cities, subdued provinces, or overthrown empires. In the eye of reason and of truth, a colony is a better offering than a victory: the citizens of the United States should rather cherish the memory of those who founded a state on the basis of democratic liberty; the fathers of the country; the men who, as they first trod the soil of the New World, scattered the seminal principles of republican freedom and national independence.”

But these fathers were not without their reward, even while here below :—

“They enjoyed,” says our author, “in anticipation the thought of their extending influence, and the fame which their grateful successors would award to their virtues. ‘Out of small beginnings,’ said Bradford, ‘great things have been produced; and as one small candle may light a thousand, so the light here kindled hath shone to many, yea in some sort to our whole nation.’ ‘Let it not be grievous to you,’ such was the consolation offered from England to the pilgrims in the season of their greatest sufferings, ‘Let it not be grievous to you that you have been instruments to break the ice for others. *The honour shall be yours to the world’s end.*’”

What a contrast did the condition of the Christians in New England present to that of their brethren in the mother country! While, for example, Laud was at the summit of his power, he was in effect, by the severity and rancour of persecution, filling the New World with the best of Old England’s children; for, to use the words of Milton, “Nothing but the wide ocean and the savage deserts of America could hide and shelter them from the fury of the bishops.”

But the history of the early settlers in New England, who had been driven from their beloved country by cruel and infatuated men, teaches more emphatic lessons than one; for we find that the community fell into the error characteristic of the times, of thinking that its safety from the English hierarchy depended on a perfect union of principles, political as well as religious, amongst themselves. Past and long suffering had begotten morbid fears; and the consequence was intolerant measures. Still, even amongst the Puritan fugitives, there were some, there was at least one whose accurate understanding of the rights of private judgment, had not been clouded by oppression and wrong. This was a person of the name of Roger Williams, “a young minister, godly and zealous, having precious gifts,” who had arrived at the true and first principles of toleration. Mr. Bancroft says,—

"He announced his discovery under the simple proposition of the sanctity of conscience. The civil magistrate should restrain crime, but never controul opinion; should punish guilt, but never violate the freedom of the soul. The doctrine contained within itself an entire reformation of theological jurisprudence; it would blot from the statute-book the crime of non-conformity; would quench the fires, which persecution had so long kept burning; would repeal every law compelling attendance on public worship; would abolish tithes, and all forced contributions to the maintenance of religion; would give an equal protection to every form of religious faith; and never suffer the authority of the civil government to be enlisted against the mosque of the Mussulman, or the altar of the Fire worshipper, against the Jewish Synagogue, or the Roman cathedral."

Williams never wavered in his views as thus outlined. "The sanctity of conscience was the great tenet which, *with all its consequences*, he defended as he first trod the shores of New England; and in his extreme old age it was the last pulsation of his heart."

Soon after his arrival in Boston, this champion of truth and liberty had been chosen, to the no small dismay of the majority of the community, by one of the congregations as their teacher. Neither magistrates nor ministers were prepared to accede to his sweeping doctrines; and at length he found himself obliged to engage in a controversy with those in power both in church and state. To be sure he vanquished his opponents in argument; but then they could resort to persecution; and as members of the general court had received intelligence that some "episcopal and malignant practices against the country" were in progress, it was resolved that unity and uniformity of faith and profession should be ensured and enforced as the only way to consolidate their strength and their institutions.

We shall immediately see that Roger Williams's case forms not only one of the most interesting and instructive episodes in history, but that it is one of the great key-stones in the philosophy which history has erected and illustrated.

The magistrates constituting the general court, bethought them of a measure and test which they short-sightedly considered would be efficacious. They ordered that an oath of allegiance should be administered to every freeman, not to King Charles, but to the state of Massachusetts. But Williams would not yield or obey; and the government found that they could not at that time carry out their purpose. Of course this internal collision was the cause of much commotion in the country. At length,—

"The ministers got together and declared any one worthy of banishment who should assert that the 'civil magistrate might not intermeddle even to stop a church from apostasy and heresy;' the magistrates delayed action only that a committee of divines might have time to repair to Salem (over which Williams presided as pastor), and deal with him and the church in a church-way. Meantime the people of Salem were blamed for their choice

of a religious guide, and a tract of land to which they had a claim was withheld from them as a punishment."

We have no doubt that very many of the best-meaning Puritans in Massachusetts looked upon Williams as a disturber of unanimity, by introducing doctrines that were, if not heretical and necessarily dangerous, at least inopportunately mooted; while, in perfect accordance with human nature, the longer the controversy continued, those who were in the wrong would grow more obdurate and virulent in error, just as he who was in the right, being an enlightened, an upright, and a consistent man, of unusual firmness, would become more strenuous in the defence of truth and just principle. Accordingly the breach was widened. Williams temperately but triumphantly explained his views to the committee, though without in the slightest degree satisfying those commissioned to deal with him. Nor was he the man that could silently put up with the injustice done to his people, in the matter of robbing them of their lands; he was not the man to desert them. The method he took was, having obtained the concurrence of his church, to write—

" ' Letters of admonition unto all the other churches whereof any of the magistrates were members, that they might admonish the magistrates of their injustice.' The church members alone were freemen; Williams, in modern language, appealed to the people, and invited them to instruct their representatives to do justice to the citizens of Salem.

" This last act seemed flagrant treason; and at the next general court Salem was disfranchised till an ample apology for the letter should be made. The town acquiesced in its wrongs and submitted; not an individual remained willing to justify the letter of remonstrance; the church of Williams would not avow his great principle of the sanctity of conscience; even his wife, under a delusive idea of duty, was for a season influenced to disturb the tranquillity of his home by her reproaches. Williams was left alone, absolutely alone."

Call ye not this persecution? But the champion's principles were confirmed, his spirit invigorated with the occasion:—

" When summoned before the general court, he avowed his convictions in the presence of the representatives of the state, ' maintained the rocky strength of his ground,' and declared himself ' ready to be bound and banished, and even to die in New England,' rather than renounce the opinions which had dawned upon his mind in the clearness of light."

Surely this firmness and nobleness of principle, and such a willing sacrifice before them, must have wrung the hearts of the judges, and made them suspect that they were in a false position. But whatever were their feelings, their sentence was that he should be banished:—

" Winter was at hand: Williams succeeded in obtaining permission to remain till spring, intending then to begin a plantation in Narragansett

Day. But the affections of the people of Salem revived and could not be restrained; they thronged to his house to hear him whom they were so soon to lose for ever; it began to be rumoured that he could not safely be allowed to found a new state in the vicinity; the people were 'many of them much taken with the apprehension of his godliness;' there was evident danger that his opinions were contagious; that the infection would spread very widely. It was therefore resolved to remove him to England in a ship that was just ready to sail. A warrant was accordingly sent to him to come to Boston and embark. For the first time he declined the summons of the court. A pinnace was sent for him; the officers repaired to his house; he was no longer there. Three days before he had left Salem, in winter snow and inclement weather, of which he remembered the severity even in his late old age. 'For fourteen weeks he was sorely tossed in a bitter season, not knowing what bread or bed did mean.' Often in the stormy night he had neither fire, nor food, nor company; often he wandered without a guide, and had no house but a hollow tree. But he was not without friends. The same scrupulous respect for the rights of others which had led him to defend the freedom of conscience, had made him also the champion of the Indians. He had already been zealous to acquire their language, and knew it so well that he could debate with them in their own dialect. During his residence at Plymouth he had often been the guest of the neighbouring sachems; and now when he came in winter to the cabin of the chief of Pocanoket, he was welcomed by Massasoit, and 'the barbarous heart of Canonicus, the chief of the Narragansetts, loved him as his son to the last gasp.' 'The ravens,' he relates with gratitude, 'fed me in the wilderness.' And in requital for their hospitality he was ever through his long life their friend and benefactor; the apostle of Christianity to them without hire, without weariness, and without impatience at their idolatry; the guardian of their rights; the pacificator when their rude passions were inflamed; and their unflinching advocate and protector whenever Europeans attempted an invasion of their rights."

The doctrines of Roger Williams, which were deemed to be so dangerously latitudinarian, and which were so far in advance of the age, brought upon him all the hardships and all the cruelties already described and many others. But we must hasten forward to another remarkable era in his life,—his founding a state in Rhode Island.

It was in the month of June that, with five companions, he embarked in a frail Indian canoe to plant an independent state. Tradition, says our author, has marked the spring near which they landed; "it is the parent spot, the first inhabited nook of Rhode Island." The gratitude and confidence of this apostle towards God was never shaken, and he called the place Providence. "I desired," said he, "it might be the shelter for persons distressed for conscience." He cherished no bitterness, no revenge; he forgave his persecutors; nay we shall soon see how he returned good for evil. But in the meanwhile listen to some particulars concerning his new location:—

"The land which was occupied by Williams was within the territory of

the Narragansett Indians; it was not long before an Indian deed from Canonicus and Miantonomah made him the undisputed possessor of an extensive domain. Nothing displays more clearly the character of Roger Williams than the use which he made of his acquisition of territory. The soil he could claim as 'his own, as truly as any man's coat upon his back,' and he reserved to himself not one foot of land, not one title of political power, more than he granted to servants and strangers.' 'He gave away his lands and other estate to them that he thought most in want, until he gave away all.' He chose to found a commonwealth in the unmixed forms of a pure democracy, where the will of the majority should govern the state. Yet 'only in civil things.' God alone was respected as the ruler of conscience. To their more aristocratic neighbours it seemed as if these fugitives 'would have no magistrates,' for everything was as yet decided in convention by the people. This first system has had its influence on the whole political history of Rhode Island; in no state in the world, not even in the agricultural state of Vermont, has the magistracy so little power, or the representatives of the people so much."

We have alluded to the forgiving spirit of Roger Williams and his returning good for evil. These beautiful and magnanimous principles and feelings were exemplified in an extraordinary manner. He had discovered that the whole of the surrounding Indian tribes had conspired to massacre the whole of the Massachusetts colonists; but at the most imminent danger to himself, and after infinite toil by going from one Indian village to another, he succeeded in dissolving the entire plot. Had he merely warned the intended victims, which he lost no time in doing, of the savage fury that was ready to pour down upon them, his conduct would have deserved to have been enrolled in the annals of virtue and nobleness of heart. But he did far more; more than any man could have done; for he prevented the deluge of blood being shed that would, in all probability but for him, have flown not only on the side of the colonists, but on that of the aborigines.

In behalf of the settlers in Rhode Island he was the unceasing, the able, and the trusted father and benefactor. He it was who, during the long parliament, repaired to England to crave not only the protection of the mother country, but to obtain a charter. He failed not in the objects of his mission. Now mark the manner of one of his rewards:—

"A double triumph awaited Williams on his return to New-England; he arrived at Boston, and letters from the parliament ensured him a safe reception from those who had decreed his banishment. But what honours awaited the successful negotiator on his return to the province which he had founded! As he reached Seekonk he found the water covered with a fleet of canoes; all Providence had come forth to welcome the return of its benefactor. Placed in the centre of his fellow-citizens, the group of boats started for the opposite shore; and as they paddled across the stream, Roger Williams, placed in the centre of his grateful fellow-citizens and glowing with the purest joy, 'was elevated and transported out of himself.'"

What we have said and already presented of Mr. Bancroft's work, will, we think, be sufficient to send some of our readers to the book itself. But passing on to the second volume, matters no less striking and lessons no less valuable than any we have yet noticed, crowd upon us; or rather, perhaps, it should be said that the great and prevailing influences, motives, and principles already remarked upon, exhibit themselves not only with a uniformity that cannot be misconstrued, but have down to the present day been constantly more fully and forcibly developing themselves. Before leaving the first volume we may briefly observe, that soon after the period to which the last extract referred, the tide of emigration to New England became much enlarged, and continued regularly increasing; not only a considerable number of the emigrants being men of rank and property, but persons celebrated in the mother country for their talents and public acts. It was not alone owing to the tyranny exercised under the Stuarts that this augmentation took place; but the progress of the new colonies, the interest which the fortunes of the pilgrim-fathers had created, were such as to captivate many at home, and to lead them to follow those who had opened the wilderness and laid the foundation of a mighty nation.

The second volume brings before us the settlement of almost all the original States of the Union; and goes over the period that elapsed from the time of Cromwell to the end of the 17th century.

The reign of the Second Charles was eventful in the history of the United States; for various were the attempts to wrest from the colonies the rights which even their charters had guaranteed, but still more to check the evermore distinctly developed march of independence and democracy. But all such efforts, though they might sometimes smother apparently the spread and strength of these resistless principles, only served to feed the sacred flame, and to make it burst forth as from a pent chamber at some future period. Many were the great minds that were bred and cherished in a soil so rich in its essential as well as circumstantial elements. The single fact that America was so far removed from the mother country, and at a time when steam navigation did not shorten the space, prevented close or constant surveillance, while it influenced the colonists in a corresponding manner, they feeling themselves as free and unwatched as were the solitudes of the forest and the wilderness.

We may appropriately give as our first extract from the second volume, which contains so much belonging to the reign and the era of Charles the Second, our author's truthful, unflattering, and vigorous sketch of that Prince's character:—

"The tall and swarthy grandson of Henry IV. of France, was naturally possessed of a disposition which, had he preserved purity of morals, had made him one of the most amiable of men. It was in his misfortune, in very early life, to have become thoroughly debauched in mind and heart; and adversity, usually the rugged nurse of virtue, made the selfish

time but the more reckless in his profligacy. He did not merely indulge his passions; his neck bowed to the yoke of lewdness. He was attached to women, not from love, for he had no jealousy, and was regardless of infidelities; nor entirely from debauch, but from the pleasure of living near them, and sauntering in their company. His delight—such is the record of the royalist Evelyn—was in ‘concubines, and cattle of that sort;’ and up to the last week of his life, he spent his time in dissoluteness, toying with his mistresses, and listening to love-songs. If decision ever broke through his abject vices, it was but a momentary flash; a life of pleasure sapped his moral courage, and left him imbecile, fit only to be the tool of courtiers, and the dupe of mistresses. Did the English commons impeach Clarendon? Charles II. could think of nothing but how to get the duchess of Richmond to court again. Was the Dutch war signalized by disasters? ‘the king did still follow his women as much as ever;’ and took more pains to reconcile the chambermaids of Lady Castlemaine, or make friends of the rival beauties of his court, than to save his kingdom. He was ‘governed by his lust, and the women, and the rogues about him.’

“The natural abilities of Charles II. were probably overrated. He was incapable of a strong purpose or steady application. He read imperfectly and ill. When drunk, he was a silly, good-natured, subservient fool. In the council of state he played with his dog, never minding the business, or making a speech memorable only for its silliness; and if he visited the naval magazines, ‘his talk was equally idle and frothy.’

“The best trait in his character was his natural kindness. Yet his benevolence was in part a weakness; his bounty was that of facility; and his placable temper, incapable of strong revenge, was equally incapable of affection. He so loved his present tranquillity, that he signed the death warrants of innocent men, rather than risk disquiet; but of himself he was merciful, and was reluctant to hang any but republicans. His love of placid enjoyments and of ease continued to the end. On the last morning of his life, he bade his attendants open the curtains of his bed, and the windows of his bed-chamber, that he might once more see the sun. He desired absolution; ‘For God’s sake, send for a Catholic priest; but checked himself, adding, ‘it may expose the Duke of York to danger.’ He pardoned all his enemies, no doubt, sincerely. The queen sent to beg forgiveness for any offences. ‘Alas, poor woman, she beg my pardon!’ he replied; ‘I beg hers with all my heart; take back to her that answer.’ He expressed some regard for his brother, his children, his mistresses. ‘Do not leave poor Nelly Gwyn to starve,’ was almost his last commission.

“Such was the lewd king of England, on whose favour depended the liberties of the New-England colonies, where lewdness was held a crime, and adultery inexorably punished by death on the gallows.

“Massachusetts, strong in its charter, made no haste to present itself in England as a suppliant. ‘*The colony of Boston,*’ wrote Stuyvesant, ‘*remains constant to its old maxims of a free state, dependent on none but God.*’ Had the king resolved on sending them a governor, the several towns and churches throughout the whole country were resolved to oppose him.”

Notwithstanding all the jealousy of the home government in

regard to the growing strength of the colonies and their manifestations of growing independence of spirit, and hostility to royal authority and the distinctions which obtained in Europe, there were several charters drawn from Charles that may well astonish the reader by their liberality. With regard to that which was granted to Connecticut, the privileges which it conveyed were so ample as to astonish the republican colony itself. Mr. Bancroft remarks, in reference to this charter, that—

“ Could Charles have looked back upon earth, and seen what security his gift of a charter had conferred, he might have gloried in an act which redeemed his life from the charge of having been unproductive of public happiness. The contentment of Connecticut was full to the brim. In a public proclamation under the great seal of the colony, it told the world that its days under the charter were ‘ halcyon days of peace.’ ”

Rhode Island has already engaged the interest of our readers. A notice of the colony at the period when it, too, obtained a charter from Charles, will delight the imagination:—

“ No joy could be purer than that of the colonists, when the news was spread abroad, that ‘ George Baxter, the most faythful and happie bringer of the charter,’ had arrived. On the beautiful island, long esteemed a paragon for fertility, and famed as one of the pleasantest sea-side spots in the world, the whole body of the people gathered together, ‘ for the solemn reception of His Majesty’s gracious letters patent.’ It was ‘ a very great meeting and assembly.’ The letters of the agent ‘ were opened, and read with good delivery and attention ;’ the charter was next taken forth from the precious box that had held it, and ‘ was read by Baxter, in the audience and view of all the people ; and the letters with His Majesty’s royal stamp, and the broad seal, with much beseeeming gravity, were held up on high, and presented to the perfect view of the people.’ Now Rhode Island was safe.”

Such names as Baxter and Williams must serve to impress the mind with the fact that America attracted and nurtured some of the greatest and best spirits that ever swelled in human breasts and effected the destinies of mankind. Many were the great and good men that helped to breed up a hardy and resolute race in the American colonies.

Look upon one or two others whose names shall live in the annals of civilization ; whose virtues and chivalrous enterprises, whose achievements and triumphs, have never been surpassed. Look at George Fox:—

“ In the autumn of the same year, George Fox travelled across ‘ the great bogs’ of the Dismal Swamp, commonly ‘ laying abroad anights in the woods by a fire,’ till at last he reached a house in Carolina, and obtained the luxury of a mat by the fireside. Carolina had ever been the refuge of Quakers and ‘ renegadoes’ from ecclesiastical oppression ; and Fox was

welcomed to their safe asylum. The people lived lonely in the woods, with no other guardian to their solitary houses than a watch-dog. There have been religious communities, which, binding themselves by a vow to a life of study and reflection, have planted their monasteries in the solitudes of the desert, on the place where they might best lift up their hearts to contemplative enjoyments. Here was a colony of men from civilized life, scattered among the forests, hermits with wives and children, resting on the bosom of nature, in perfect harmony with the wilderness of their gentle clime. With absolute freedom of conscience, benevolent reason was the simple rule of their conduct. Such was the people to whom George Fox explained the beautiful truth that gives vitality to his sect, 'opening many things concerning the light and spirit of God that is in every one,' without distinction of education or race."

When looking at the history of American independence and democracy, it ought never to be overlooked that it was twin-born with the colonization of the States, some of them, to be sure, showing more ample and decided elements, and maintaining these in their purity more firmly than others. For example—

"North Carolina was settled by the freest of the free; by men to whom the restraints of other colonies were too severe; they were not so much caged in the woods as scattered in lonely granges. There was neither city nor township: there was hardly even a hamlet, or one house within sight of another; nor were there roads, except as the paths from house to house were distinguished by notches in the trees. But the settlers were gentle in their tempers, of serene minds, enemies to violence and bloodshed. Not all the successive revolutions had kindled vindictive passions; freedom, entire freedom, was enjoyed without anxiety as without guarantees; the charities of life were scattered at their feet, like the flowers on their meadows; and the spirit of humanity maintained its influence in the Arcadia, as royalist writers will have it, 'of rogues and rebels,' in the paradise of Quakers."

How primitive and picturesque to the imagination does this picture appear!

Among the extraordinary men who have left an impression upon America, and who must while they lived have visibly moulded whatever they set their hands to and hearts upon, we may instance Winthrop the younger. See in him what accomplishments, as well as sterling virtues, beautified and adorned the American colonies:—

"Even as a child, he had been the pride of his father's house; he had received the best instruction which Cambridge and Dublin could afford; and had perfected his education by visiting, in part at least, in the public service, not Holland and France only, in the days of Prince Maurice and Richelieu, but Venice and Constantinople. From boyhood his manners had been spotless; and the purity of his soul added lustre and beauty to the gifts of nature and industry; as he travelled through Europe, he sought

the society of men eminent for learning. Returning to England in the bloom of life, with every promise of preferment which genius, gentleness of temper, and influence at court, could inspire, he preferred to follow his father to the new world : regarding ' diversities of countries but as so many inns,' alike conducting to ' the journey's end.' "

But to return to the delightful sketches and faithful pictures of the primitive era of American history, at times too when the parent country was torn and full of strifes, here is an Arcadian sketch :—

" The husbandman who held his own plough, and fed his own cattle, was the great man of the age ; no one was superior to the matron, who, with her busy daughters, kept the hum of the wheel incessantly alive, spinning and weaving every article of their dress. Fashion was confined within narrow limits ; and pride, which aimed at no grander equipage than a pillion, could exult only in the common splendour of the blue and white linen gown, with short sleeves, coming down to the waist, and in the snow-white flaxen apron, which, primly starched and ironed, was worn on public days by every woman in the land. For there was no revolution, except from the time of sowing to the time of reaping, from the plain dress of the week day to the more trim attire of the Sunday. Every family was taught to look upward to God, as to the Fountain of all good. Yet life was not sombre. The spirit of frolic mingled with innocence : religion itself sometimes wore the garb of gaiety ; and the annual thanksgiving to God was, from primitive times, as joyous as it was sincere."

Much is indicated by the fact that there was " hardly a lawyer in the land " in those days. But at times the colonies had to contend with royal encroachments, which they did manfully and sturdily, especially some of the states of New England, which province all along evinced a most decided love of independence and a firm determination to be free. Listen to the respectful yet significant tone of a remonstrance against what the people of Massachusetts deemed excessive powers as vested in a royal commission :—

" God knows," said they, " our greatest ambition is to live a quiet life, in a corner of the world. We came not into this wilderness to seek great things to ourselves ; and if any come after us to seeke them here, they will be disappointed. We keep ourselves within our line ; a just dependence upon, and subjection to, your majestie, *according to our charter*, it is far from our hearts to disacknowledge. We would gladly do any thing within our power to purchase the continuance of your favourable aspect. But it is a great unhappiness to have no testimony of our loyalty offered but this to yield up our liberties, which are far dearer to us than our lives, and which we have willingly ventured our lives, and passed through many deaths to obtain."

Although Charles was at times fully awake to the growing and prevalent spirit of the New-Englanders, yet he was such a slave to his vices, and so unwilling to be pestered or disturbed, that the

people whom he wished to curb and command on the other side of the Atlantic profited in proportion as his neglect of them exhibited itself. Massachusetts, in particular, took steady advantage of the king's folly and weakness, and of the imbecility of his government. Take an account of this State from the testimony of one that did not incline to flattery on the subject :—

“ ‘ It is,’ said Sir Joshua Child, in his discourse on trade, ‘ the most prejudicial plantation of Great Britain; the frugality, industry, and temperance of its people, and the happiness of their laws and institutions, promise them long life, and a wonderful increase of people, riches and power.’ They enjoyed the blessings of self-government and virtual independance. The villages of New-England were already the traveller’s admiration; the acts of navigation were not regarded; no custom-house was established. Massachusetts, which now stretched to the Kenneback, possessed a widely-extended trade; acting as the carrier for nearly all the colonies, and sending its ships into the most various climes. Vessels from Spain and Italy, from France and Holland, might be seen in Boston harbour; commerce began to pour out wealth on the colonists. A generous nature employed wealth liberally; after the great fire in London, even the miserable in the mother country had received large contributions.”

Yet the enemies of the colony reported that it abounded in “rebels to the king.” But it was not of rebels that he had cause to be in fear; if anxiety and jealousy were to be entertained at all, it should have been of a community which contained the germs of certain prosperity and future greatness; it should have been of a settlement in which the villages were constantly increasing, where theft was rare, where beggary was unknown, and where the people had this character pronounced of them by the Earl of Anglesey, “ You are poor, and yet proud.”

But while the New-Englanders were gradually extending their power and consolidating their institutions, as well as enlarging their domains, this latter circumstance brought them into collision with the Indians upon whose territories such steady encroachments were realized, and led to wars the consequences of which it curdles the blood to contemplate. Take one extract, and it must be our last, in which some of the horrors experienced during what was called Philip’s war are described :—

“ The Indians were secret as beasts of prey, skilful marksmen, and in part provided with fire-arms, fleet of foot, conversant with all the paths of the forest, patient of fatigue, and mad with a passion for rapine, vengeance, and destruction, retreating into swamps for their fastnesses, or hiding in the greenwood thickets, where the leaves muffled the eyes of the pursuer. By the rapidity of their descent, they seemed omnipresent among the scattered villages, which they ravaged like a passing storm; and for a full year they kept all New-England in a state of terror and excitement. The exploring party was waylaid and cut off, and the mangled carcasses and disjointed limbs of the dead were hung upon the trees

to terrify pursuers. The labourer in the field, the reapers as they went forth to the harvest, men as they went to mill, the shepherd's boy among the sheep, were shot down by skulking foes, whose approach was invisible. Who can tell the heavy hours of women? The mother, if left alone in the house, feared the tomahawk for herself and children; on the sudden attack, the husband would fly with one child, the wife with another, and, perhaps, one only escape; the village cavalcade, making its way to meeting on Sunday, in files on horseback, the farmer holding the bridle in one hand, and a child in the other, his wife seated on a pillion behind him, it may be with a child in her lap, as was the fashion in those days, could not proceed safely; but, at the moment when least expected, bullets would come whizzing by them, discharged with fatal aim from an ambuscade by the way-side. The forest, that protected the ambush of the Indians, secured their retreat. They hung upon the skirts of the English villages, 'like the lightning on the edge of the clouds.' "

We are sure that the high opinion which we entertain of these volumes will be acquiesced in by the readers of the extracts given; and that a work which contains so much that is excellent in manner and matter, upon a most awakening and attractive theme, and where such a variety of interesting subjects is handled, will obtain, in course of time, an extensive and steady popularity in this country. We think that Mr. Bancroft sometimes appears ambitious of finery of words. But there can be no doubt of his being possessed of the highest requisites of an historian; and he rises and maintains for the most part his bearing, in a judicious and animated style, in accordance with the demands of the occasion.

ART. IX.—*Domestic Scenes in Russia; in a Series of Letters describing a Residence in that Country, chiefly in the Interior.* By the Rev. R. LISTER VENABLES, M.A. London: Murray. 1889.

THE daily increasing power of Russia, the activity, and universality of her diplomatic energies, and the rapid advancement of the population of her immense territory in the arts and manufactures of more civilized nations, has been a fertile topic for panic-making pamphleteers and terrorist journalists, since the memorable brochure of Sir R. Wilson startled the world some twenty years ago with its awful prognostications. It is not two months since the "Times," on the authority of Captain Craufurd, sounded the tocsin of alarm, which was caught up and responded to by the *dii minores* of the press from one end of the kingdom to the other. The possibility of a hostile descent of the barbarians of the north upon our defenceless shores was urged in terms so vehement, that even the thinking portion of the community stood aghast at the danger. As a wag remarked, several elderly gentlemen walked the streets in nervous trepidation, lest at every turn they should plump up against a phalanx of Cossacks, from the Don or the Wolga, bristling with

spears, and fierce with unclipt beards. The metropolis of the mightiest and most extensive empire the world ever saw, tottered towards its fall, and awaited with praiseworthy resignation the irruption of the Scythian hordes—the awful denunciation did the work of the hour—the thunder rolled away and was forgotten—the spectre evoked by the exorcist of the Times, scared the multitude for a moment and vanished into thin air, *teneras sunt fumus in auras*. Men began to pluck up their courage, and women laid their heads on their pillows without the dread of being ravished and murdered before day-light. Now that we have recovered from the effects of that dreadful nightmare, it may not be amiss to examine into the nature and proportions of the phantom that scared us, and to accustom our eyes to measure its colossal proportions and hideous features, that we may be prepared against fresh conjurations of the great journalist, as well as against the palpable embodied reality when it shall appear.

The vast extent of European Russia is composed of a dead level. There are no ineffaceable and distinctive lines to separate race from race, to harden men by continual and local struggles—to combine men by the various motives and necessities arising out of relative weakness, strength, riches, and poverty. There is consequently no spirit of mountain independence, there are no chieftains, no clans, no castles: levels are the cradles of independence, while the population, thinly scattered over them, is pastoral and nomade; but when the population is fixed to the soil, it sinks into a state of serfage, and ceases to resist the authority that may be placed over it—yet if that authority is intelligent, it can be made as efficient for the purposes of political power and foreign conquest as the warlike mountaineer or the sturdy republican. Two millions and a half of Egyptians have been more easily subdued than a tribe of Bedouins; yet twenty thousand of these Egyptians, imperfectly disciplined, have shaken the Turkish dominions. The Bedouin wanders, because his independence is lost when he settles. This is all that distinguishes him from the Fellah. Again, the degrees of this submissiveness depend in a great measure on the extent of the plains and the density of the population. The plains of Russia which nourish her troops, may be stated at five hundred thousand square miles, and the population is increasing more rapidly than in any state of Europe. Not less important is the severity of the climate. During six months of the year the soil is without vegetation; the peasant is confined to his hut and depends for his own existence, and that of his cattle on the accumulation of the previous season. Can men under such circumstances combine against the authority which, by a single devastating order, may annihilate the sources of existence? The idea of resistance to any mandate becomes a chimera, it ceases to exist; and in time the possessor of an uncontrollable power, of such dreadful means of retribution,

becomes elevated in the prejudices of the ignorant mind into a being super-human, whose will is associated with the idea of the Divinity, and whose decrees it becomes religion to obey.

Submissiveness and serfage have become the distinctive features of all the tribes descending from the Slavonic stock ; devotion to the Russian autocrat, as chief of their faith and race, is more or less the creed of the largest family of nations in the world. But the principal strength of Russia is composed of 34,000,000 of Muscovites, who have no will save that of their emperor, who have no balancing power, no protecting statutes, no property, who are attached to the soil, or transportable at pleasure to the remotest parts of his empire, not excited by the hope of advancement, not even spurred by the obligation of providing for their own necessities, and resigned to whatever fate awaits them. The indolent, the untractable, the turbulent spirits, if such are found, are drafted into the army, and the mass remains as before, with its passive and active obedience, its strong muscle and pliant will. In this manner do all possible causes coincide to produce that devotedness which exists in a degree and to an extent unparalleled. Hence the elements of her power are fixed and increasing, because depending on immutable causes, faith, ignorance, climate, geographical structure, and extent.

Among the many hardships which beset the Russian peasant, the conscription seems to be regarded as the most grievous and severe. The most alarming and effective threat which a noble can hold out to the most vicious and refractory of his peasants is, "that he will make him a soldier." This is the punishment reserved for the worst and most incorrigible characters. The unfortunate conscript, whom the military tribunal has once marked for its own, passes at once into a new existence. Every tie of family or affection is at once violently snapt asunder—every cherished hope, and prospect is destroyed. After undergoing the terrible ordeal of almost incessant drilling, the victim of this iron system is transferred to some distant region, whose climate, language, and manners are the very reverse of those he has left behind. Once enrolled, he is at the absolute disposal of the emperor, to be employed either by sea or by land. He is taught to unite in his own person the seemingly incompatible qualities of a good soldier and a good seaman. The Russian navy is manned from the ranks, and the sailors are equipped and exercised as soldiers. This accounts for the apparent absurdity, which has often been noticed, of the Russian naval captains wearing spurs as a part of their uniform. They are seamen afloat, and field officers on shore. The wife of a soldier is free ; but his children are the property of the Czar. The boys are educated as soldiers, and placed in the ranks when old enough to serve : the girls are given as wives to those who are settled in the military colonies, but such are the dissolute morals of a Russian barracks, that such marriages are generally unfruitful.

On the estates belonging to the crown, the lot of furnishing a conscript falls upon each family in turns, according to the number of males of which it consists, and the election is made by the community of peasants themselves. It not unfrequently happens that in a numerous family the sons are all too young, and that the father alone is capable of serving, and upon him depends the maintenance of the family, this gives rise to the most heart-rending scenes; nor is it in the power of the superintending board, provided the selection is just, to remedy the evil by refusing the conscript. If two or more brothers are of the proper age and height, they draw lots, or the father chooses which he pleases as the recruit: a substitute may occasionally be purchased. The price is sometimes not less than a hundred pounds; but as the peasants on the crown lands are in many instances possessed of considerable wealth, they can afford to pay thus highly for an exemption from their turn of service. On private estates, the proprietors have the privilege of selecting such of their serfs as they please for conscripts, and this affords them the opportunity of ridding themselves of their idle or refractory servants. Such is the dread with which the Russian peasant regards the idea of his enlistment, that he not unfrequently mutilates his person, or cherishes some disqualifying disease. Many purchase the protection of a clerk or other employé at the rate of from fifty to a hundred roubles; a protection which it is needless to say, extends not beyond the pocketing of the bribe. The manner of proceeding in the enrolment of conscripts is that described by Mr. Venables:—

“The members, with the doctors and the secretary, are all in uniform, and wear swords; the civil uniform differing little from the military, except in the absence of epaulettes. A standard measure, which can only be lowered to five feet three inches, is placed in the room, flanked on either side by a tall corporal.

“The ante-room is crowded with peasants, and there are a certain number of soldiers and gens d’armes in attendance to keep order. I must premise, that when a man is received as a soldier, a patch is immediately shaved on his forehead to mark him: if he is rejected, a patch is shaved at the back of his neck to show that he has been examined, and to prevent his being brought forward a second time. At the conclusion of each day’s sitting, the recruits, who have been enlisted, are marched in a body to a church, where they take the oaths of allegiance and fidelity before a priest.

“To return to the proceedings of the board,—we will suppose the business to begin with the examination of the conscripts furnished from the estate of a private individual.

“At the president’s order, one of the corporals in attendance opens the door into the ante-room, and calls out for the peasants of Ivan Petroitch Pashkoff to be in readiness: the president then reads out A. B., the first name on the list of conscripts sent by Mr. Pashkoff.

" 'A. B. come in,' shouts the corporal, and in walks A. B., *stark naked*. He is first placed under the standard, the corporal on each side taking care that he holds himself upright, which of course he is not very willing to do.

" 'Five feet four inches,' says the corporal. The president enters the man's height opposite to his name in a book; the conscript is then handed over to the doctor who pronounces him sound and fit for service. The field officer then examines him, to ascertain that there is no peculiarity in his person, such as his being very much bandy-legged or knock-kneed, or having an extraordinarily shaped head, which would interfere with his wearing uniform. He pronounces his approval of the recruit; the president enters everything in his book, and simply calls out '*Lop*' (forehead): the corporal instantly shoves A. B. out of the room shouting '*Lop*.'—*Lop, Lop*, is repeated in the ante-room, and the man is taken straight into another apartment where his forehead is shaved, and he finds himself a soldier. In the meantime C. D. appears before the board: he is either too short, (if a sheet of paper can be passed between the man's head and the measure marking five feet three, he is rejected) or the doctor or inspecting officer finds that he is physically unfit to be received. The president calls out '*zatillac*' (neck), C. D. is shoved out of the room, *satillao, zatillac* is repeated in the ante-room, the back of the man's neck is shaved, and he is set at liberty. If a man declares himself labouring under any defect, or subject to any complaint unfitting him for a soldier, and the case is such that the truth cannot be ascertained on the spot, he is sent to the hospital for examination, and a report on his case is received the following day. Of course these poor men often counterfeit fits and other infirmities, in order to avoid being enlisted, but if they are discovered, they are liable to severe punishment, and their claim to a discharge after twenty-five years service, is sometimes taken away.

" When the turn of the crown peasants comes, three brothers perhaps enter together, one of whom is to be selected. They are accompanied by their father and mother, and their wives and children, if they have any; decency being laid aside, for the three young men are *stark naked*. The board, after referring to the register, and hearing all that the men, as well as their father and mother have to urge in their excuse, decide that it is justly the turn of this family to furnish a conscript; the three brothers are therefore measured and examined, as in the case which I have described: and the result we will suppose is, that the eldest is tall and healthy, but he has a wife and three or four children; the second measures but five feet two inches; and the third brother is a fine tall lad of eighteen. Of the three, therefore, the youngest is under age, and the second is under size; they, therefore, are legally exempted from the conscription, and the eldest brother must be taken away from his wife and family and made a soldier, unless the lad of eighteen will voluntarily consent to serve in his stead.

" A scene now ensues, which is at the same time both pathetic and ludicrous. The elder brother and his wife, the father and mother, and the little children, all throw themselves on the ground and prostrate themselves repeatedly at the feet of the young man, beseeching him to have pity on the family of his brother, and to consent to be enlisted in his place. The poor lad looks with a bewildered air from one to another, not exactly knowing what to do, having no fancy to be a soldier, and unable to make mind to refuse. However, he is urged on every side, for the m

the board add their exhortations to the entreaties of his family, some bidding him be a good christian and sacrifice himself for his relations, and others encouraging him with the promise of good treatment in the army. At last, completely overpowered, he musters up courage, crosses himself, and consents to be a soldier.

"The conscription frequently gives rise to most pitiable scenes, where married men, or the sons of widows, or aged parents, are torn away from families, of which they were the chief prop and stay. The recruits often cry and lament bitterly their hard lot when they come before the board to be examined; but the moment they are enlisted and their fate decided, they generally cheer up and recover their spirits, as if they thought it useless to grieve over what could no longer be remedied or avoided.

"The Russian peasants are extremely attached to one another in their families, and it rarely happens that there is any difficulty in persuading a young man to devote himself for a relation; on the contrary, they often persist in doing so, to save an elder brother, or an uncle, against the advice of all around them. The other day a lad under twenty, whose married brother was nominated as a conscript, insisted upon coming here with him, in order, as he said, to see his fate. The man was accepted as a recruit, and the father coming out, said to his younger son, who was waiting in the street, 'they have taken your brother, Gabriel.' Gabriel, without answering, rushed into the house, pressed through the crowd in attendance, and hurried, breathless, into the board-room, fearful of being too late to offer himself as a substitute for his married brother; he was, however, in good time, and being a fine young man, was of course readily received in the place of the other.

"The recruits, after being sworn in, receive a great coat and cap, a pair of boots, and some other necessities; and they are then quartered in barracks, detachments being occasionally draughted off from this to the neighbouring towns. Their beards are immediately removed, the moustaches alone being left; and in this severe weather it is quite pitiable to see the raw chins of these poor fellows, who have just been shaved for the first time in their lives."

So deeply is the system of slavery and the doctrine of implicit obedience woven in the minds of the Russian gentry, that they are utterly incapable of comprehending the first principles of impartial law or justice. The absolute right of property in his serf, and his own immeasurable superiority, grow with the growth of the young noble, and form the nucleus about which are gathered his scanty stock of ideas, while servility and terror of his superiors is carefully impressed on a Russian peasant from his birth. An act of insubordination on the part of the latter is expiated in the mines of Siberia. A Russian general, on his road to meet the Emperor, finds his passage obstructed by the cattle of a party of peasants from Little Russia. The order for clearing the way is heard with dogged sullenness by the serfs, without its producing the requisite alacrity of movement. The general's servant is forthwith commissioned to quicken their movements with a stick. The Little Russians being a more independent race than their fellow-serfs, and

mustering to the number of some thirty or forty, pull his excellency out of his carriage and drag him about the road, without however inflicting any serious bodily injury, and then let him pass. The unheard-of enormity of touching the person of a noble was punished by transportation to Siberia. The obstruction of the high road, the assault on a peaceable traveller, were as nothing compared to the guilt of laying hands upon the sacred person of a lord of slaves, and yet the Russian peasant dances in his fetters and sings within hearing of the sound of the knout. To view his childish merriment and boisterous hilarity at his village fête, one would be inclined to suppose that he was happy and contented with his lot. "It is a melancholy sight," says Mr. Venables, "to see bearded men scrambling like monkeys for gingerbread, exulting in the pleasures of the swing and delighting in all the sports of children." In fact they are a sort of grown-up children, and as such they are treated by law and custom. The early conviction that they can do nothing to change or improve their condition, deprives them of all stimulus and excitement to energetic action. They have no habit of acting or deciding for themselves, they are mere bodies whose actions are governed by the will of their superiors. They have nothing to hope for, and little to fear. To sink or rise is equally impossible. Hence their light-hearted merriment is but the reckless hilarity of intoxication. "As long," says Mr. Venables, "as the vast extent of Russia and her thinly scattered population continues to render food, shelter, and clothing cheap and abundant, the peasant may continue to laugh and dance, careless or unconscious of his degraded position; but should the pressing evils of want or scarcity arise to disturb his thoughtless gaiety and empty merriment, he will become a morose and discontented slave, his eyes will be open to his degraded condition, and woe to that generation, whether of lord or serf, in which the light shall break forth; for unless the country is far more enlightened than at present, a revolution must commence in bloodshed and end in anarchy."

To those who are alarmed at the rapid and gigantic encroachments of the northern colossus, it must be a matter of some consolation to think that its feet are but of clay. It may be consoling to think that the elements of combustion exist to an extent almost unparalleled in the heart of that mighty Empire which threatens to bear down all others in its onward movement: a spark may kindle the mass. The withdrawal of the iron hand that keeps those slumbering fires in subjection, may be the signal for a general conflagration. In the event of internal discord or external defeat, Russia would be girdled by a belt of insurrectionary nations from Poland to its Persian frontier. The probability of internal convulsion is more fully enlarged upon in the following passage:—

"Should any inducements be successful in exciting the people to revolt,

the first result of the overthrow of the present order of things would undoubtedly be a reign of terror, in the massacres and other acts of violence which must be expected from a population in the depths of ignorance, suddenly freed, not only from their fetters, but from the ordinary restraints of law and subordination. Their worst passions would naturally be roused against their late masters, whom they would be taught to regard as their enemies and their oppressors. A man's foes would truly be those of his own household; the domestic servants suffer naturally more than the peasants, from the authority of a good master and the tyranny of a bad one; they would consider that they had the most injuries to avenge, and their vengeance would be the most terrible. The consequences which might be looked for if the slaves rose against their masters, and the soldiers against their officers, may be judged of by the revolt of the military colonies which took place soon after the accession of the present Emperor, and which was repressed entirely by his personal intrepidity in proceeding immediately to the spot, appearing unguarded amongst the rioters, and asserting his authority at the risk of his life. On that occasion no atrocity was omitted, and the unhappy officers who had incurred the fury of their men were not merely murdered, but tortured with the utmost barbarity. Their dead bodies were lying in the road, and the mutineers were assembled in their house of exercise when the Emperor arrived; he commanded his aide-de-camp, Count Orloff, to wait for him, and in spite of all remonstrance, proceeded alone to address the soldiers. Count Orloff, and the other attendants, waited for a time in the utmost suspense, and then approaching the building, and looking in at a window, unable to restrain their anxiety, they were not a little surprised to see the whole body of men on their knees, and the commanding form of the Emperor alone erect and addressing them; such had been the effect of their habitual fear and respect for him, and of his unexpected appearance among them, that they had immediately prostrated themselves before him and sued for pardon. It must be owned that Nicholas the First, on all occasions, displays the highest order of courage, namely, that which induces a man deliberately, and in cold blood, to incur imminent peril for the sake of an important end.

"After the murders and acts of violence which must be expected, the next result to be apprehended from a revolution in Russia would be a fearful and general famine; for utter improvidence is one leading characteristic of the peasant, and if he found himself suddenly relieved from the obligation to work for his master, he probably would not be more industrious for his own maintenance.

"At any rate, during the period of the convulsion, the land of the master would not be cultivated, and half the country would be unproductive; the other half being, to say the least, very generally neglected. This evil would, of course, be remedied by time; the proprietors would, as in other countries, employ hired labourers for the cultivation of their land, and the peasant would learn that, whether slave or freeman, he must equally earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. Before, however, the period of reaction came, multitudes must have perished from the neglect of husbandry, and the consequent deficiency of crops, if it were but for one season. Russia has no external resources, she depends upon herself to supply food for her population, and if that supply fails, the population must perish for want."

The progress of education is slow in Russia, or rather there is no

progress at all. All books, except such as have been inspected and approved of by the government, are carefully excluded. The discussion of all topics connected with the administration of affairs is also carefully prohibited. The discipline at all the public institutions or academies is military, no matter for what profession the pupils may be intended. A Russian boy remains under female government, and in utter ignorance, until he is thirteen or even fifteen years old. He remains a child until he is almost a man. A knowledge of French and to a certain extent of German, a little history, geography, and arithmetic, form the sum total of his acquirements, a classical education is a thing unheard of:—

“ At the age of eighteen or nineteen the young Russian, in the majority of cases, enters the army, and from the moment he is fairly embarked in the service, he is harassed and fatigued to death with drilling and exercising from morning till night. He has scarcely a leisure moment for improving his mind, if he wishes it, and he probably spends the best years of his life in complete banishment, quartered in a wretched country village in a peasant's house, with no society but that of a few comrades, whose thoughts do not extend beyond the pleasures of drinking and smoking. It is not wonderful, if, after a few years of such an existence, his mind becomes debased; he is incapable of entertaining enlightened ideas, and is almost entirely unfitted for civilized society.

“ The ladies in Russia are, generally speaking, very superior, both in acquirements and manners, to the men. The system of private education is suitable and proper for girls; and as they have no military service to put an end to improvement, and to exclude them from good society on their entrance into life, their minds are better cultivated in proportion than those of the young men, and their manners more polished and refined.”

If the commencement of a military profession puts an effectual stop to the progress of the education of the one sex, an early marriage operates quite as effectually in checking that of the other. A girl marries at sixteen or seventeen the man whom her parents have selected without any regard to the inclinations of their child. The management of her household, and the care of her children, supersede the practice of any accomplishment she may have previously acquired, and prevent the acquisition of a fresh stock of knowledge. As in Russia the nobles are almost all manufacturers, the household duties which fall to the lot of the fair sex are of an arduous and difficult complexion:—

“ Many ladies employ a number of girls, generally the children of household servants, in embroidering and making all kinds of fancy-work, which they execute most beautifully, and which their mistress sells, receiving orders for it, as is common in charity-schools in England. In a house where we were visiting some time ago, we were shown a shawl with corners and borders of a most beautiful pattern of flowers in brilliant colours, which had been entirely made at home by a young girl.

brought it in to exhibit it, and who was then employed upon another which we saw in progress. Even the wool, the colours of which were admirable, had been dyed in the house. The shawl was valued at fifteen hundred roubles, about sixty-two pounds, it had occupied the girl who made it about a year and a half.

“ In almost every house some art is carried on, useful or ornamental, and women are employed in spinning, weaving, knitting, carpet-making, &c.; for the raw material in Russia is worth little, and the manufactured article alone is valuable in the market.

“ The ladies of England, ‘ who live at home at ease,’ little know the disagreeable and troublesome duties of inspection and correction which often devolve upon the mistress of a family in Russia, from all the various branches of domestic industry which she is obliged to superintend.”

The censorship of the press, by narrowing the field of literature and excluding all subjects of general and exciting interest, operates as an effectual bar to the extension of a taste for reading. Books form no part of the furniture of a Russian country-house, and as for society, the snow in winter and the distances, coupled with the badness of the roads in summer, render the enjoyment of that pleasure extremely rare indeed. A Russian gentleman delights not in field sports; he shoots not, neither does he hunt, he has no public duties to perform, no influence beyond his absolute authority over his serfs, no family pride in his inheritance, no independent position: he is merely the servant of the Emperor—what the Emperor had made him. As his property must be subdivided amongst his children at his death, he has no motive in improving or embellishing an estate which must dwindle into fragments in the hands of his successor. *Carpe diem* is the motto of the Russian proprietor; he makes the most of the present hour; he surveys not his domain with the pride or self-gratulation of an Englishman, but with the eye of a West India planter, who surveys a sugar estate as representing so much annual revenue. There are no ties of reciprocal attachment betwixt his peasants and their landlord. They are his property; they must fear him and labour for him, as they must do for his successor, the instant the estate passes out of his hands:—

“ The result of all this, and of the habits which naturally are formed under such circumstances, is, that the handsome, substantial, well-arranged country-seat is unknown in Russia, and the utmost that is attempted is the beauty of the villa, not of the chateau. In fact, all idea of the latter is done away by the want of the park or well-wooded lawn, or of any ornamental ground beyond the garden, which is merely divided by a fence from a high-road, a dirty village street, or an open plain, without there being any illusion or any attempt to conceal the boundary. The garden itself is generally in proportion to the place too large for dress-ground, and is kept in but a slovenly manner; it has, moreover, one natural deficiency which an Englishman cannot help remarking, in the total absence of evergreens, and the less hardy plants and trees, excepting those which are kept under glass in the winter.”

We have before noticed the singularity of the Russian nobles being the great manufacturing class of the community. This arises from the nature of their property and the constitution of their country. As the riches of the noble lie chiefly in the labour of his serfs, his great study must be to turn that labour to the greatest possible account; and as the long winter necessarily puts a stop to all agricultural pursuits and out-of-doors employment, he naturally turns to the establishment of a manufactory as a means of employing his peasants, and as a source of profit to himself. As none but nobles may possess serfs, so no other class is capable of competing with them in the business of production. The same peasant is an agriculturist, a weaver, a mechanic, and a glass-blower, to say nothing of his minor qualifications as coachman, herdsman, and horse-breaker. He is actually endowed with great versatility of genius and an extraordinary aptitude for turning his hand to anything and every thing. He has quickness and decision, but he lacks perseverance. Where the manufactory is constantly at work, the serfs are put upon the footing of hired labourers, and are paid at the same rate as the hired workmen; but manufactories of this sort are rare, owing to the difficulty of disposing of the produce in districts where the roads are execrable, and the markets few and distant. These facts fully warrant the conclusion of Mr. Venables, that a very long period must elapse before the manufactures of Russia can rival the finish and durability of our English productions.

The same causes which tend to retard the advancement of the manufacturing industry operate in a still greater degree in checking the development of the agricultural resources of the country. In a plentiful year every acre of land is calculated to yield not less than ten measures, called *chetverts*, of grain. The *chetvert* weighs six Russian poods, or 216 lbs. English. More than half of this immense quantity of produce remains upon the hands of the cultivator. Two or three successive years of good crops overload him to the greatest possible degree. By no human means can this vast accumulation be got rid of. His store-houses are not capacious enough to contain the corn, particularly as, from the scarcity of stone and wood, buildings of all kinds are very expensive in some parts of Russia. The necessity of keeping his peasants employed, and the expense and trouble attending the attempt to vary the productions of the soil, or to teach his labourers new branches of industry, force the Russian proprietors to persevere in this system of overproduction. The produce of his estate is disposed of in a hurry, and the revenue is entirely absorbed by the luxury and expenses of the capital, without any benefit to the provinces or to agriculture. These observations are not the hasty conclusions of a passing traveller; they are the deliberate statements of a practical agriculturist, a M. de Sabouroff, of Tamboff, who has devoted much of his time and attention to the subject. The result of his experience is given in a paper on Rus-

husbandry, which he presented to Mr. Venables on the day of his departure from Tamboff. The document is one of peculiar interest, and exhibits, in a very short compass, a complete view of the subject. We regret that our space will not admit of a minute examination of its contents ; the following extract, however, touches upon the main features of the subject :—

“ The system of agriculture is triennial, with fallows ; that is to say, the land bears two crops in three years. Each married couple receives two acres in each of the three portions, i. e. winter corn, spring crop, and fallow, into which, by this system, the arable land is divided, so that they have, in all, six acres, in addition to an acre of meadow and an acre of pasture ; besides this, they have the ground for a house, garden, and out-buildings : by way of rent for their allotment, the peasant and his wife are required to cultivate as much more for their master. The quantity of land thus apportioned to each peasant, would appear enormous in any other country of Europe, but with us it is not too much, for we do not manure our land, and our only agricultural instruments consist in a very light plough, and a wooden harrow, either of them drawn with ease by a single horse. The fine season being very short, the operations of husbandry are performed with surprising activity. The vast tracts covered by abundant crops, are quickly bared, and the produce is heaped up in open barns. In winter, the grain, consisting of rye, (the staple food of the country,) wheat, barley, oats, pease, millet, and buck-wheat, is threshed, usually with the flail, but sometimes with a Scotch threshing machine : and it is then transported into the towns, sometimes to a distance of one or two hundred versts. The straw is consumed by the cattle, and is also used in the steppes, where wood is scarce, for heating the stoves. There is, however, often a surplus which is employed to make fences for gardens, or embankments for ponds and marshes. Our roads and highways not being stoned, the immense transports of produce can, generally speaking, only be made in winter on sledges : if it ever takes place in summer, it is effected by means of oxen, the keep of which costs nothing, since the road itself supplies them with pasture, for it is no less than two hundred and ten feet, or thirty sagines wide, and all as green as a meadow. These oxen, which are seldom employed in tilling the land, but always in transporting goods, come to us from the vast steppes of the Volga, the Don, and the Caucasus ; and this periodical influx of horned beasts, which are brought in great numbers from all the confines of the empire, is the source of frequent plagues and distempers, which destroy our cattle, and frustrate all our endeavours to improve the breed. Some agriculturists of large fortune possess fine cattle imported at a great expence from England and Holland ; but all the profit, hitherto at least, has been absorbed by the expence and precautions necessary for the preservation of these animals ; precautions, indeed, which, for the generality of proprietors, and still more for the peasants, are totally out of the question. This is the reason why, with our fine pastures, and all the means of having an excellent breed of horned cattle, we have nothing but poor and miserable animals. With Merino sheep, the case is very different ; our wools, indeed, are not first-rate, nor are our cloth factories adapted for manufacturing the fine sorts of wool. The consequence is, that, while

coarse wool affords to the grower an immense profit, fine wool fetches less than prime cost, and the owners of flocks of superior breeds are only paid by the sale of rams. This is an excellent state of things for extending the Merino blood through the country in general, and the ram trade is at present a very flourishing business. * * *

"With the triennial system, our manner of proceeding is very simple. In the month of August we sow our winter corn, viz. rye, and a small patch of wheat, having ploughed the ground twice in the course of the summer. In September, after the harvest, we prepare the ground for the spring by a light ploughing, and in the month of April, after a second ploughing, we sow it with oats, barley, pease, and millet, and a little later with buck-wheat. In June, we prepare the ground for the winter crop, and begin to mow the grass, the hay harvest occupies us till the middle of July, and this completes the annual routine of our husbandry. It must be remembered, that the seasons are reckoned according to the old style, twelve days, or nearly half a month later than the new, so that the hay harvest, for instance, does not really begin till July, and lasts till August. I must inform you that the twentieth part of our population lives in towns, and is engaged in various trades, the remainder is wholly agricultural. Every peasant, as you have seen above, cultivates for his master and himself, in addition to the fallow, eight acres, and mows two acres of meadow."

The taxes which press upon agriculture, though nominally small, are burdensome. A poll tax of five roubles levied by the government, and two by the community, on each male peasant every three months, seems at first sight a very inconsiderate impost. But the exemption of the immense landed estates of some of the nobles, the higher value of the currency in which it is paid, compared to that for which the produce is disposed of, and the number of males in each family incapable of gaining a livelihood, make the tax amount to thirty-five roubles per annum practically falling on each able-bodied labourer. To raise this sum he must sell the produce of two out of his four acres of arable land, and with the remainder he must support his family. The crown peasant pays double the amount, but he has double the proportion of land and time. A moderate tax on salt, and a very high one upon vodka or home-made brandy, are the only additional imposts which affect the agricultural interest. Great efforts are now making by the government to improve the system of management, to open communications with ports and markets, and to give full play to the great capabilities of the Russian soil. When these vast objects shall have been effected, when the resources of that gigantic empire shall be fully developed, its deserts peopled, and its maritime and military establishments proportionally extended, Europe will indeed have cause to tremble for her existence. A Frenchman once observed to us, that in the course of time there would be but two nations in the world; Russia and America. The events of every day seem to lend an appearance of truth to the prophecy. The progress of Russian encroachment has become so

certain as to justify even the wildest ratiocinations. The projects which years ago were said to lurk in the haughty mind and kindle the ambition of the Czar, have been reduced to positive schemes, and those schemes are already in progress of execution, and the success which has attended these first steps seems very unequivocally to prognosticate the most pernicious and desperate issue. The want of credit and pecuniary supplies, which, according to some writers, must check the march of Russian civilization and clip the wings of the Russian eagle, is fast disappearing. The discovery of a new process of washing the ore in the gold mines in the Oural Mountains has been attended with such success as to increase eight-fold the quantity of metal obtained. It is calculated that the works may within a short time be made to afford 8000 poods annually, which would represent a value of sixteen millions sterling. Here are the sinews of war in fearful abundance, and that war is constantly going on. The Eastern shores of the Black Sea have long been the scene of her operations, and Russia has never ceased to storm that mountainous tongue of land, which is the bridge connecting her territory with the Southern provinces of Asia.

We have followed the desultory course of Mr. Venables, availing ourselves of the most material facts which fell beneath his notice, without any disposition to cavil with his statements, or quarrel with the order in which they are put together. As a picture of domestic manners, the book is meagre and unsatisfactory in the extreme, and in most other particulars it adds little to the information supplied in abundance by preceding tourists. However, it is modest and unpretending, and as deserving of notice as others of its class.

ART. X.—*Mémoires de Brissot, Membre de l'Assemblée Legislative et de la Convention Nationale, sur les Contemporains et la Revolution Française.* Publiés par son Fils, avec des Notes et des Eclaircissemens Historiques. Paris: 1838.

JEAN PIERRE BRISSOT, the son of a *traiteur*, the thirteenth of sixteen children, was born at Chartres, in the district of *Béauce*, on the 14th of January, 1754. In so large a family, it was clearly desirable that each son should bear some distinguishing title, and Brissot took, according to the custom of his province, the name of the town where he had been nursed, *Ouarville*, which he afterwards Anglicized into Warville, and by which appellation he was frequently known. He is, nevertheless, sometimes confounded with his brother, *Brissot Thivars*.

At the early age of eight or nine, at the College of Chartres, he appears to have been an assiduous scholar, but even then he was infected by the spirit of irreligion, which, like a pestilence, was spreading throughout every rank of France. His scepticism drew down the censure of the clergy, and the displeasure of his father.

We can easily pardon the anger of one much more stern than he represents his parent, in reading the language in which he speaks of the progress of his mind on this subject.

The jests of a fellow student, Guillard (afterwards an opera writer), ridiculed him out of the Catholic religion, and not very long after this period, he sits down at his leisure to prove the comparative advantages of belief and unbelief:—

“I went to sleep a materialist, and awoke a deist; next day, I gave the palm to pyrrhonism. When my spirits were high, I was in love with atheism. Such was the state of doubt and error, in which several of my years were passed, until at length, enlightened by the writings of Rousseau, and having maturely weighed the testimony of my own consciousness, I came to the conviction of the existence of a God, and regulated my conduct accordingly. My pyrrhonism was never extended farther than revelation; I had always believed, that revealed religion was imposture. Entertaining these views, I did not hesitate to assail Christianity. Having accidentally encountered an English treatise upon the subject of St. Paul, I wrote another in reply.”

This work appeared at Hamburg in 1782. In justice, however, it should be recorded that it is the only irreligious production which fell from his pen. “Human happiness,” he says, “flows from a reciprocal toleration of opinions, and I cannot condemn too severely this early trifling, fit only to create irritation, and to cause hatred and strife.”

At an early age, that restlessness, that discontent, that longing after immortality, which, with those destined to take a prominent share in active life, so often render even youth little different from an unquiet dream, appear to have seized upon Brissot. He thus commemorates some of the feelings of his boyhood:—

“The professor had divined the ambitious views by which I was tortured; I was wholly absorbed by the passion for renown: a theatre of action alone was wanting. The idea of revolution often entered my mind, though I dared not yet disclose it; and I naturally assigned to myself one of the most important parts in the drama. I had been very deeply impressed by the history of Charles the First and Cromwell. I will, nevertheless, avow, and the declaration will not find favour with those who convert patriotism into a species of cannibalism, that I never, in my romantic dreams, imitated the barbarous example of murdering my captive; I only sent him into exile.”

The earlier stages of his education being passed through, Brissot eagerly grasped at the opportunity offered him of becoming independent of his parents, whom he had offended, and entered himself as a clerk, with one Nollet, *procureur du Parlement* at Paris, from whom he received a salary of four hundred livres per annum;

in this office he was so singularly happy as to have Robespierre for a fellow student.

He seems, by his own statement, to have partaken very lightly of the dissipation of the continental metropolis, and to have devoted himself to literary pursuits almost from the moment of his entering Paris. While yet a clerk in Nollean's office, he attracted the attention of Linguet, at that time a *littérateur* of considerable notoriety, and was allowed to contribute to his *Journal de Politique et de Littérature*. Linguet, however, soon became embroiled with La Harpe, editor of the *Mercure*, who was supported by Suard, and a majority of the academicians; he lost the favour of the young queen, who at first befriended him, and as the periodical press depended at that time wholly upon the favour of the government, Linguet was obliged to abandon his paper to his antagonists, and take refuge first in Holland, and afterwards in England.

Nollean died, and Brissot continued his studies with a brother-in-law of the deceased attorney. This person, probably, discerning the turn of his clerk's mind, advised him to abandon his chosen profession, either for the bar (as counsel), or literature. This advice was sufficiently palatable to Brissot, already disgusted with the systematic drudgery of his vocation, and he acknowledged his compliance with it, by publishing almost immediately a pamphlet entitled *Sur l'indépendance de l'Avocat*. This was followed up soon after, in 1766-7, by a satire entitled *Pot Pourri*. This latter procured him the honour of a *lettre-de-cachet*, the consequences of which he avoided by a timely flight to his native town.

After a short interval, we again find him in Paris, without friends and without resources. Of this period of his life, he thus speaks:—

"Poverty was not my severest trial; I was compelled to borrow, and in order to induce my friends to lend, to deceive them in relation to my prospects. This humiliating necessity rent my very soul. How often did I regret, that I was unacquainted with any mechanical occupation, by which, still retaining the knowledge I had already acquired, I might become independent! There is no period of my life, on which I look back with greater sorrow. I found in it nothing but misery concealed beneath the show of pleasure, dangerous connexions, and degrading expedients, like that I have already mentioned, and which I then regarded as almost pardonable. I thank Heaven for preserving me from those greater faults and vices, into which distress has power sometimes to hurry us. I still shudder at the recollection."

Brissot appears to have espoused the cause of the revolted American colonies at an early period, and before the French Court had determined upon their policy, he wrote a satire upon Lord North, entitled *Testament Politique de l'Angleterre*. Vergennes forbade its appearance, but it was published in Switzerland, "grâce aux

presses de Neufchâtel, qui se chargeaient alors d'éclairer la France malgré les ministres."

An Englishman named Swinton, together with Deserre Delatour, a Frenchman, were at this time engaged in publishing at London a French newspaper, called the *Courrier de l'Europe*, which was one of the earliest of the periodicals that are now like levers strained to upturn the Gothic thrones of the continent. The information that Brissot gives us, with regard to this Gazette, may not be unacceptable. Before the publication of the *Courrier*, says he, England was literally *terra incognita* to the rest of Europe. Nothing was known of her internal transactions. The only knowledge they had of her constitution was derived from Montesquieu, or from the superficial accounts of a few travellers, hired by the Parisian booksellers to spend a fortnight in London, and bring back their budget of frivolity. An acute Frenchman perceived that the necessity under which the continental governments found themselves of accurately understanding the domestic details of English affairs, was a sure foundation for a successful periodical. He resolved to establish it. The French authorities readily comprehended how valuable such a gazette would be to them, in the violent contests then on the eve of breaking out.

The war had already commenced, when the Anglo-French newspaper was begun. It was eagerly read, from Paris to St. Petersburg. Its list of subscribers was filled from every kingdom of Europe. It acquainted the continent for the first time with Fox and Burke, whose speeches were republished and extolled. All admired the eloquence of these orators, and all were equally astonished that the Guelph should submit to be thus bearded at the foot of his throne. "What!" exclaimed the readers, "no *lettres-de-cachet*? No Bastille? The people must indeed be kings across the channel."

Brissot's *Testament Politique* fell into the hands of the editor, Swinton, who was at this moment looking out for some assistant to superintend the distribution of the paper on the continent. Brissot eagerly accepted the trust, and for the purpose of more conveniently executing it, immediately established himself at Boulogne. The English ministry, harrassed by this spy upon its measures, but unable legally to stop its publication, not long after this succeeded in throwing some obstacles in the way of the transmission of the paper from London to the Continent. The editors then resolved to publish it at Boulogne, and Brissot took upon himself the charge of this department, under the *surveillance* of one Aubert, appointed censor by Vergennes. In the languid and impeded efforts of this feeble periodical, how little was there to foreshow that this same means,—the daily press,—would become the most energetic organ for the advancement of those opinions which, in spite of the open hostility of some, and the lukewarm friendship of others, are winning

their always laborious and sometimes bloody way, beaten back, broken and routed, the hosts of superstitions, intolerance and oppression, and approaching every year nearer and nearer to their certain goal? They go abreast with advancing virtue and knowledge,—it is not to be desired that their progress should be more rapid than that of their natural and rightful companions.

The censorship soon became too rigid, and Brissot, disgusted with Swinton, whom he accuses of falsehood and villany, abandoned the paper and returned to Paris. With characteristic activity, we find him almost immediately, and for some time following, engaged in prosecuting various literary enterprises. While contributing to the *Dictionnaire Ecclesiastique de toute la France*, he wrote a work entitled "*La Theorie des Lois Criminelles*," published in 1781, and which afterwards led to the *Bibliothèque Philosophique des Lois Criminelles*, printed at Berlin in 1782, and edited also by himself. His *Traité de la Verité*, which he esteemed his best production, was published at Neufchâtel in 1782.

These works it is not our province to criticise. They bear the marks of a mind rather active than profound, and especially distinguished by an inquisitive, incredulous and somewhat arrogant disposition, which not unfrequently occasions the unhappiness of its possessor, but in the long run generally applies its own corrective, and ends by bringing good out of evil.

The following sketch of his opinions, or rather emotions, which belongs, we believe, to the year 1783, is characteristic:—

"The overthrow of royalty, which was then believed to be so essential to the interests of France, was at this time the aim of all my writings, and of all my projects. I entertained an irreconcilable hatred for kings: I could not speak of them with the least composure. The very sight of Versailles made me shudder: I never entered the castle but once, and then with the utmost reluctance. I did so at the solicitation of my wife, and the bad humour into which I was thrown, and which I ascribed to another cause, was only the effect of the spectacle of royalty. In order to subvert despotism, I formed a scheme which I thought must be attended with success. To excite a general rebellion against arbitrary governments, the minds of men must be enlightened, not by voluminous and elaborate works, for these the people will not read, but by smaller productions, like those by which Voltaire laboured to destroy superstition; by a journal, which might shed its light in every direction."

This project, the conception of which gives us a good idea of the very great mental activity of Brissot, was no less than to establish a Lyceum for the universe, at the head-quarters of which, at stated periods, should assemble the *savans* of every country fortunate enough to have any *savans* to send, and of which the high priest should publish a journal, propagating, among other things, the great truths of liberty and equality.

Fired with the thought, Brissot once more bade adieu to Paris, apparently without regret, and made his way through the south of France to Geneva. This visit subsequently gave rise to his *Philadelphien à Genève*, published in 1783. After a short tour through Switzerland, made partly with the object of concerting arrangements for the reprinting and distribution of his proposed *Journal du Lycée*, he returned to Boulogne by the way of Paris, where he was married to Mademoiselle Felicité Dupont.

“ I returned with my mother-in-law to Boulogne. There I passed some weeks in the bosom of filial and fraternal love, in the midst of all the enjoyments of friendship. My marriage had given me three sisters, or rather, three friends, for in this family all hearts were united.”

Early in 1783, Brissot went to London, where he intended to establish his press, and as he could not immediately put it in operation, he once more attached himself to the *Courrier de l'Europe*. In the latter part of the next year, he quitted this paper to pursue the design of his Lyceum, which had languished some time for want of funds, but was at length begun by the assistance of one Desforges d'Hurecourt. Never at a loss however for subjects whereupon to employ his pen, and with a most honourable desire to diffuse, as far as lay in his power, accurate and valuable knowledge, Brissot in the mean time published a *Correspondance Philosophique et Littéraire*, a *Tableau exact des Arts et des Sciences de l'Angleterre*, and a *Tableau de l'Inde*, the two last works being particularly intended to enlighten his fellow countrymen on the power and resources of England.

An embargo was unfortunately laid upon his industry by his printer, and he was thrown into prison for debt. The moment he was discharged, he flew to France, where an inhospitable reception awaited him. On suspicion of having a share in the authorship of some of the vile libels, such as the *Amours du Vizir de Vergennes*, *La Gazette Noire*, *Les Passetemps d'Antoinette*, with which the press then swarmed, he was arrested and thrown into the Bastille. He repelled the charge with indignation; vehemently asserting that his love of liberty had never led him into falsehood or indecency, and after an imprisonment of two months, the Minister, softened by the prayers of his wife and friends, or satisfied perhaps with the mortification and suffering thus inflicted upon an inveterate radical, loosened his chains, on the express condition, however, that the *Journal du Lycée* should be discontinued, and the whole scheme abandoned.

From this time (September, 1784) Brissot, poor, and perhaps disheartened by his repeated ill success, appears to have led a quiet

and unobtrusive life, until the summer of 1787, when he accepted the somewhat heterogeneous title, which we will not attempt to translate, of *Lieutenant Général de la Chancellerie du Duc d'Orleans*. The labour of this office consisted, as he says, in an examination of the objects to which the prince might apply his immense fortune.

This flagitious and despicable individual, who had just arrived at his fortune by the death of his father, was at this moment the rallying point of the opposition to the King and the Ministry, headed by the inefficient Brienne. Brissot entered fully into the views of his principal; and attacking the schemes of the government in several pamphlets, (among which we believe were the *Lettre d'un Citoyen à un Frondeur sur les Affaires presentes* and the *Moniteur*, a periodical circulated with great secrecy and circumspection, and attributed to the joint labours of Brissot, Condorcet, and Clavière,) he was offered the customary remedy for excessive freedom of opinion, a *lettre-de-cachet*. This he hastily rejected, and once more took refuge in England.

Before his leaving France, we find him among the most prominent in laying the foundation of the society of the *Amis des Noirs*, the first association of French philanthropists for that object, the comprehensive wisdom and benevolence of which we of this age, who are witnesses of the perilous position in which slavery has placed nations, can best appreciate. When we take a view of the whole of Brissot's life, we must not forget to offset this constant devotion to a wise humanity against the errors and the madness of his subsequent course. When shall we learn to discriminate between the unfortunate and the vicious, the unwise and the wicked?

Brissot's sojourn in England appears to have been but short, and in June 1788, he sailed from Havre for Boston, to make the tour of the United States, the government and institutions of which, for several years previous, appear to have attracted much of his attention. "The object of these travels was not to study antiques or to search for unknown plants, but to study men who had just acquired their liberty,—my principal design was to examine the effects of liberty upon man, society and government." These travels, which were published in France in 1791, and republished in English soon after, although highly complimentary to America, never met with any great favour, we believe, on that side of the Atlantic. They were rather too radical, in their tone, for the Americans of that day and generation, and perhaps the unhappy fate of their author assisted to create a prejudice against them. This work, although sometimes superficial, shows nevertheless much observation, and is filled with that love of republican institutions and that humane desire for the intellectual advancement of his fellow beings, which so strongly characterized the author's mind.

Deep and accurate thinking never appears to have been an attribute of Brissot ; active and indefatigable, he laboured more than he reflected. He was essentially a *working-man*, but his virtuous efforts and his unwearied benevolence have not saved his name from being added to that long list of misguided persons, which proves so conclusively that neither industry nor humanity can avail any thing, if unassisted by a knowledge of our own nature, by that worldly wisdom which is the compass and the chart to the mariner through the shoals and breakers of this life, and last and greatest, by that wisdom which cometh from on high, and which alone can lead us to the safe haven of another world.

Late in the year 1788, or in one of the first months of 1789, hastened, as he says, by the approaching Revolution in France, he returned thither, and from this time dates his political career. He almost immediately commenced his *Patriote Français*, one of the most popular of those gazettes which, upon the first dawn of the revolutionary day, sprang into existence like the ephemera, which the sun warms into being. This paper he maintained until his arrest in 1793, at one period assisted by Girey Duprey, who shared his fate, but the greater part of the time without any aid whatever.

To the first meeting of the States General, *L'Assemblée Constituante*, Brissot was not deputed ; but early in 1789, we find him a member of the Commune of Paris, a prominent agent of that municipal authority, so powerful to rouse, so impotent to allay the passions of the populace. In this capacity, he had the honour in July of receiving the keys of the Bastille.

During the two subsequent years, Brissot distinguished himself in this office, and more especially in the club of Jacobins, of which he was an early and active member. The celebrated petition, drawn up after the arrest of the King at Varennes, declaring Louis dethroned, and demanding a successor, which was to have been signed upon the Champ de Mars by the assembled people, is said to have been the production of Brissot, who was at this time *Président du Comté des Recherches de la Ville de Paris*. This, it may be remembered, was the day when La Fayette attacked and dispersed the organs of the turbulent faction, and when for once, during the struggle, the strong arm of the law exercised a legitimate sway.

The second national assembly, *Le Législative*, met at Paris in October 1791 ; Brissot was deputed to it ; and was immediately appointed one of its Secretaries. It now became apparent that the contest, which had so long existed between the Constitutionalists and the Jacobins, must end in the overthrow of the former. Brissot had long been a member of the party called by the general appellation of Jacobin, which looked to an ulterior and more levelling change, but comprises within itself two factions, wholly disagreeing as to the nature of that change and the means by which it was to

be effected. These two parties, as yet engaged with the common foe, had not leisure, or did not think it safe, to defy each other.

The party of the Gironde, containing in its ranks great talent, but as it proved, no very active courage or comprehensive wisdom, and bearing in its front the names of Condorcet, Brissot, Vergniaud, Louvet, Barbaroux, Petion, whom the royalist Ferrières calls "*une machine à ressort montée par Brissot*," and many others of almost equal celebrity, were the first to profit by the defeat of the *Constitutionnels*, and when these were driven from the helm, the Girondists assumed the perilous post. It was then that the *boudoir* of Madame Roland became the council chamber, and that this extraordinary woman, to whom Sir Walter Scott should have forgiven an imperfect education and the defective manners of the age, as she represents herself knitting or sewing at her little table, in the corner of the room, by turns listened to and influenced the decisions of the ministers.

From the moment of the formation of this party, Brissot was its principal leader in the assembly. The ultra-democracy of his opinions, his incessant activity, which brought him before the public in his *Patriote Français*, at the tribune, and in the Jacobin club, together with his accurate knowledge of the situation of the continental powers, all combined to give him great influence.

His name will be found constantly recurring in the debates. In the fall of 1791, he was one of the most forward in denouncing and enforcing the severest penalties against the emigrants, and in the early part of July, 1792, when a question connected with the declaration of war was under discussion, Brissot thus spoke of the King:—

"The peril in which we are is of the most singular nature that can be imagined. *The country is in danger*, not because our troops are few, nor that they are wanting in courage,—not that our frontiers are unfortified or our resources exhausted. The country is in danger because its strength is paralyzed; and by whom is it paralyzed? By a single man,—by him whom the Constitution declares its head, and whom perfidious ministers have made our enemy. You are told to fear the Kings of Hungary and Prussia, but *I tell you that the main strength of these monarchies is in Paris, and that it is at home we must conquer them.* You are advised to arrest the refractory priests throughout the kingdom,—but *I tell you to strike at the Court of the Tuileries, if you would reach all these priests with a single blow.* You are advised to seize all seditious persons, all intriguers, all conspirators. But *I tell you that they will all disappear if you strike at the Court of the Tuileries.* This Cabinet is the centre to which all their plots tend,—here all their schemes are concerted, hence they all issue. The nation is the tool of the Cabinet. This is the secret of our situation. Here is the source of the evil; here must the remedy be applied."

With regard to this speech, it may be remarked that, according

to Louvet, this question of declaring war against Austria gave rise to the first division between the *Cordeliers* and the *Jacobins purs*, or the *parti Robespierre* and the *parti Brissot*. The former, whom this inveterate partisan uniformly terms *Orleanists*, were opposed to the war, as it increased the influence of La Fayette, the greatest enemy of Orleans, while the latter were in favour of it, as the readiest and surest means of hastening the overthrow of the monarchy, and the formation of a Republic.

The party of the Brissotins were too scrupulous of means to resist such men as Danton, Robespierre and Marat ; the 20th of June was followed by the frightful tenth of August, and the sceptre passed from the Girondists ; after this they maintained a feeble struggle for existence only. In the train of measures which led to the bloody insurrection of the tenth of August, the party to which Brissot belonged appear to have taken a very irresolute and subordinate share. The memoirs of Barbaroux are very curious in showing with what insanity he planned the insurrection, blind enough not to foresee that the tocsin, which ushered in that morning, tolled the knell of himself and his friends, not less surely than that of Louis. Barbaroux, one of the most honourable and lamented sufferers of the Revolution, was, strange as it may appear, almost the only one of his party who was active in promoting the rising of the tenth of August. Brissot and Gensonné, together with Louvet, according to the accounts of the latter, succeeded during the day in saving many of the brave Swiss from butchery.

The remarks of Mignet on the parties which followed each other so rapidly in the first years of the Revolution, are distinguished by their clearness and accuracy. The Constitutionals trusted to the virtue and the courage of the upper and the middling classes ;—the factions of Danton, Marat, and Robespierre relied upon the passions and vices of the mob. The former yielded only after a severe and desperate contest ; but the Girondists, not commanding the confidence of the middling classes, and too scrupulous to call in the multitude to their aid, had no foundation whatever, and the event showed it.

The *Assemblée Legislative* was dissolved, and the Convention summoned to decide the fate of the king. Of this body, Brissot was a member from the department of Euro et Loire. It had hardly met, before the radical dissensions, existing between the Girondists and the faction of Danton and Robespierre, burst into open and violent invective. The punishment of Louis was the Shibboleth, and here Brissot was among the most prominent of those who supported the opinion that, though guilty of high treason and deserving of death, the monarch should have an appeal from the sentence of the Convention to the *primary assemblies* of the people. A majority of voices decided against the delay ; and indeed it is difficult to understand, why a body elected with an express reference

question should not have pronounced the final sentence, if indeed the Monarch were deserving of death, and expediency did not demand the mitigation of the penalty.

But this vote was in accordance with the whole policy of the Girondists. Avoiding an absolute issue with their antagonists, they hoped apparently to conquer, after restoring the tone of public opinion, by their powerful oratory and their freedom from crime. Their hopes were vain. The execution of the King only rendered the debates of the Convention more violent, which hastened the fate of the minority. After four months, of and almost every day was marked by angry declamation, or brilliant eloquence, but during which the Brissotins, with the exception of Louvet and Barbaroux, appear to have made no one active effort to avert their impending fate, the multitude were called in to shorten the contest. The insurrection of the 31st of May was followed by that of the 1st of June, and on the subsequent day an order was issued for the arrest of the principal members of the obnoxious party.

Louvet speaks of a dinner given by him on the 1st of June, at which he assembled his leading friends and urged upon them the necessity of fleeing to the south of France and organizing an insurrection of the departments against the capital. Brissot, with most of his associates, dissented from him, refused to fly, and even went so far as to return to the Convention on the following day. After the decree of arrest, however, Brissot made one effort to save his life, and endeavoured to leave the kingdom in the disguise of a merchant of Neuchâtel. He was detected, and apprehended at Moulins on the 16th June. In the mean time a portion of the Girondists had been arrested, a part had fled to the south of France, where after wandering in the manner so touchingly described by Louvet, through their own country, without a resting-place for the soles of their feet, a price set upon their heads, and the blood-hounds upon their tracks, with but one or two exceptions, they cut short their miserable lives, or fell into the hands of their enemies.

"Thus," says Mignet, "was overpowered the party of the Gironde, a party illustrious for its great talent and high courage, which did honour to the young republic by its hatred of crime, and its abhorrence of bloodshed and anarchy, its love of order, of justice, and of liberty,—it could only ennoble a certain defeat by a bold struggle and a dauntless death."

But let us hear the confession of Brissot, when, in prison, and looking forward to the bloody end of a laborious and painful life, he thus passes sentence on his own career. "In most of the external circumstances of my life, the sport of the whirlwind, I have been rather the slave of public prejudice than the apostle of truth." And this is the statesman, philosopher and politician, with whose name and opinions France at one time rang, who had hoped to be the political regenerator of his country. What could be hoped from a

revolution, among the prime movers in which such a man was one of the most able and the most virtuous? How different such a self-condemnation as this, from the feelings with which Washington and his com-patriots may be supposed to have looked back upon the struggle in which they had fought and conquered! How different the wild struggles, the headlong career, and the inglorious death of Brissot, from the dignified and resolute resistance, the impetuosity regulated in its most vehement efforts, the success, complete but not abused, of the American Revolutionists!

Brissot, with Vergniaud, Gensonné, Fonfrède and the other leading Girondists, were handed over to the revolutionary tribunal, and after a delay, the length of which is not perfectly explained, they met their fate with uncomplaining courage. On the 31st of October the unfortunate men, to the number of twenty-one, were conducted to the place of execution. With the stoicism of the time, they sang on the way the Marseillaise hymn, applying it to their situation:—

“ Allons, enfans de la patrie !
Le jour de gloire est arrivé.
Contre nous de la tyrannie
Le couteau sanglant est levé.

Brissot is said to have been dejected, the others maintained an unaltered front to the last. Valazé stabbed himself on hearing his sentence. Lasource said to the judges, “ I die at a moment when the people has lost its reason ; you will perish the instant it shall recover it.”

No atonement was made to the memory of Brissot or his fellow-sufferers, until after the fall of Robespierre, when the Convention settled a pension upon his widow and children.

It is not difficult to catch the prominent characteristics of the individual, of whose life we have detailed the principal incidents. Correct and beloved in his private life, and indefatigable in his industry, Brissot proposed to himself, as the object of his labours, the instruction, the cultivation, the freedom of his fellow-beings. Had he belonged to a somewhat earlier period, his name would probably have been associated with those most efficacious in bringing about the Revolution, but he, unfortunately for his happiness and his reputation, was thrown upon a time when philosophers and students were as impotent as their own dusty tomes. Credulous, averse to violent measures, capable of endurance, but incapable of bloody opposition, Brissot was no match for the cruel and unhesitating antagonists with whom he chose to contend. Unwise and ignorant both of his own power and of the character of the people, he urged on a revolution which already required rather the curb than the spur, and atoned for his error by his death. Nor can we say that it was undeserved. Ignorance sometimes demands as severe a penalty as vice, and where the happiness and the safety of millions are concerned, the one is scarcely more excusable than the other. His private virtues, his active benevolence, and his hard fate, must not conceal from the culpable blindness of his political career.

ART. XI.

1. *The Widow Barnaby*. By MRS. TROLLOPE. 3 Vols. London : Bentley. 1839.
2. *The Huguenot: A Tale of the French Protestants* By the Author of "The Gipsy," &c. 3 Vols. London : Longman. 1839.

EARLY in the winter there were long lists given, and great promise made by several of our Metropolitan publishers, of forth-coming works, which led us to expect matter of more weight and permanent value than what we are about to notice can pretend to be. It is true there has been no deficiency of reprints, of serial publications, of pamphlets, and the small fry of books, as well as of fictions, which persons of inferior attainments, and who do not call in the aid of any lengthened or important degree of preparation, are continually producing. But if we were called upon to name recent contributions that are destined to become standards in any department of literature, that have required many years of unwearied study, or that display proofs of profound erudition, we should find that it was an unpleasant task, and that its results would be far from flattering. There is a tendency in the public mind, as recently manifested, towards that which is solid and pure. But still this inclining leans rather to what promises immediate practical benefit, than to those high speculations in science and philosophy, which become, after all, the parents of new and unlimited combinations, in the useful arts, while they help to elevate the tone of popular sentiment, and the national character in all time coming. In the region of poetry, too, there must be some more fitting advances made to affect the imperishable principles of our nature over which imagination reigns, some better mode of addressing the feelings and passions, by bringing out the world and society, as these now appear and are modified, than has lately been accomplished, ere the public sympathies can be recalled to this most influential agent in the art of refining and delighting the intellectual and moral attributes of our minds.

Even in the department to which the works about to be named properly belong, there is nothing remarkably original, nothing better than a recasting of what is old and nearly worn out ; and indeed, in several of the instances, we have merely the attenuation of the writer's small ware. Seeing, however, that what is wanting in regard to substance may be said to be made up by bulk, at least in so far as the relative claims of recent publications press upon us, we go on to speak more particularly of each one of the contributions that solicit our present attention, having, however, deemed it unnecessary to enter upon a more extended enumeration of titles at the head of our paper than that of a pair of writers who are amongst the most prolific of modern romancists.

The first work we notice is exceedingly objectionable in point of purpose and detail, though not deficient in regard to cleverness of execution and evidences of observation, where prevail follies and vices, as illustrated by certain specimens of those who seem to think that high rank, fashion, and wealth, render them privileged to do as they like. The production is named "*Horace Vernon ; or, Life in the West ;*" and is one of the boldest and plainest of that class of modern fictions, which make free with living and well-known characters, and notorious passages in their history, at the same time introducing others of a purely imaginary kind. Thus we have Lord Alvanley, Lord Palmerston, Lord de Roos, and others, shown up with right good will and with all the power of which the author is master. Now, however flagrant, scandalous, and notorious may be certain passages in the lives of particular individuals, and supposing for a moment that it was for the benefit of society that these should be kept continually fresh in the recollection of the public, it is quite clear that this should be done with perfect impartiality, without colouring, without false or even fanciful collocation of persons and events. But to accomplish his end, what does the novelist do? Why, he brings forward the characters whom he wishes to impugn or ridicule just on the occasions that serve best to engage the reader, and in combinations with such imaginary circumstances and persons as his tale requires. Now this is not only uncharitable and ungenerous, but it is base ; or it is perverting and falsifying the facts. In this dirty work the author of "*Horace Vernon*" has thought it fitting to engage, while we, with more conscientious views, we believe, pronounce the effort disgraceful, and the contribution a scandal to the press.

We now quote a passage which shows that the writer has carried his observations into public-house parlours, as these appear in the "*Great Metropolis*." Though there be caricature and symptoms of excessive labour to be smart in the sketch, it does not necessarily offend in the way of personality :—

"Four gentlemen were seated in the respectable parlour of the King's Head as the reunited friends entered, who began to look upon the new comers, and then at each other, with that sort of silent speculative expression which implies a doubt whether strangers are permitted entrance ; the awkward circumstance of a public room not being a private one seasonably occurring to memory, and preventing any audible manifestation of displeasure. During the pause that followed, and while the waiter was employed in procuring their 'cold without,' Jeffries and his companion had full leisure to contemplate the personal points of the four taciturn gentlemen. The most imposing of these was Mr. Grayling, a retired city fishmonger, reputed wealthy, and living in the immediate neighbourhood. He was seated in a conspicuous part of the room, in an arm-chair, made purposely for him, lest his inordinate weight should cause its more fragile brethren to crash like reeds beneath its intolerable

pressure. A benevolent expression pervaded that small portion of the centre of his face in which his features might be said to be comprised—all the rest consisting of two very immense cheeks, and three or four chins. He was busily engaged in smoking—a duty, as it seemed, of almost sacred obligation—for he kept his eye constantly fixed upon the bowl of his pipe, and at intervals slowly protruded his short-looking arm, and, with a fanciful tobacco-stopper, kept the weed in a state of proper coherence. Nearly opposite to him and erect as his own principles, sat Mr. Clarencieux, a private gentleman of the neighbourhood. Extremes, it is said, sometimes meet, and in this instance they had done so; for certainly never were two intimate friends, the one so fat, and the other so lean, as Mr. Grayling and Mr. Clarencieux. This latter gentleman was habited in gray pantaloons and black gaiters, wore a blue coat buttoned close up to his chin, and rejoiced in a skull of such utter desertion of hair, and smoothness of surface, as to convey the idea of its being polished by the housemaid every morning with the furniture. In public company, Mr. Clarencieux delighted to exhibit his acquaintance with the ‘Red Book,’ and Burke’s ‘Peerage;’ and a private source of gratification to him was the conviction that he bore a considerable resemblance to Earl Grey, whose contour and expression he sedulously studied, and committed to memory and practice, as portraits of that nobleman successively made their appearance in the print shops. The other two gentlemen, who sat, so to speak, ‘cheek by jowl,’ were partners, Messrs. Mottram and Sniggles, the surveyors, both resident at Egham, in the same house, inseparable companions and bosom friends. The former of these was a person of the middle size, and about the average circumference. He had coarse light hair parted in the middle, and brought round on either side into a stiff curl, not unlike a small ram’s horn; and a face reminding you of the visage of the king of hearts, more especially when its owner turned his eyes leeringly towards his loquacious partner. As for Mr. Sniggles, he was one of those minute persons who are said to be compelled to employ a stool when they would look over the fender: with a head scarcely bigger than that of a sparrow, and legs which, when clothed in white gaiters, suggested tobacco pipes. Whether it was that this gentleman constantly wore a green coat, or that his unvarying vivacity invited such an application, we know not; but amongst his familiar acquaintance he was known by the style and title of ‘Grashopper Sniggles.’”

Dr. Bird, author of “Nick of the Woods,” an American writer of some reputation, comes at present before us with two volumes of tales, told by one who rejoices in the cognomen of “Peter Pilgrim.” The great fault of “Peter’s” stories of his adventures, is, that while he seizes upon rather striking ideas and probable or authenticated occurrences, at least in kind, he draws out the narratives to enfeebling lengths, and by a frequent doubling back upon an exhausted sentiment.

Among the tales, we have “The Legend of Merry the Miner,” in which the moral intended is conveyed by a well-conceived allegory, the miner in his search for gold, alighting upon a cavern of petrified human bodies, he himself being reduced to the same state

before he can effect an escape, and thus teaching the vanity of the man's passionate pursuit. But the laboured and artificial manner in which a few forcible and apt ideas are spread by the author's besetting sin of hammering and recapitulating, takes away the point and obscures the beauty of the lesson. The pieces, or rather the portions of some of the pieces which we like best, are those where we have glimpses of American scenery, character, and occurrences, and where the Yankee may be seen in the writer's peculiarities. A visit to a mad-house affords an opportunity for his satire and delineations of a variety of American singularities. But still the result is not generally equal to the effort, or the strength of the contemplated example. Take the statement of the Duellist, who, though he points with just reprobation to a practice which no where, we believe, has ever been with more bloodthirsty intent persevered in than as illustrated in the United States, yet the air of exaggeration which pervades the account, and the forced stretch of particular turns in the narrative, leave the reader less deeply impressed with the frightful state of society indicated, than a story more naturally communicated and more briefly detailed would have done :—

" It was my misfortune to quarrel with a man, who was emboldened by a knowledge of my peaceful principles (for I had acted on them, though not under such urgent circumstances, before) to treat me with the greatest insult, and even violence; and not content with having thus disgraced me, he even proceeded to the length of challenging me to a duel. My feelings, sir, was as keen, my sense of the outrage as bitter, my sufferings under the shame as great, as any man's could have been; but I could not shed the blood of the wronger. I thought of the instructions of my father, I thought of the precepts of my religion, I thought of the testimony society had so long and so loudly borne against the duellist, and I refused to take vengeance. This I had been told before, was magnanimity and true courage: society now, to my surprise, told me it was cowardice. I do not believe I am, or ever was, a coward—but that is no matter. But grant that it was cowardice—what was there in it to require, or authorise, punishment? Does cowardice commit murder? does it steal? does it burn? does it defraud? It is, certainly, not a crime; yet what crime is punished with greater severity? Contempt is to man's spirit what the scourge is to his body; and contempt is the lash with which the world arms itself against the man convicted of the felony of fear. We are brave or timid as God makes us. If courage be a virtue, why not fear? It is an agent, and a powerful one, in repressing evil, and, therefore, given to man for his good. How absurd to punish that to which both religion and law address themselves, to win the human race from crime! At all events, it is not only negatively evil, as implying the absence of a quality that man boasts in common with beasts of prey. But it is not my object to refine on this subject. I leave it to philosophers to determine in what degree, and in what way, turpitude is involved in timidity. Granting that I was a *graven* (for it is now indifferent to me what imputation may rest on my name), what right had society to punish me for doing a thing it had so long inculcated as a duty and virtue? I was called a coward,

and was deemed so; my friends looked upon me with disdain, my late associates repelled me with scorn. Men sneered openly in my face, and even women—the very maid who had at first swooned with terror at the thought of my danger in combat—now turned from me as a creature too dishonourable for notice. I was posted, blazoned upon the corners, as a dastard; I was assaulted, too, in the street; and, my adversary being a man of strength greater than my own, I was——. But why should I speak it! As far as a man could be disgraced by the villany of another, I was disgraced; and the world, which should have sympathised and pitied, accepted the last outrage only as a signal for harsher persecution. I could not defend myself; I sought protection of the law. The very counsellor received me with contempt, told me that, in a case like mine, ‘no gentleman need be advised what to do,’ and recommended me, ‘if I designed carrying my complaint before a legal tribunal, to seek the assistance of some pettifogger, whose ideas of honour and duty corresponded with my own.’ I perceived that I could obtain no redress, that I could not even protect myself from future violence, without incurring additional disgrace. Conceive my feelings, conceive what was my situation. The respect of my fellows was to me as the breath of life; and I had lost it. I was a ruined man—rejected, derided, trampled on—and all because I had not imbrued my hands in blood—because I had not committed a crime which the finger of Heaven and the heart of man had pronounced the greatest a mortal could commit. If my forbearance was a virtue, let society take the blame of blasting it. Deficient in spirit or not, I certainly had not courage to endure universal scorn, to be pointed at as a branded felon. I sought my adversary;—I fought him—I killed him. I was no longer a coward; but I was a murderer! The dastard was forgotten, but the sin of the homicide was inexpiable. The moment my enemy fell, society became wise and moral, and I was exiled from its presence for ever. The latter verdict was just, yet what produced the crime? Ask yourselves what encouragement the world gives to the virtues it so constantly eulogises! I am the victim of worldly inconsistency. Society drove me from my principles, and then punished me for the dereliction.”

There is a curious contribution on the “Fascinating Power of Reptiles,” which, from the instances given as authentic, extends to human beings as well as inferior creatures. The cases we quote are said to be taken from a publication by Dr. Samuel Williams, of the State of Vermont:—

“The first is a story, authenticated by Samuel Beach, a naturalist, of two boys in New Jersey, who, being in the woods looking for cattle, lighted by chance upon a large black snake; upon which, one of them, an inquisitive imp, immediately resolved to ascertain by experiment whether the snake, so celebrated for its powers, could charm or fascinate *him*; he requested his companion to take up a stick, and keep a good eye upon the snake, to prevent evil consequences, while he made trial of its powers. ‘This,’ says Mr. Beach, ‘the other agreed to do; when the first advanced a few steps nearer the snake, and made a stand, looking steadily on him. When the snake observed him in that situation, he raised his head with a quick motion; and the lad says that at that instant there appeared some-

thing to flash in his eyes, which he could compare to nothing more similar than the rays of light thrown from a glass or mirror when turned in the sunshine: he said it dazzled his eyes; at the same time the colours appeared very beautiful, and were in large rings, circles, or rolls, and it seemed to be dark to him everywhere else, and his head began to be dizzy, much like being over swift running water. He then says, he thought he would go from the snake; and, as it was dark everywhere but in the circles, he was fearful of treading anywhere else; and as they still grew in less circumference, he could not see where to step; but as the dizziness in his head still increased, and he tried to call his comrade for help, but could not speak, it then appeared to him as though he was in a vortex or whirlpool, and that every turn brought him nearer the centre. His comrade, who had impatiently waited, observing him move forward to the right and left, and at every turn approach nearer the snake, making a strange groaning noise, not unlike a person in a fit of the nightmare, he said he could stand still no longer, but immediately ran and killed the snake, which was of the largest size. The lad that had been charmed was much terrified, and in a tremor; his shirt was in a few moments wet with sweat; he complained much of a dizziness in his head, attended with pain, and appeared to be in a melancholy stupid situation for some days."

Again—

" ' When I was a boy about thirteen years old,' says Mr. Willard, ' my father sent me into a field to mow some briers. I had not been long employed when I discovered a large rattlesnake, and looked round for something to kill him; but not readily discovering a weapon, my curiosity led me to view him. He lay coiled up, with his tail erect, and making the usual singing noise with his rattles. I had viewed him but a short time, when the most vivid and lively colours that imagination can paint, and far beyond the powers of the pencil to imitate, among which yellow was the most predominant, and the whole drawn into a bewitching variety of gay and pleasing forms, were presented to my eyes; at the same time my ears were enchanted with the most rapturous strains of music, wild, lively, complicated, and harmonious, in the highest degree melodious, captivating, and enchanting, far beyond anything I ever heard before or since, and indeed far exceeding what my imagination in any other situation could have conceived. I felt myself irresistibly drawn toward the hated reptile; and as I had been often used to seeing and killing rattlesnakes, and my senses were so absorbed by the gay vision and rapturous music, I was not for some time apprehensive of much danger: but suddenly recollecting what I had heard the Indians relate (but what I had never before believed) of the fascinating power of these serpents, I turned with horror from the dangerous scene; but it was not without the most violent efforts that I was able to extricate myself. All the exertions I could make with my whole strength were hardly sufficient to carry me from the scene of horrid yet pleasing enchantment; and while I forcibly dragged off my body, my head seemed to be irresistibly drawn to the enchanter by an invisible power. And I fully believe that in a few moments longer it would have been wholly out of my power to make an exertion sufficient to get away.' "

Instances are also mentioned of men being worked upon in the same way, convulsively and involuntarily ; one case being that of a British officer who was not at first aware of the cause of the affection.

But it is with fiction rather than natural history that we have at present to do, and therefore we hasten to "The Romance of the Harem," by Miss Pardoe, whose residence in the East, and in the "City of the Sultan," has furnished a sufficient stock of facts, and of snatches, of manners, to frame out of them stories that have a Turkish aspect. The fair writer states, besides, that she has followed the true Turkish model for such tales. Certainly there is no want of Turkish epithets and phrases interwoven to the frequent interruption of her mother-tongue, inducing us to suspect that the fidelity of her pictures is more in such artificial forms than in spirit and sustained good keeping. There is also abundance of high-flown imagery introduced, being in accordance with our notions of eastern habits of speech, and the style of literature which prevails in eastern parts. Still the stories are upon the whole heavy and unsatisfying. Inclined as we are to present a specimen that will recommend instead of inducing depreciating ideas of the work, we turn to part of the story called "The last Janissary," to which modern historical facts help to direct the mind with eagerness :—

"The eyes of Yusuf did not close in sleep during that long, long night : but he lay upon his rude cushions buried in sweet and retrospective thought. All the proudest days of his strong youth passed in array before him, and he remembered the high aspirations and ambitious hopes with which he had been used to colour his existence. Hastily he reviewed the hour which prostrated his fortunes—he could not bear the memory—and with a smile, mingled with a tear which would not be suppressed, the picture terminated with the fair creature who was pillowed on his bosom—the victim of her holy and earnest love ! The morning dawned at length—the blessed day was come which was to restore to the heart and arms of Yusuf the friend of his manhood ; and the hour was yet early at which the aged Fatma started on her anxious expedition. She tarried long—or it seemed long to the weary watcher whom she had left : but when she came, the tale she had to tell repaid him for all his suffering. Kindly and courteously had the Bey received her ; again she had eaten of his pillau, and drank of his cup ; he had listened to all the story of Yusuf's sufferings, and vowed on the Koran to terminate them. Already had he asked a boon of the sultan, who had smiled upon his suit : and Fatma felt that the boon could be no other than the pardon of his friend. Affairs of state detained him, but, his duty done, he would hasten to the presence of the captive soon to be so no longer ; and meanwhile a slave had followed the footsteps of the old woman, and then returned to his master, to serve him as his guide. Again and again did the happy Fatma tell her tale ; and the theme was till unchanged when a heavy stroke on the door of the house summoned her to receive the expected guest ; and, hastily snatching a shawl from the sofa, and folding it about her face, she descended to draw

the bolt. There was a silence of a moment : and the heart of Yusuf beat high as he sprang from the floor to meet his friend ; ‘ He is here, Saïryn ; janum—my soul, he is here ! ’ he exclaimed, with a burst of his former joyousness—but his transport was short-lived. A piercing shriek rang from below—it was the voice of Fatma ; and in another moment the tramp of many feet sounded upon the stairs ! In an instant the yataghan of Yusuf was in his hand, and he stood glaring like a roused tiger, in the direction of the sound. ‘ Too late ! ’ he shouted in his despair : ‘ Oh that you had not tarried, my friend ! my friend ! Had you speeded, you might yet have saved me ! ’ But as the agonised cry escaped from the lips of the doomed man, the generous dream was at an end ; for, on the threshold of the chamber stood Tasin Bey, surrounded by a band of armed attendants. For a moment the arch-traitor paused, in doubt that the wretched object before him could indeed be Yusuf Aga ! For a moment he remained paralysed with horror as he gazed upon the gaunt and haggard wretch, who, with elf-locks hanging matted upon his shoulders, and a tangled and loathsome beard depending to his girdle, his cheeks sunk and hollow, and his eyes bright with a fierce and blinding light, met him midway of the apartment ; his weapon raised over his head, and his blue and livid lips parted above his fast-clenched teeth ? Ere he had recovered his horror, Yusuf struck. With a yell like that of a hunted savage, his weapon was buried to the hilt in the heart of one of the party who had advanced a step in front of his comrades ; and it seemed as though the blow had loosed the spell which had bound the senses of their leader ; for ere the desperate Aga could withdraw his weapon, the bey had pronounced the fatal word, and instantly a score of his followers rushed upon their victim. But the soul of Yusuf appeared to have called back its strength in his last moment of trial, and he struggled like a demoniac. Suddenly there was a frightful gushing groan—a heavy fall—and he lay senseless at the feet of his persecutors ! Yet no steel had touched—no cord had polluted him—he lay bathed in blood, but it had gushed from his mouth and nostrils ? Nature, so long neglected, had been overtaxed in this hour of passion, and he had burst an artery. When they raised him up, he was beyond their power. Allah, in his own good time, had taken to himself the last of the Janissaries ! ”

Lieutenant Johns of the Royal Marines comes before us with some half dozen of tales under the title of “ Legend and Romance, African and European,” where his purpose has been as stated in the following passage. He says, in these legends,—

“ The author attempts to embody some small portion of the romance incidental to the connexion between Europe and Africa. The descriptions of localities introduced are either from his personal observation, or the unpublished authority of greater voyagers than he pretends to be, who have kindly assisted him in his topography. With reference to Western Africa, scenes are laid among pirates and slave-dealers, which, it is to be regretted, cannot introduce more respectable *dramatis personæ* ; but such only were the characters lent by Europe to these coasts, till Great Britain commenced her efforts for the abolition of the slave-trade : efforts which, it is to be hoped, will at length be successful, and then brighter days may dawn on Africa’s unhappy shores ; but such as they were, during the periods refer-

to, has been portrayed, so far as necessary, for the illustration of the legends. The history of Sebastian, king of Portugal, is involved in much obscurity by the contradictory statements of contemporary historians; but the author, with deference, suggests that the ground he has taken is fully as capable of defence as of assault; though he means not, by such assertion, to throw down the gauntlet to those who would unmercifully sift the historical gatherings of a poor story-teller, in the hope of finding them chaff."

The stories themselves possess the same appearance of earnestness and reality, stirring and wild though they be, that characterizes the above passage. There is originality in the contrivance of some of the plots, and generally a felicitous vigour in the unravelling of them. The sentiments or moral sought come naturally rather than forcedly out of the narrative as it proceeds, and the sketches of individuals, even when ruffians and lawless men, have touches in them true to the human character, none of them being so wholly depraved as to be the hero of a thousand crimes, and without one virtue, or with every avenue to pure emotion shut, with every trace of humanity obliterated. Accordingly, while the author has thrown himself with more or less animation upon the periods and the scenes chosen, he succeeds beyond the majority of romancists in carrying the reader cordially along with him, and instructing by his examples.

In by far the longest and most elaborate legend in the collection, "Sebastian of Portugal," where Moors and Christians, warriors and a variety of other characters, figure, love deeply mingling its intricacies and fortunes, we have among other real actors, Camoens, the poet, whose services and literary achievements in behalf of Portugal were not more remarkable than were his poverty and adversities towards the close of his life. Our readers will perceive in the portion of the portrait we now extract, proofs of the author's readiness and power in the use of his pen as a pencil. Zadig is an attached and faithful Moor, who acts the beggar in order to support the poet, at a time when the rich solicited verses from him without the slightest remuneration, and when the Court totally neglected him:—

"It was about the tenth month after Zadig had taken on himself the charge of Camoens, whom all others seemed to have forgotten, that the Moor had the mortification of returning home, without even the coarse food which had till then sustained these companions in misery. Supperless had they gone to their hard beds, for Zadig had not that day earned enough to procure a meal. Heavily the bard slept, but the eyes of his watchful friend were ever opening to regard the sick man. The chimes of the church of Santa Anna told the hour of midnight, when Zadig started from the ground. Camoens had called him by name. Seated upright in the bed, his eye dilated, and beaming with a strange lustre which seemed to absorb the rays of the solitary taper placed near him, the bard fixedly regarded the Moor. One hand was resting on the pillow, supporting him

in his upraised position, and with the other he slowly beckoned. 'Zadig,' said Camoens, 'I have been in a trance.' 'No, master, thou hast but slept,' quickly answered his alarmed attendant. 'I have been in a trance, Zadig,' solemnly reiterated the dying man, 'and I have seen a vision mingling earth and heaven. I had been ages dead, if bliss like that I felt we may call death, and had in spirit come to hover o'er the earth. Princes and people, sages and bards, a gathering of nations, were calling on Camoens. That fame, winging its way through Christendom, for which my soul in life had panted, now was mine. Honour to Camoens!—every tongue joined in the song of praise. Amid this strange apotheosis, I heard a seraph's voice, and thus it spake: 'Wilt thou return to earth?' The wings that bore me trembled; but I answered, 'Rather be mine with humble strain to swell our loud hosannahs round the celestial throne.' The poet's eye grew dim. 'Zadig!'—his head bowed towards the Moor: the hand which had grasped his relaxed its pressure; and the soul of the bard of Lusitania passed to the realm of spirits. His incidental mention of the convent of Santa Anna determined the last resting-place of Camoens. It was the nearest religious house to the shed which had sheltered the dying bard. Here, beneath a marble slab, were deposited the mortal remains of the author of the 'Luciad,' undistinguished from the humblest unlettered peasant of Portugal; his obsequies unattended, as his death was unlamented, by all save one faithful attendant."

We have been well pleased with the design and execution of a small volume recently published, forming "Part the First," of "Tales and Legends of the Isle of Wight; with the Adventures of the Author (A. Elder, Esq.) in search of them." There is heartiness, much good feeling, and humour in the stories. The author's resources of fancy and judgment are abundant. He can with perfect ease to himself make slight and quaint occurrences the themes for a copious flow of ideas. We always like to meet with pictures after the manner of the present, that are not only captivating or amusing in themselves, but that are illustrative of corners and particular localities of the country. "The Mysterious Egg" affords a text which the author turns to good account, at the same time that it is illustrative of his piquant humour:—

"There used to be a cottage somewhere on the hill as you go up towards the Needles—a very poor concern, more like a pig-sty than a Christian's house, in which lived an old woman, who was known by the name of Alice Puckery. She was of a very unsocial nature, and had ways and habits peculiar to herself; always muttering as she hobbled along, no one could hear what. She used continually to place an egg on the ledge over the door. There was something very-mysterious in this, but as there are always many to be found who say there's no such thing as witchcraft, it was thought by them that the only reason the old hag had for doing this, was to discover whether in her absence her house had been entered or not; for when the door opened, the egg sometimes fell to the ground. I am rather inclined to believe, from the words which she muttered over the egg when it fell, that there was some spell in it; be—"

occasionally, when it was observed to fall, a sulphurous smoke and smell arose. Many were the speculations as to why she placed the egg there; no one had ever been known to keep an egg in that particular way before—over a doorway; why should it be over a doorway? It was thought by many, that it was placed there to bewitch any person she might take a dislike to. It was supposed by others, that the influence of the egg was varied, according to whether it was placed with the broad end, or the narrow end, or the side, towards the wall. How its influence affected people, no one could make out exactly; some were suddenly taken ill immediately, or soon after passing under it; to others, good luck happened. One man, of the name of Theophilus Browning, shortly after passing under it, had the extraordinary luck of finding a red silk purse, containing twenty sovereigns, on the road as he went home. It is believed that on that day the egg was placed crossways, a thing which had not been known to be done before or since. A young woman, of the name of Sarah Primrose, called at the old hag's cottage, and passed under the egg; she had not proceeded half a mile from the door before she was met by a person, who told her that the young man to whom she was going to be married was dangerously ill; he died that night. Though the old hag kept four or five speckled fowls, it was very generally believed that the eggs were not laid by any of them, or were, indeed, the produce of any other bird. Sometimes the egg appeared to be longer in shape than at others, sometimes shorter. It was thought that the egg which was placed there on Friday was longer shaped and thinner like, perhaps a little trifle smaller, than those on a Monday and Tuesday, which were rather, as a body might say, short and dumpy ones. This was observed to be the case for three successive weeks, during which they had been watched. She had been repeatedly asked why she placed the egg on the ledge over the door, to which she always replied, 'that she put it there because she chose to put it there; no one had any business to question her right to put it there. The shelf was her own shelf, put up by John Stubbins the carpenter, at her own expense, and she would tell nobody why she put the egg there.' One day—a Thursday afternoon—a tabby cat was seen sitting on the ledge over the door, beside the egg: that night the clergyman of the parish died!"

The artistic illustrations are in perfect keeping with the text, and we have no doubt that the work, though it should extend to several similarly small volumes, will secure an increasing popularity beyond the island of which it professes to give the legends and traditions.

Some time ago a novel appeared called "Shakspeare and his Friends," in which the dramatist, after having won his way to fame, was made the rallying point for a number of adventures at home and abroad, several of these being in accordance with incidents in his imperfectly known history, and bringing before the reader a variety of contemporary characters, as well as personages and transactions, purely the offspring of fancy. It was a bold attempt; for where is the man that can ever hope to put into tangible and fixed form any supposition or invention equal to the requirements of the

imagination of every one who has once luxuriated among the Bard's matchless creations? If not a distasteful effort, as a rude endeavour to rob the world of dreams that have a sacredness about them, it is sure to prove an unsatisfactory one; the mind and the desire every instant being apt to interrupt the narrative and the course of the representation, knowing and feeling that something is wanting; anxious to have a glimpse within an impenetrable veil, to arrive at, were it but a momentary apprehension, of the mystery of his genius.

Still "*Shakspeare and his Friends*" has been well received by novel-readers; not merely because the author acquitted himself better than was anticipated, but because, however unsatisfactory all such attempts must be in the case of the dramatist, the public like to think of him and to read of him, in order to gather some new insight into the life of one whose qualities were so transcendent. The success of the attempt, or the love of the subject, has induced the writer to return to it once more; and accordingly we have now from him, "*The Youth of Shakspeare; or, Love and Genius*;" keeping the poet prominently before the reader from his birth to the time when he had possession of the public ear. The manner of the author in this second venture is pretty much the same with that of the former, the phraseology which Shakspeare has himself used being frequently the means by which the verisimilitude is sought to be produced. The success here, however, is, as in all cases where an author throws himself upon scenes and periods with which he is but imperfectly acquainted, rather in form than in real sympathy; and is merely such as a habitual student of the poet's productions may readily fall into, while he may never reach the achievement of a compressed yet faithful picture of the age or country selected, or of the hero who is regarded as its noblest representative, its highest ornament.

Our author, however, has with considerable skill, in pursuance of a happy fancy, brought to his delineation of Shakspeare's early life, in the prevailing absence of authentic particulars, several persons and characters, as he supposes in after life to have become the types of some of his finest creations; finding among the wives and people of Stratford the originals, which he could so well mould into perfect figures and actors. Nay, by an ingenious fancy he connects the dramatist with his imaginary characters of Faërie notoriety, as if these had been in highest glee at the moment of his birth, and employed in celebrating an event so unprecedented, with every festive demonstration. But we shall not dive into the story with any desire or hope to unfold its turns and mysteries to our readers, but rather let them have a taste of the quality of its matter in as far as that can be discovered in a short specimen; premising that Mabel the lovely, and by Shakspeare, the admired adopted daughter of Sir Thomas Lucy, has been carried away by ruffians in spite of the lover's efforts; for he is wounded and left senseless. Sir Th-----

his lady, and servants find the youth in this condition ; the worthy magistrate being exceedingly suspicious in regard to the story which Billy sets forth, every additional circumstance that comes out, as he revives and repeats his protestations of innocence, serving to increase his worship's belief that the lad has murdered Mistress Mabel :—

“ With the friendly assistance of the serving-men, with whom there was not a doubt remaining of his perfect innocence, William Shakspeare stood upon his feet, and presently missed the book he had been studying before he fell asleep under the tree. The justice, somewhat perplexed in his notions, stood regarding him with a most scrutinizing look. ‘ What dost want looking about so ? ’ inquired he. ‘ A book, an’ it please your worship,’ answered the other. ‘ A book of sweet poems I was intent upon studying, before I beheld her you called Mabel being carried away, screaming, in the arms of a villain.’ ‘ I did kick my foot against something not a moment since,’ said Dame Lucy ; ‘ perchance that may be it.’ Hearing this, the serving men and keepers looked carefully about with their lanterns. ‘ Thou saidst nought about her screaming just now,’ observed the justice sternly, upon whom this addition came with a very marvellous suspiciousness. ‘ But tell us who thou art—thy name fellow,—thy name ? ’ ‘ My name is William Shakspeare,’ answered the youth. ‘ What ! John Shakspeare’s son of Stratford ? ’ asked Sir Thomas, quickly. ‘ The same, an’ it please your worship.’ ‘ Then ’tis clear—’tis manifest—’tis most absolute and undeniable, fellow ! ’ exclaimed the justice, with a severity greater than all he had yet shewn. ‘ Mass I thought I could not suspect thee without warrantable assurance. Thy name proves it. If thou hast not committed this foul murder, I will be sworn an ass all the rest of my days. Thou hast a most discreditable name, fellow. I know not a name of such ill repute that can be found any where. ’Tis a bad name ; and being a bad name must needs be an ill name ; and being an ill name cannot help being a name that a man shall chance to go to the hangman with.’ ‘ Here’s the book, sure enough,’ cried one of the serving-men. ‘ Book me no books,’ said the knight sharply, whose remembrance of what had been told him by Master Buzzard made him careless of this new proof of the youth’s innocence. ‘ Take him away ! I will look into this matter with more strictness. God’s precious, so notorious a name no man ever had ! But let me examine this same book of which he hath spoken so confidentially.’ Having got it in his hand, the justice had a lantern held to him, and scrutinized it very narrowly. ‘ Ha ! O’ my life I thought as much ! ’ added he, looking from the book to the supposed murderer. ‘ Thou hast stolen it ! Here is in it the name of Sir Marmaduke de Largesse.’ ‘ He lent it me, as he hath done many others,’ replied William Shakspeare. ‘ He lend thee, fellow ! ’ cried the knight diedainfully. ‘ A person of his quality lend books to so horrible low a person as the son of John Shakspeare ! How dost dare put so impudent an assertion on a justice o’ the peace ? Mass, ’tis manifest thou art a most thorough villain by thy name—’tis as clear thou hast stolen this book, and doubtless many others by thy professions—and there is no doubt thou hast done a foul murder by thy being in the neighbourhood at the time the wench was missing, and found here under such suspicious cir-

cumstances. Bring him along, Sampson ! Thou art my close prisoner, I charge thee escape on thy peril.' Our young student, to his exceeding astonishment, found himself taken into custody ; but to be accused of destroying that exquisite fair creature who had so long been the exclusive subject of his sweetest meditations, appeared to him so unnatural a thing, he could scarce believe it possible it could be thought of for a single moment. Confused as he was by the effects of the blow, and still more bewildered by the behaviour of Sir Thomas Lucy, his apprehensions for the safety of the gentle Mabel completely thrust aside every thing like fear for himself, and all the way to the house he did nothing but think of the possible dangers she might be exposed to in the hands of those desperate villains he had beheld carrying her off. When he arrived at the mansion, he was led up stairs into a room where there was no possibility of escaping ; and Dame Lucy presently came and washed his wound, applied to it some of her famous julep, and put it on a clean bandage ; for although, as a wife, she would not for a moment doubt of the correctness of her husband's opinion, she could not allow such an opinion, bad as it was, to interfere with the wounded youth's receiving the advantage of her skill in remedies."

We come now to the last but one of a long array of books belonging to the lightest class of literature ; a class, we regret having it to say, that presents a most undue proportion of new works to those which deserve permanent perusal ; we mean "The Widow Barnaby ;" a production, which, not without good reason, is generally considered to be superior to any that Mrs. Trollope has recently published. To be sure the writer's vulgarism, prejudices, and forced combinations of melo-dramatic circumstances, still mar the character of the work ; but these and other characteristic blemishes are not nearly so predominating nor so offensive, as in her preceding books ; while more than one of the *personæ dramatis*, especially "The Widow," are originals, and yet truth-speaking portraits. The localities where the story develops itself, such as Clifton, Cheltenham, are capably sketched, with all their provincial ambitions, scandals, and shabbiness.

Mrs. Barnaby herself is the very pink of the representatives of all that is upstart, preposterous, persevering, bouncing, and vulgar in such localities ; yet though often committing ridiculous mistakes, she interests the reader by the manner and tact with which she gets out of them, or overcomes their usual consequences. The character is so happily conceived and so truthfully and consistently sustained, that the reader fancies he has seen her, and feels that he could for himself tell what she would do in any given circumstances. But it is as needless to attempt sketching in outline how all this is brought about, as it will be vain to essay to thrust into the space we can afford for extract, specimens that can at all convey an idea of the method of the work, or of the *management* of "The Widow." Two short passages will communicate a slight taste of the prevailing

tone and style of the work ; they are also Trollopian, quite. A Ball is the topic of discourse in the first of our specimens :—

“ ‘ It was so quite unlike any other party that ever was given,’ as Mrs. Compton well observed, in talking over the matter with her daughters, ‘ that it was downright impossible not to make some difference in the way of preparing for it.’

“ ‘ Different ! . . . I believe it is different !’ exclaimed Miss Martha (the future Mrs. Barnaby) ; ‘ it is the first ball we ever showed ourselves at by daylight, and I should like to know how we, that always lead every thing, are to present ourselves in broad sunshine with dyed pink muslin and tarnished silver ?’

“ ‘ You can’t and you shan’t,’ replied her affectionate mother, ‘ if I sell the silver spoons and buy plated ones instead. . . . I will not have my girls disgraced in the face of two regiments at once. But, upon my life girls, money is not to be had for the asking ; for truth it is, and no lie, there is not above twenty pounds in the bank to last till Michaelmas, and the butcher has not been paid these five months. But don’t look glum, Martha ! . . . Shall I tell you what I have made up my mind to do ?’

“ ‘ Carry a plate round the mess-room, mamma, when they are all assembled, perhaps,’ replied the lively young lady ; ‘ and if you asked for aid for the sake of our bright eyes, it is likely enough you might get something ; but if it is not that, what is it, mother ?’

“ ‘ Why, I will walk over to Compton Bassett, Martha, and ask the ram’s horn, your aunt, for five pounds outright, and tell her into the bargain what it is for, and, stingy and skin-flint as she is, I can’t say that I shall be much surprised if she gives it ; for she is as proud as she’s ugly ; and it won’t be difficult to make her see, this time, that I am asking more for credit’s sake than for pleasure.’

“ ‘ Go, mother, by all means,’ replied the young lady with a sneer, that seemed to indicate despair of any aid from Miss Betsy. ‘ All I know is, that she never gave me any thing since I was born but a Bible and Prayer-book, and it don’t strike me as very likely she’ll begin now. Set off, however, by all manner of means ; and if you come back empty-handed, I’ll tell you what my scheme shall be.’ ”

The next refers to a later period when Martha is no longer a Miss ; no, not even a wife, but a brisk husband-hunting widow.

“ Arrived at Cheltenham, Mrs. Barnaby set about the business of finding a domicile with much more confidence and *savoir faire* than heretofore. A very few inquiries made her decide upon choosing to place herself at a boarding-house ; and though the price rather startled her, she not only selected the dearest, but indulged in the expensive luxury of a handsome private sitting-room. ‘ I know what I am about,’ thought she ; ‘ faint heart never won fair lady, and sparing hand never won gay gentleman.’ It was upon the same principle that, within three days after her arrival, she had found a tiger, and got his dress (resplendent with buttons from top to toe) sent home to her private apartments, and likewise that she had determined to enter her name as a subscriber at the pump-

room. The day after all this was completed, was the first upon which she accounted her Cheltenham existence to begin; and having informed herself of the proper hours and fitting costume for each of the various stated times of appearing at the different points of reunion, she desired Agnes carefully to brush the dust from her immortal black crape bonnet, and with her own features sheltered by *paille de fantaisie*, straw-coloured ribands, and Brussels lace, she set forth, leaning on the arm of her niece, and followed by her tiger and parasol, to take her first draught at the spring, at eight o'clock in the morning. Her spirits rose as she approached the fount on perceiving the throng of laughing, gay, and gossiping invalids that *bon-ton* and bile had brought together; and when she held out her hand to receive the glass, she had more the air of a full-grown Bacchante, celebrating the rites of Bacchus, than a votary at the shrine of Hygeia. But no sooner had the health-restoring but nauseous beverage touched her lips, or rather her palate, than, making a horrible grimace, she set down the glass on the marble slab, and pushed it from her with very visible symptoms of disgust."

Mr. James, the author of the "Huguenot" must, judging from the number and variety of his books, be a ready as well as a most industrious writer. Some of them indeed exhibit strongly the blemishes of haste, one of these being quantity instead of digested quality. But in the present instance he has obviously been at pains in the selection of his materials, and careful, nay fastidious, in the serving of them up. This may be accounted for by the fact that his elaborate history of the times of Louis the Fourteenth, and his life of that monarch, have made him quite familiar with all that bears on the theme of the present production, and provided him with such a minute and accurate knowledge of the persecutions of the Huguenots, the intrigues of the court, and the character of the men that figured at that eventful era, as required little more than the labour of arrangement and the art necessary in combination.

Besides, the subject chosen by him is evidently one of which he has been enamoured; and hence his earnestness and the historical dignity of his manner. But hence too, we presume, the heaviness, the want of playfulness, which characterise the performance. He has been called the successor of Scott; but though equalling that romancist, perhaps, in regard to an acquaintance with the annals and the manners of the times selected for illustration, he neither seems to possess such a variety of information, nor the natural power of the magician of the North, of throwing everything he touched into picturesque forms, nor of so fusing in his mind history and fiction, as to render the whole to appear consistent, compatible, and reciprocally illustrative. But we shall not extend this paper, already so protracted, beyond the space which an extract from the second work at its head will occupy. The passage refers to the interruption and assault made upon a field-meeting, of Covenanter-fashion, by a party of dragoons; and our readers will naturally compare the descriptions with scenes in *Old Mortality*, and mark the differences:—

"The words of the preacher were poured forth rather than spoken. It seemed less like eloquence than like inspiration. His full, round, clear voice was heard through every part of his large auditory; not a word was lost, not a tone was indistinct, and the people listened with that deep stern silence which causes a general rustle, like the sighing of the wind, to take place through the multitude when he paused for a moment in his discourse, and every one drew deep the long-suppressed breath.

"In the same strain, and with the same powers of voice and gesture, Claude De l'Estang was going on with his sermon, when some sounds were heard at the further part of the crowd, towards the spot where the scene was sheltered by the stunted wood we have mentioned. As those sounds were scarcely sufficient to give any interruption to the minister, being merely those apparently of some other persons arriving, the Count De Morseiul, and almost every one on that side of the preacher, remained gazing upon him as he went on with the same energy, and did not turn their heads to see what occasioned the noise.

"Those, however, who were on the opposite side, and who, when looking towards the minister, had at the same time in view the spot from which the sounds proceeded, were seen to gaze sternly from time to time in that direction; and once or twice, notwithstanding the solemn words they heard, stooped down their heads together, and spoke in whispering consultation. These appearances at length induced the Count De Morseiul to turn his eyes that way; when he beheld a sight which at once made his blood boil, but made him thankful also that he had come in such guise as even to act as a restraint upon himself, having no arms of any kind upon him.

"At the skirt of the crowd were collected a party of eighteen or twenty dragoons, who were forcing their horses slowly in amongst the people, who drew back, and gazed upon them with looks of stern determined hatred. The purpose of the soldiers, indeed, seemed, to be simply to insult and to annoy, for they did not proceed to any overt act of violence, and were so far separated from each other, in a disorderly manner, that it could only be supposed they came thither to find themselves sport, rather than to disperse the congregation by any lawful authority. The foremost of the whole party was the young Marquis De Hericourt, and Albert of Morseiul conceived, perhaps not unreasonably, that there might be some intention of giving him personal annoyance at the bottom of that young officer's conduct.

"Distinguished from the rest of the people by his dress, the Count was very plainly to be seen from the spot where De Hericourt was; and the young dragoon slowly made his way towards him through the press, looking at the people on either side with but ill-concealed signs of contempt upon his countenance.

"The Count determined, as far as possible, to set an example of patience; and when the rash youth came close up to him, saying aloud, 'Ha, Monsieur De Morseiul, a lucky opportunity! I have long wished to hear a *prêche*,' the Count merely raised his hand as a sign for the young man to keep silence, and pointed with his right hand to the pastor, who, with an undisturbed demeanour and steady voice, pursued his sermon as if not the slightest interruption had occurred, although the young dragoon on horseback, in the midst of his people, was at that moment before him."

NOTICES.

ART. XII.—*The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley.* Edited by Mrs. SHELLEY. Vol. I. London: Moxon. 1839.

A New, uniform, and elegant edition of Shelley's works, exhibiting Mr. Moxon's taste and spirit in all that regards a publisher's department, with notes by one so competent as the editress, will be cordially welcomed by all who can appreciate true poetry. Shelley was unquestionably one of the greatest poets of modern times, and a genius of the most extraordinary character. He was constitutionally eccentric and wonderfully sensitive, and by temperament such a visionary that nothing more was needed than the opposition he encountered in various ways, and the anxieties thrust upon or incurred by him, to carry him to the verge of poetic insanity. Hence his opinions about existing institutions, received creeds, and human nature, were so wild and fanciful, that the world's censure reached even the beautiful and exquisite inspirations and unsurpassed creations of the muse. The editress of his works, however, of which the present volume is the commencement, will do much to correct and to modify the public judgment in regard both to the life and writings of the poet, and to popularize many of the effusions of such a gifted son of song.

Among Mrs. Shelley's notes, a number, if we are to judge from the specimen before us, will be biographical; but she appears to have made up her mind to avoid a connected memoir. She says, "This is not the time to relate the truth; and I should reject any colouring of the truth." Still, in allusion to circumstances in the poet's life, she declares that "No account has ever been given at all approaching reality in their details, either as regards himself or others, nor shall I further allude to them than to remark, that the errors of action committed by a man as noble and generous as Shelley, may, as far as he only is concerned, be fearlessly avowed, by those who loved him, in the firm conviction that were they judged impartially, his character would stand in fairer and brighter light than that of any contemporary."

Now this is not letting us know anything more than that Mrs. Shelley's partiality and tender recollections are enduring and strong. We admit, however, that the character and life of the young man she so affectionately remembers, was amiable, deeply interesting, and his entire career such as must in future enlist the sympathies of all who make themselves acquainted with his writings and his life in his behalf.

The two following specimens of notes are much more precise than what we have already quoted. The first throws some light upon Shelley's studies, powers, habits, and sensitiveness:—

"He had considered at one time whether he should dedicate himself to poetry or metaphysics, and resolving on the former, he educated himself for it, discarding, in a great measure, his philosophical pursuits, and engaging himself in the study of the poets of Greece, Italy, and England. To these may be added a constant perusal of portions of the Old Testament—the Psalms, the book of Job, the Prophet Isaiah, and others, the sublime poetry of which filled him with delight.

"As a poet, his intellect and compositions were powerfully influenced by exterior circumstances, and especially by his place of abode. He was

very fond of travelling, and ill health increased this restlessness. The sufferings occasioned by a cold English winter made him pine, especially when our colder spring arrived, for a more genial climate. In 1816 he again visited Switzerland, and rented a house on the banks of the lake of Geneva; and many a day, in cloud or sunshine, was passed alone in his boat—sailing as the wind listed or wetting on the calm waters. The majestic aspect of nature ministered such thoughts as he afterwards enwove in verse. His lines on the ‘Bridge of the Arve,’ and his ‘Hymn to Intellectual Beauty,’ were written at this time. Perhaps for a period his genius was checked by associations with another poet, whose nature was utterly dissimilar to his own, yet who, in the poem he wrote at that time, gave tokens that he shared for a period the more abstract and etherealised inspiration of Shelley. The saddest events awaited his return to England.”

We are told that in the spring of 1815, an eminent physician pronounced that he was dying rapidly of a consumption; that abscesses were formed on his lungs, and that he suffered acute spasms. Suddenly a complete change took place, and every symptom of pulmonary disease vanished. These alternations could not but work strongly upon nerves that were naturally so fine. But we haste to the second passage alluded to before, which contains a sad retrospect. Who can read these words, “I have lived to be older than my father,” without experiencing tender regret and intense sympathy?

“He had not completed his nine-and-twentieth year when he died. The calm of middle life did not add the seal of the virtues which adorn maturity to those generated by the vehement spirit of youth. Through life also he was a martyr to ill health, and constant pain wound up his nerves to a pitch of susceptibility that rendered his views of life different from those of a man in the enjoyment of healthy sensations. Perfectly gentle and forbearing in manner, he suffered a good deal of internal irritability, or rather excitement, and his fortitude to bear was almost always on the stretch. And thus, during a short life, he had gone through more experience of sensation than many whose existence is protracted. ‘If I die to-morrow,’ he said, on the eve of his anticipated death, ‘I have lived to be older than my father.’ The weight of thought and feeling burdened him heavily; you read his sufferings in his attenuated frame, while you perceived the mastery he held over them in his animated countenance and brilliant eyes.”

The poems contained in the present volume are three in number, and are, perhaps, the most remarkable of Shelley’s works, not merely extraordinary as compositions that were chiefly produced before the writer could be called a man in regard to years, but as a record of the poet’s early fancies and opinions. The pieces are *Queen Mab*; *Alastor*, or the *Spirit of Solitude*; and *The Revolt of Islam*. The first, not merely as it came from the hands of the author, but as given in the edition now under consideration, requires that we say a few words about it.

It is well known that *Queen Mab*, which was never published by Shelley, but only printed for private distribution, contained some of the most startling dogmas of atheism, while the sentiments upon several other topics were frequently most objectionable and dangerous. Now the editress has purged the poem of the most offensive parts, stating that were the poem in manuscript, “even less might be given;” adding that—“as it is, such portions

are omitted as support, in intemperate language, opinions to which at that age (eighteen) he was passionately attached." This liberty, we are given to understand, has been used after mature reflection; but though mature on the part of Mrs. Shelley, we are not prepared to add that it has been sound or judicious.

One benefit which the world derives from the works or the recorded life of any extraordinary man, is that it may obtain a thorough and correct view of his nature, attainments, and opinions; and of the history of his changes, or of his confirmations. Now, how can one come at a correct notion of Shelley's history, if one of his most characteristic and complete productions is dismembered, garbled, and its distinctive form and spirit marred? This is in fact nothing but a falsification of the history of his mind; while it is playing fast and loose with the public. It would have been better to have repressed the poem, we think, altogether; although, it appears to us, that the best way would have been to publish it entire, had it been for no other reason than that the tendency and scepticism of the poem might at once be fully perceived in all their avowed force, and not left to lurk in parts, which are even as the piece stands numerous; the charms of poetry, and the intangible dreams of the mystic, only serving to make the evil the more subtle.

Such is our view of the matter. Still we are bound to suppose that motives and delicacies might weigh with Mrs. Shelley, which would not have been felt by another editor. We therefore conclude with a specimen, which, while powerful and characteristic, cannot, except in regard to its gloom, be called objectionable, or said to be opposed to many sad instances. Part of the extract might have been adopted by Mr. Fox as a motto to his lecture on the "Morality of Poverty," reviewed in a preceding article. Neither is the first portion of the indignant burst without many illustrations:—

" And statesmen boast
Of wealth! The wordy eloquence, that lives
After the ruin of their hearts, can gild
The bitter poison of a nation's wo—
Can turn the worship of the servile mob
To their corrupt and glaring idol Fame,
From Virtue, trampled by its iron tread,
Although its dazzling pedestal be raised
Amid the horrors of a limb-strewn field,
With desolated dwellings smoking round.
The man of ease, who, by his warm fire-side,
To deeds of charitable intercourse
And bare fulfilment of the common laws
Of decency and prejudice, confines
The struggling nature of his human heart,
Is duped by their cold sophistry; he sheds
A passing tear perchance upon the wreck
Of earthly peace, when near his dwelling's door
The frightful waves are driven—when his son
Is murdered by the tyrant, or religion
Drives his wife raving mad. But the poor man,
Whose life is misery, and fear, and care;
Whom the morn wakens but to fruitless toil;

Who ever hears his famished offspring's scream,
 Whom their pale mother's uncomplaining gaze
 For ever meets, and the proud rich man's eye,
 Flashing command, and the heart-breaking scene
 Of thousands like himself,—he little heeds
 The rhetoric of tyranny; his hate
 Is quenchless as his wrongs; he laughs to scorn
 The vain and bitter mockery of words.
 Feeling the horror of the tyrant's deeds,
 And unrestrained, but by the arm of power,
 That knows and dreads his enmity."

The present edition is to extend to four volumes, got up in a style fully equal, in every external particular, to the handsome reprints that have lately become so numerous of our principal modern poets. The interest which Shelley's peculiar personal history, together with the melody of his verse and the splendour of his descriptions will beget, cannot fail to elevate the work to a station where Byron, Southey, and Wordsworths volumes constantly meet the eye.

ART. XIII.—*The New Army List.* By H. G. HART, Lieut., 49th Regt.
 London: Smith and Elder.

WE cannot more succinctly or accurately describe this new and improved Army List than by quoting its title at length, which states that it exhibits "the rank, standing, and various services of every officer in the army on half-pay, including the Ordnance and Royal Marines; distinguishing those who have served in the Peninsula, who were at Waterloo, who have received medals and other distinctions, and who have been wounded, and in what actions; with the period of service both on full and half-pay: giving also the date of every officer's commission, and distinguishing those obtained by purchase." The biographical professional sketches, in the form of notes, of those who have distinguished themselves in the service, are numerous and interesting.

ART. XIV.—*The Boy's Country-Book.* Edited by WILLIAM HOWITT.
 London: Longman. 1839.

THE title further says—"Being the Real Life of a Country Boy, written by himself; exhibiting all the Amusements, Pleasures, and Pursuits of Children in the Country." There is not in all England a more competent editor for such an autobiography as this than the Author of "*The Book of the Seasons*;" nor are we aware that any other "*Real Life of a Country Boy*" could ever have been more naturally, spiritedly, and heartily described. We see him in every passage and in every scene; we actually hear him, or feel as if we did, telling his story to a loved companion of kindred disposition. Nor is there anything puerile in the work, meaning thereby, that which is weak, ridiculous, or valueless. The autobiographer is a *manly* boy; fond and full of enjoyment, with healthy and adventurous sympathies, and largely endowed with sound sense, suitable information, and stores of anecdote. Every boy in the British empire should have a copy of this Book; and no one who delights in its pages can be a bad boy; while not to be delighted seems an impossibility. The woodcuts are of themselves pleasurable and instructive things.

ART. XV.—*A Letter to the Earl of Durham on Reform in Parliament, by paying the Elected.* By MARVELL REDIVIVUS. London: Sherwood and Co.

IN his argument, although he avows that he is a Radical, the author takes care to keep clear of what he calls the "Fire and Faggot Squad," viz., Oastler, Stephens, O'Connor, &c. He contends, however, that the political claims put forward in the National Petition of the Chartists cannot be stigmatized as unconstitutional, particularly insisting on the supposed necessity of the elected being paid in Andrew Marvell fashion; but the resuscitated statesman and patriot is not always courteous and temperate.

ART. XVI.—*The Rev. Dr. Pye Smith and the New Poor Law.* By SAMUEL ROBERTS. London: Whittaker.

ON taking up this closely printed pamphlet, we were at a loss to conceive how the Rev. Doctor could be dragged into the Poor Law question; nor after going through its raving contents have we either found rhyme or reason for the proceeding. Mr. Roberts neither knows when to stop, nor does he appear to understand that numberless repetitions of the same words, these being uniformly either declamatory assertions, outrageously abusive personalities, or uncalled for, out-of-the-place, and therefore profane insertions of the most solemn passages and denunciations in Scripture. In support of our statement let us just string together a few sentences taken at random; and we assure our readers that they will find nothing better in the production, should they have a mind to peruse it.

"Is it possible," he asks, "that any man of plain, good, common sense, can fail to perceive that two millions a year, taken from the *poor* and given to the *rich*, to say nothing of its inhumanity—is not enriching the State?" Mr. R. never thinks of better argument than that of begging the question or reiterating his *ipse dixit*. Many of his alleged facts require proof; still more of them involve absurdities, or are contrary to reason and truth. But the occasion does not require anything more than to let him be heard out of his own mouth. He says, "The cruel, unjust, unfeeling oppressor cannot be a Christian—he is even unworthy of the name of *man*—yet to this base character have the powerful agents of Mammon (the promoters and defenders of the measures are scores of times so called,) brought the majority of the middle classes of the once free, high-minded inhabitants of this country. They have been brought by them to fly in the face of God—to set at nought the life, the death, and the precepts of their Redeemer, in order to cully favour with the agents of Satan, and to batten on the spoils of the poor—who are perishing by thousands for want of food—and not only to risk, but, as far as depends on them to insure, their eternal condemnation." "This kingdom has once before been governed by a Virgin Queen, and the nation prospered; but she had *men*—(the italics are not of our making) nay she had wise men for *her* ministers. She had a *Burleigh*, and he was himself a host. We have again a Virgin Queen—alas, for her and us she has no Burleigh. She has a host of Ministers, but all of them united would not make a Burleigh. Burleigh's *dog* would have lifted his leg against the best of them. Alas, for poor young Victoria! alas, too, for poor old England!" In a note to this eloquent and delicate passage, it is asked, "What is her Prime Ministers?—What the Keeper of

science?—What the *Lords of her Bedchamber?*” What a sly and elegant humourist! Mr. Roberts, you will be the death of us, as well as of her Majesty’s Ministers.

Again,—“What will the Judge say at that awful day to these men?” The clergy who have favoured the New Poor Law are meant. “He will say—‘Depart from me, to your deserved imprisonment—for in the day when your services were wanted, I knew you not. I and my army (Mr. R. no doubt looks upon himself as one of the most valiant of the soldiers,) fought for the poor, and ye knew it—but ye went over to the ranks of the enemy.’” “Our House of Commons is corrupted to the core by mercenary members.” “Britons are now slaves. Slaves to those who are themselves slaves to despotic tyrants”—Melbourne and Co. of course. But the Tories are even declared by this judicious and temperate authority to be in many cases worse than the Whigs; and he assures us he does not know above three in either house of Parliament that is honest. But enough of such nonsense. Certainly no sane impugner or objector to the law in question will long for this champion’s coadjutorship; but some, if they read his pamphlet or our extracts from it, may happen to ask, what is the man’s particular ailment, what its cause or source? We opine that a circumstance mentioned in the Introduction may throw some light on the subject. We are there told that he once held the office of Overseer of the Poor of Sheffield; and he adds, that his “attention was then called in an especial manner to the subject of our Good Old Poor Laws.” Gentle reader, supposest thou that Mr. R. is now in office? There’s the rub. We ought to state that Mr. R. announces himself as having been the author of several works. Oh, this accounts for his *fine* writing, and that peculiar *skill* which he evinces in setting before the public the results of his matured opinions.

ART. XVII.—*Biographical Sketch of Thomas Clarkson.* By T. TAYLOR. London: Rickerby. 1839.

THE relative merits of the subject of this memoir and of Wilberforce in regard to the Abolition of the slave-trade and slavery, which have lately been largely and loudly discussed, it will readily be supposed, occupy a great proportion of the publication. We do not enter into the matters about which there has been so much painful dispute. It is but just to state, however, that the Sketch contains a clear and rapid account of the Abolition with which Clarkson’s history is inseparably connected. The portrait which embellishes the work, commands our veneration; and it must be true to the original, for it is full of life.

ART. XVIII.—*The Grammar of Law.* By a BARRISTER. London: Rickerby. 1839.

THIS Grammar professes to contain the First Principles of Natural, Religious, Political, and Civil Law; together with a Synopsis of the Common and Statute Law. To which is added, the Royal Prerogatives, and an explanation of Law Terms in general use. It is a work in which a vast deal is concisely and perspicuously explained. The parts which more particularly concern English Law are excellent. Altogether it is a work of great merit and calculated to teach, not drily or disagreeably, very much that is indispensable!

ART. XIX.—*The Last of the Plantagenets*. 3rd Edition.

THE quaint but engaging form and style in which this historical narrative of some of the public events as well as domestic and ecclesiastical manners, of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, sets before the reader the results of much curious antiquarian research, has already placed it beyond the pale of criticism, and rendered it quite independent of any thing we can say either for or against it.

ART. XX.—*Ignatia, and other Poems*. By MARY ANN BROWNE. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1839.

THIS lady has deservedly become a favourite with the readers of poetry. Comparatively few of the tuneful tribe of either sex, that have come before the public lately, can, like her, point to a second edition of more than one effort of the kind. We predict that the present volume will not be less heartily welcomed. It contains much of tender and elegant poetry. *Ignatia's* tale is touching in the extreme. Some of the smaller pieces are more vigorous. The whole are manifestly the offspring of an exalted and a refined nature; of one who regards the good and beautiful with intense and habitual affection.

ART. XXI.—*Minstrel Melodies. Being a Collection of Songs*. By the Author of "Field Flowers," &c. London: Longman. 1839.

HERE are songs on all sorts of subjects. Conviviality, sentimentality, plaintive and cheerful themes, patriotism, loyalty and love, each and all receiving the author's homage. We have not discovered much originality either in subject or treatment; yet, for the most part, the effusions are above mediocrity, and never below that level. We opine that these verses are happily cast for *bond fide* singing, and that those who are skilled in this accomplishment—playful warblers—will find a rich mine in the collection whenever they have a desire for a new marrying of kindred arts.

ART. XXII.—*Sixteen Select Idyls of Theocritus*. By D. B. HICKIN, LL.D. London: Longman. 1839.

THESE choice pieces are given as chiefly found in the text of Meineke. A copious variety of English Explanatory Notes, well-arranged indexes, and an introductory view of the author's genius and excellences, will recommend this edition to advanced students as well as to tyros. The volume is handsomely got up.

ART. XXIII.—*The Lady and the Saints. In Three Cantos*. With Vignettes, designed by R. CRUIKSHANKS. London: Bull. 1839.

A FAILURE; and what else can be confidently expected of any one who essays to imitate "*Hudibras*?" We do not think that even a shred of the mantle of Butler has descended upon the present author. The attempt is to expose the ignorance and fanaticism of certain sects who arrogate to themselves, if not the term, at least the character of Saints exclusively; but the story is stupid and badly conducted—the humour is extremely small—and the versification is feeble and faulty.

ART. XXIV.—*The Colonies of the British Empire.* By MONTGOMERY MARTIN. London: Allen and Co. 1839.

It is impossible to do anything like justice to this vast treasury of facts and knowledge by a short notice, unless we present the concise summary of its contents. Well then, it comprises the Statistics of the Colonies of the British Empire in the West Indies, South America, North America, Asia, Australasia, Africa, and Europe. These statistics give the area, agriculture, commerce, manufactures, shipping, Custom-duties, population, education, religion, crime, government, finances, laws, military defence, cultivated and waste lands, emigration, rates of wages, prices of provision, banks, coins, staple products, stock, moveable and immoveable property, public companies, &c. of each colony; with the charters and engraved seals; from the official records of the Colonial Office; with maps, &c. After this enumeration one cannot wonder that this royal octavo volume should extend to above six hundred double-columned pages, and above three hundred more as an Appendix. But the wonder is that any one man should have had courage to undertake and a capacity or the means to produce the valuable work here completed. It is, in fact, a perfect library of our colonial history and condition; and never could have appeared so seasonably as at present. The maps, plans, and other engraved articles, will command particular attention; and some of them, the first map, for example, on which the British possessions are distinctively coloured, will fill the heart of every man with throbbings of various kinds, if he be capable of earnest contemplation and reflection.

ART. XXV.—*State Trials: Specimen of a New Edition.* By N. T. MOILE, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Special Pleader. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1839.

SPECIAL Pleading, indeed, and enough of horrors to satisfy the lovers of the most harrowing excitement. There are three trials, viz., those of Anne Ayliffe, for Heresy; Sir William Stanley, for High Treason; and of Mary, Queen of Scots. This same new edition is rather a ponderous affair; for the metre, together with the notes which are curious and afford proofs of extensive reading of a particular sort, fills an octavo of some four hundred pages. We must not withhold from Mr. Moile the praise of very considerable cleverness, and of a command of ideas; but we do not think that his method of introducing State Trials as a subject for poetic embellishment or enforcement, is indicative of a fine poetic temperament.

ART. XXVI.—*Vegetable Organography: or an Analytical Description of the Organs of Plants. Part I.* By M. DE CANDOLLE. Translated by HOUGHTON KINGDON. London: Houlston and Stoneman. 1839.

THIS edition of one of its celebrated author's most valuable elementary works, cannot fail to prove acceptable and highly useful to the English student of Botany. The part before us is vigorously translated; it is got up in a handsome style, and contains a satisfactory specimen of the plates which are to illustrate the minute parts of vegetable anatomy. When completed it will form two handsome octavo volumes. We are glad to learn that it is to be followed by a translation of the same author's work on Vegetable Physiology.

ART. XXVII.—*The Deluge: a Drama, in Twelve Scenes.* By J. E. READE, Esq., Author of "Italy," &c. London: Saunders and Otley. 1839.

THIS is a poem thrown into a dramatic form, rather than that the transitions in the dialogue, or that the variety and character of the incidents, are dramatic. There is not much of a story, or rather that story will not excite much sympathy in the human bosom. Mr. Reade's genius, and the manner in which he has cultivated his poetic powers, we take to be different from what are required to the production of an effective and stirring drama, even although he were to confine himself to human feeling, action, and passion. His poems are for the closet: the intensity of his conceptions, the beauty of his imaginings, the polish of his diction, the accuracy and music of his verse, all of which are remarkable, being for the serene, the meditative, the philosophic mind.

We know that it has been objected to Mr. Reade, that he is rather a dealer in other people's wealth than a coiner. But it appears to us that this opinion has arisen more from the fact of his choosing themes which Byron and others have identified with their names, than from palpable imitations of treatment, or plagiarisms of thought. It is true that from being professedly an enthusiastic and most assiduous student of poetry, as well as constant wooer of the muse, according as the goddess has implanted her inspiration in his own bosom, there is much risk of bestowing his own dress upon what some of the princes among his predecessors have forestalled. But let us not be unjust as well as ungenerous to one, who, unlike the vast majority of recent and contemporaneous writers of verse, does not come before the public without anything like adequate preparation, with no exalted idea of the requirements, the province, the power of poetry.

We do not see that we could do any measure of justice to Mr. Reade by such garbled extracts as we have room for. Indeed "The Deluge" is a work that to be appreciated must be wholly read and digested. It is no sing-song common-place piece, that may be gauged by quoting an isolated passage or two. Instead of specimens we shall merely glance at the outline of the tale; leaving it to our readers to test our few observations by a perusal for themselves, which will amply repay them, both as respects the poetry and the moral.

Moses has said that "The sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose." Following up the idea which some commentators have maintained, Mr. Reade has betaken himself to the period of the Deluge, and introduced Irad one of the sons of Noah, and Astarte of the race of Cain, of whom Irad is deeply enamoured. But the Angel Oraziel, after many struggles of her affection towards the son of Noah who most constantly and tenderly continues to love the lady, becomes the accepted lover. The Deluge is at hand, according to poetic justice; the angel is summoned to heaven; Irad accompanies the Patriarch to the Ark; and the descendant of Cain meets with the reward which awaits the doomed and the false.

Before closing this hasty notice, we ought to mention that Mr. Reade states in an advertisement, that "The Deluge" was written previous to the publication of Byron's "Cain" and Moore's "Loves of the Angels;" confirming our views in regard to his alleged plagiarisms and imitations.

ART. XXVIII.—*Archbishop Leighton's Theological Lectures.* London : Ward and Co. 1839.

THE rivalry which now exists in furnishing reprints of standard works in every department of knowledge and taste, is one of the most welcome signs of the times, and promises to work a mighty change among classes who hitherto have been debarred from cultivating an acquaintance with the master-spirits of our country. Here we have, price sixteen-pence, Leighton's Theological Lectures, without abridgment, in medium octavo, and neatly, nay elegantly got up, forming part of a series that is to pass under the title of "Ward's Library of Standard Divinity." The enterprise is of that important nature, not merely in a literary, but in a religious sense, that we shall quote the publisher's announcement in regard to it.

It is their intention they say, "to present in this Series, in an elegant, and correct, and cheap form, the choicest productions of the Howes, the Halls, the Taylors, the Owens, the Flavels, and the Bunyans, as well as many works of a more modern date, of the same general character. Each work selected for publication will be complete in itself, printed with the utmost care, from the most correct editions, without alteration or abridgment, in an elegant and uniform style, so that any selection from the whole may be bound together at the option of the purchaser. The frequency of publication will be determined by the extent of support, the series may enjoy, and by the care requisite to produce each successive work in the most correct style."

The present Lectures are to be succeeded by Howe's "Redeemer's Tears wept over Lost Souls," price One Shilling; and Brook's "Unsearchable Riches of Christ," reprinted from the edition of 1671. We cannot for a moment suppose that the demand for such invaluable treasures, to which such easy access is thus to be afforded, will be otherwise than immense not only in this country but in America, and wherever the English language is understood.

ART. XXIX.—*Oliver and Boyd's Edinburgh Almanack for 1839.* For a long series of years this has been by far the best Almanack that we ever saw or heard of. Year after year it is improved; for, continuing the property of the same parties, alterations and amendments can be introduced with comparatively little trouble, and at an expense that effects them but slightly. Hence the comprehensiveness, the excellence, and the cheapness of this most useful and entertaining of all Annals.

ART. XXX.—*Sketches and Essays.* By W. HAZLITT, now first collected by his Son. London: Templeman. 1839.

HAZLITT's peculiarities are more boldly developed in some of these papers than in any of his compositions that have ever been before published. They first appeared in certain periodicals, where they failed not to shine, though sometimes as erratic lights. We heartily welcome them in this new and handsome form, and as a portion of a singularly original writer's complete works. They in fact contain very many singularities in which genius and tender or lofty sentiment are the distinguishing quali-

ART. XXXI.

1. *The Life and Character of St. John, the Evangelist and Apostle.* By F. A. Krummacher, D.D. Edinburgh: Clark. 1839.

2. *The Student's Cabinet Library of Useful Tracts. No. XXXI. Philosophical Series. Vol. I. Part I.* Edinburgh: Clark. 1839.

THE author of the *Life and Character of St. John*, a translation of which is before us, ranks among the very first of the German divines. It is good for the English mind to be seasoned and made acquainted with foreign riches. In the second work we have Jouffroy's *Philosophical Essays*; the spirited and enlightened publisher having for years been regularly bringing within the reach of all students, many of the most valuable yet rare or generally forgotten tracts and gems to which modern times, both at home and abroad, have given birth.

ART. XXXII.—*Selma. A Tale of the Sixth Crusade.* London: Smith and Elder. 1839.

THE author of this volume calls it a "novel in rhyme," and intimates that it was written during a period when indisposition prevented him from pursuing more grave or mighty affairs. There is spirit and vividness in many parts of the *Tale*, but we question if either the theme, the style, or the rhyme would have been thought of by the author, even although he had beat about anxiously for something to beguile time and remove the sense of pain or dreariness, if he had never read Sir Walter's poems in prose and verse.

ART. XXXIII.—*Rollo at Play; or, Safe Amusements.* By the Rev. JACOB ABBOT, of Boston, Massachusetts.

A LITTLE work full of stories to interest and instruct children, naturally and sweetly told. The author, of course, draws his materials and frames his pictures in accordance with the tastes and juvenile sports prevalent in his own country; and hence, a striking illustration of national manners, and of such as are characteristic of the peculiar circumstances of the United States of America arises, that deserves the attention of persons of mature years and philosophic minds.

ART. XXXIV.—*Scenes at Home and Abroad.* By HERBERT BYNG HALL. London: Saunders and Otley. 1839.

A VOLUME of delightful tales and sketches, several of which have been much admired as they appeared in periodicals, and all of them worthy of being published in a form that will ensure for the collection a more lasting consideration than the ephemeral nature of periodical publications can command.

ART. XXXV.—*The Popular Cyclopædia.* Glasgow: Blackie and Son. 1839.

THE Second Part of Volume Sixth of this admirable and excellently edited work. It carries us from "Sun-Dial" to "Wavre," and therefore it must soon be completed.

ART. XXXVI.—*An Exposition of Quackery and Imposture in Medicine.*
With Notes, by W. WRIGHT, Surgeon-Aurist, &c. London: Hodson. 1839.

Dr. Caleb Ticknor of New York is the author of this work as well as of the "Philosophy of Living." By both he has shown himself a practical philanthropist. The exposure of imposture and quackery in the present case is done with skill, smartness, and power. The Notes very considerably enhance the original value of the production.

ART. XXXVII.—*The Silurian System.* By R. J. MURCHISON, F. R. S. &c. London: Murray. 1839.

MR. MURCHISON, who is Vice-President of the Geological Society of London, General Secretary to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and an eminent geologist, has here given a system, "founded on Geological Researches in the counties of Salop, Hereford, Radnor, Montgomery, Caermarthen, Brecon, Pembroke, Monmouth, Gloucester, Worcester, and Stafford; with Descriptions of the Coal-Fields and Overlying Formations." The origin of the title of the work, and its plan may be gathered from the following prefatory statement:—

"Having discovered," says Mr. Murchison, "that the region formerly inhabited by the Silures, celebrated in our annals for the defence of the great Caractacus, contained a vast and regular succession of undescribed deposits of a remote age, I have named them the 'Silurian System.' The introductory chapter details the state of the subject when this inquiry commenced, the origin and progress of the work, and the objects to be attained by its completion. The first part, embracing descriptive geology, concludes with a review of the most striking phenomena of the ancient epochs which I seek to illustrate; the second describes the fossil animals which are embedded in the strata. The map, coloured sections, and numerous woodcuts, mark the subdivisions of the surface and the structure of the sub-soil; while the fossil animals are figured in separate plates. Finally, lest some of my readers should imagine, that he whose proper study is the frame-work of the earth, is indifferent to the beauties of its outline, I beg to offer a few pictorial sketches of this fine region, alike eulogised by the poet for its fertility and the valour of its people."

Great Britain is remarkably rich in respect of mineralogical and geological treasures; and consequently since the science has begun to occupy the study of scientific minds, our country can boast of some of the most distinguished discoverers and writers on the subject in the world. The present work, the result of much laborious investigation, and previous acquirements, is an unusually valuable contribution. We think that the term System is not too strong for what is here disclosed and commented upon; the discoveries and the theory being of that nature, however, as to require a close analysis to exhibit its beauty and impressive nature in testimony of infinite wisdom and power, a task which we do not attempt on this occasion.

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

A P R I L, 1839.

ART. I.

1.—*Excursions in the Interior of Russia, &c. &c.* By ROBERT BREMNER, Esq. 2 Vols. London: Colburn. 1839.

2.—*A Winter Journey through Russia, the Caucasian Alps, and Georgia; thence across Mount Zagros, &c. into Koordistan.* By CAPTAIN R. MIGNAN, of the Bombay Army. London: Bentley. 1839.

THERE cannot be a surer sign of an extraordinary interest being felt, or anxious speculation indulged in at any time and relative to any part of the earth, than that travellers thither from the most civilized countries are numerous and ever increasing according to a rapidly multiplying ratio. The best evidence which we can obtain of the journeyings and proceedings of all such adventurers must be the journals which they keep and publish; and the best proof of the public at home sympathizing in all the curiosity which influenced the travellers is, that such journals are anxiously sought after and greedily read. Indeed, the mere fact, for example, of almost every Englishman, who has lately had the means and opportunity of making a tour in Russia or in any region of the East, having on his return published the results of his inquiries and observations, is, of itself, demonstrative of the extreme and universal concern which these parts of the world have excited and do at this moment preserve alive in an unwonted manner. Our readers will therefore hold us excused for so soon again returning to the fields mentioned, as delineated in the works named at the head of this article.

The first of these works puts forward the strongest claims to public attention; not merely because Russia is the formidable rival to which British eyes are now directed, but because Mr. Bremner's *Excursions* penetrated provinces not usually travelled by our tourists; and because the information which he presents, or at least the topics and branches over and concerning which his observations extend, are more numerous and varied than what any of our countrymen have recently supplied respecting that country. At the same time his details are more minute and ample, and his deduction-

positive, be he right or wrong, than we have before met with in relation to the huge and overgrown empire of the Autocrat.

It is necessary, however, before proceeding to select such parts of the work as appear to us calculated to excite most interest, to warn the reader that Mr. Bremner's statements in regard to matters of fact, and consequently the conclusions that follow, must not always be implicitly relied upon. True, he is a man who seems to have travelled extensively, to have made constantly a good use of his time and his eyes, while, as respects sagacity, sound sense, and the ability to make himself clearly understood, he offers a striking contrast to many who undertake to enlighten the sedentary and the homebound portion of the community about strange and foreign parts. But what is the reader to think, after learning that our author spent but a very short time in Russia, and being led over a vast extent of ground, to an immense multitude of places and topics, widely sundered in every respect, when he has found an unhesitating tone of feeling and authority pervading the work and on all that is touched? Nay, the dubiety will be ready to increase when it is further understood, that Mr. B. was utterly ignorant of the language of the people among whom he travelled; and of whom he has much to tell. Nothing in public or private seems to escape him whatever the rank may have been, whatever the province, and whether in city, in landward quarters, or among the wilds of untamed nature. Church and state, emperor, ministers, governors, nobles, and serfs; the army and the navy, educational and charitable institutions; manufactures, commerce, festivities, &c. &c., all and each come in for a share of precise writing; so that the wonder, at least, need not be that he has contrived to fill up two large volumes, though gathered in a single autumn excursion.

But in fairness we must allow the author to give what he seems to have intended as some explanation of apparent impossibilities. He says, that to all "who know what Russia really is, it is unnecessary to say, that it is not in Russia that the true state of opinion among the higher classes of that country can be best learned." It is also to be borne in mind that there are very many well informed, highly educated, and far-travelled Russians; and that a great proportion of these cherish the most liberal opinions, at the same time that they are communicative of them. We are to suppose, therefore, that Mr. B. has been indebted in no slight degree to communications thus obtained; while, to extend no further our prefatory remarks, it will be for each reader to bring his own tests as furnished by previous information, and by cool reflection, to bear upon the matter set before him,—we, for ourselves, having no hesitation to express general satisfaction with its internal as well as external features of accuracy.

On his passage from Stockholm to St. Petersburg, Mr. Bremner had a sight of the Russian fleet, which was about to be visited by

Nicholas, according to his annual practice, and had also an opportunity of hastily examining some of the exterior features of Cronstadt. But we hurry forward to the capital, in order to cull some of those sketches and observations, that appear to us to be at present most interesting or most novel in regard to this oft-described and visited city. And here the man of all others most talked of in the world, speculated and written about, even the Autocrat himself, is still deserving of our chief attention; especially as our author has been at more pains to delineate the character of the emperor, and to fathom his policy as guided by a multiplicity of facts, or anxiously pursued inquiries, than any former tourist that we have met with.

Mr. B. confesses that, like most of his countrymen, he repaired to Russia with strong prejudices against Nicholas. But he appears to have been soon led to modify his opinion; and, while repelling the vague charges of tyranny and relentless cruelty, to have proved by a precision of detail and a great variety of illustrations, that he is, in the capacity of a man or a private individual, a person no-wise extraordinary; and in that of a despotic monarch, the slave of circumstances to no small extent. The worst excesses he has yet been guilty of, are alleged to have arisen from an ungovernable temper, which, by nature sufficiently strong, has been further strengthened to such a degree by the long exercise of unchecked, uncontrolled authority, that now it bursts out in the most fatal ebullitions. Thus it appears that the ruler of many, many millions of rational creatures, is mastered by an irrational power. And yet the peace and welfare of the world are more dependent on him than they ever before were on a single individual. Says our author, "the emperor of Russia has but to say the word, and the flames of war shall burn more universally than they have ever done even in our warlike day—in Europe, in Asia, in America—wherever there is a right to acquire, or a heart to defend. In all parts of the earth, the elements of discord are lying prepared, with a profusion only too unsparing and too ominous; nothing is wanting but the reckless hand to place the torch to the pile, and in one short month the blaze would be as wide and as fierce as the fellest enemy of our race could desire." Now, though we by no means go this length, believing that Nicholas is not such a fool, merely viewing his own interests, as hastily to risk a war, nor that all the nations of Europe are so silly as in a moment to begin quarrelling with one another at his instigation, it is nevertheless true that, as an instrument which may at will be wielded, for the preservation of peace or the kindling of strife, his power is most formidable, and considering his disposition and passions most menacing.

Taking the outline given by Mr. Bremner as an index, when he, according to his means of coming to a distinct estimate, represents that the Emperor is the slave, as regards his government, naval, military, and civil, of a vicious system, and though the sub-

ject of sudden excesses of temper, that, as soon as the madness has subsided, he is the first to regret, and to atone for what he has done, let us follow some of the details as to his mental qualities, his habits, &c.

Mr. B. says, that there is nothing either in the attainments or measures of the Czar to justify his admirers in holding him up as a man of extraordinary, nay, almost superhuman talent :—

“ That he possesses restless activity of mind and body—and in a degree which in a monarch may be not unnaturally mistaken for genius—no one will deny ; but we have never discovered in him any other qualities that entitle him to be considered as much above the ordinary average of human character, and certainly none that can entitle him to be pronounced, as he has sometimes been, the greatest genius, the master spirit, of our age. His most prominent qualities, we should say, are decision and firmness ; quickness in devising expedients to meet the unforeseen emergencies of the moment, and steadiness in enforcing them. Next to these is the excess of his passion for reducing every thing to military uniformity. This propensity degenerates almost to a weakness : it is his great aim to give the whole empire the appearance of an encampment. This passion is so well known, that the very children in the streets are made to affect the air military, strutting about in a white cap with red band, *à l'empereur*. On entering a school, the boys and girls rise in files, to salute you after the military fashion, and march out as if wheeling to the sound of fife and drum. In the very prisons a dash of the corporal's discipline is visible ; and, even in the hospitals, you would say the old nurses are the imperial guard. The emperor's private habits and general style of living are extremely simple ; and the delight which he takes in the society of his children is boundless. Those who have seen the imperial family in their private moments, when free from the constraint of pomp and ceremony to which princes are slaves before the world, speak of them in terms of rapture. An English gentleman who was honoured with many opportunities of entering the august circle, says, that more happiness, more affection, more simplicity, it would be impossible to conceive. The unconstrained and innocent amusements of their evenings, contrasted delightfully with the notions usually formed of imperial family scenes. In short, from all that he beheld, it appeared that a kinder husband or a better father than Nicholas does not exist. The emperor, too quick not to perceive what was passing in the mind of his guest as he mused on the scene before him, said one evening, stamping his foot and grinding his teeth, as the unpleasant thought rose to his mind, ‘ I know that I am unpopular in England. They hate me, because they think me a tyrant ; but if they knew me, they would not call me so. They should see me in the bosom of my family ! ’ ”

This anecdote adds one to many other evidences that the Emperor, with all his power and cherished despotism, is solicitous to have the good will of England and the English people. There have been as strange occurrences within the last half century as that he and his family may yet be glad to obtain an asylum amongst the “ shopkeepers ;” for the republicanism of the nobles is threatening. We insert several other characteristics :—

"Few men of his height (six feet two inches) display such grace and freedom of carriage. In fact, his appearance is so superior, that many have bestowed upon him the wide and not easily disputed compliment of being 'the handsomest man in Europe.' Being one of the best horsemen of the time, he is never seen to more advantage than when mounted on his favourite steed. Accustomed to command, and to see his commands obeyed with crouching submission, he has acquired the air and mien of majesty more completely than any sovereign of the age. His eye has a singular power; its fierce glance can awe the turbulent, and, it is said, has disarmed the assassin. His manners, however, are far from those of the despot; nothing can be more winning than his attentions, where he wishes to please. No man ever seemed to possess more strongly the power of removing, from those who have access to him, the prejudices which may have been previously entertained against him. The Russians, it is said, see little of his fascinating powers: towards them he dare not be familiar without exciting jealousies which would be fatal to the empire. It is on strangers, passing visitors, that he lavishes his amiability, for with them it can be done without danger, and he is too anxious to stand well with the rest of Europe to allow a foreigner to leave him under an unfavourable impression. Never was even imperial flattery more successful in attaining its aim: the raptures with which his condescension, his frankness, his courtesy, are spoken of by all who come near him, would indicate that it is not merely the emperor but the man who triumphs."

Mr. Bremner, the Marquis of Londonderry cannot hold a candle to you! You convey to us a far higher as well as a far more precise idea of Nicholas than that slipslop, tawdry, and extravagant eulogist can or ever did produce of his idol. As to the Emperor's popularity at home, we read,—

"With the common soldiers he is highly popular; but it is, above all, among the *mooziks*, the good-hearted fellows with the beards and sheepskins; in other words, it is by the great body of the people that he is most beloved. He never appears in public without being greeted by rapturous welcome as soon as he is discovered: until our fair queen ascended the throne, there was no sovereign in Europe whose appearance was hailed with such joy by the people. Individual cases of oppression are overlooked in his general kindness. His anxiety to find out, and generosity in rewarding, humble merit, go far in reconciling the poor to his political measures. He is also kind and familiar with them on all public occasions: at the great summer *fête* of Peterhof, where thousands of the people are assembled, he dances and capers amongst them, as merry and free as any goat of them all."

It is true, that, comparatively speaking, few of the Autocrat's subjects can ever have an opportunity of testifying to him personally their affection; still, we have not a doubt, were he to make his appearance in almost any part of his vast dominions, the same exhibition would be made; for poor human nature, especially when the mind has been habitually enslaved, is easily and suddenly

the sight even of transient greatness. But besides, as we shall soon learn, the Emperor's unlimited power, in numberless instances, is stretched out in behalf of the wronged or helpless, nay, of the guilty; such instances of benevolence and clemency, of course, leaving a deep and favourable impression in every locality,—the governors and subalterns being visited, in the minds of the people, with the hatred and obloquy engendered by prevalent oppression. But we have more to quote in the way of personal description :—

“ His health is of the most robust kind; being, doubtless, greatly aided by the activity of his habits. He thinks nothing of accomplishing in a couple of weeks a journey which ordinary people would take months to perform. Indeed, generally, among Russians, distance is never taken into calculation when there is question of travelling. In setting out on a five-hundred miles' excursion, therefore, as if it were but a drive to dinner, the emperor is but doing what most of his subjects would do. The people of St. Petersburg always know when he is in the capital, by looking whether the flag be flying on the palace or not; it is hoisted only when the emperor is there. Some mornings, when it has unexpectedly disappeared, they will be told that he is already many hundred miles away, having started in the night in consequence of some sudden intelligence. After the reviews of Kalisch, he posted off through Silesia and Bohemia, and was in the chambers of the imperial family at Vienna before a courier could have arrived to announce his visit. About the time we were leaving Russia, he accomplished a tour to Moscow and Nishnei-Novogorod; then, after visiting Kasan and many of the eastern provinces, came to Little Russia, holding reviews and levees at a great many places by the way; yet he was back again in the capital, from this three or four thousand mile survey, within a few weeks. He is the only Russian emperor whose travelling habits ever corresponded with the extent of his dominions; he drives literally *ventre à terre*, and seldom fails to accomplish twelve miles an hour, even on the unmade roads of the south. His path is generally marked by dead horses. On these occasions he never encumbers himself with retinue or escort; his own light droschky, with six horses, and a similar vehicle following with an aide-de-camp, ready to be sent off right or left, constitute the whole of the imperial train.”

Railroads would be the only suitable paths for such a Jehu. In fact Mr. B. states, that although Russia has waited long for roads, there have been greater wonders than that she should soon outstrip France and Germany, notwithstanding their parade, in the particular of railways.

It has been reported that Queen Victoria's roosting-berth is neither gaudy, nor, according to the ordinary modes of rating comfort, particularly enviable. But hear how other potentates treat themselves at night :—

“ The emperor's habits in travelling, as, indeed, at all times, are extremely simple. He eats but little, and always of the plainest. The bed with him on these occasions is far from being too luxurious. It is

similar to those seen in his bedrooms in the palaces, consisting simply of a hard mattress, on a light iron frame, exceedingly narrow. He carried the same kind of bed all through England. Though sufficiently small and uninviting, it is not quite so uncomfortable as the short fir-wood crib of his good father-in-law, the King of Prussia."

Much has been said in praise, and much of marvel bestowed on the Emperor's habits of business. According to the accounts before us, he seems rather to be active and constantly at work, than judicious and clever. He is more of the busy-body than the man of business; for he often does positive harm, while he must be paralyzing all those who act immediately under him. "They never know how far to go." Observe one of the branches to which his restless eye is particularly directed:—

"In nothing is the vigilance of the emperor's police more actively displayed, than in its severity in all that concerns the press. Books, and publications of every kind, are under the strictest censorship. Not a line can be printed, not even the prices of tallow and sugar, without the permission of government. As to anything like free discussion in the newspapers, it is out of the question in a country where, as already mentioned, few newspapers are allowed except the official organs of the ministry. In regard to the admission of foreign journals, however, there is more liberality than we were prepared for. All the German newspapers of any repute are to be seen at the clubs."

The only English newspaper permitted in public places is said to be the "Morning Post;" the only French one seen by the author was the "Journal des Débats." The Emperor is also, as regards a taste for literature, declared to be nowise distinguished, although his attainments in all useful branches of knowledge—history, science, and languages, are "highly respectable." The Grand-duke Michael is the "only one in the imperial family spoken of as being literary."

Is the Emperor religious; is he ignorantly or politically superstitious?—

"So far as can be judged by mere outward acts, the emperor's respect for religion is very great. His devoutness while in church is extreme. Some say his part is here overacted; for there is no end to the bowings and salutations between him and the officiating clergy when the service is over. No saint's day, or formality of the church, is ever neglected by him; and in travelling, he never passes a steeple without crossing himself as devoutly as the yemtchik who drives him. The fervour of his superstition, if not of his devotion, is well shewn by a recent act, which is spoken of with great applause by the priests. He has added a new saint to the calendar. It appears that some holy man who lived a hundred years ago, had left this earth in all the odour of sanctity, but amid the more exciting subjects which occupied men's minds at that time, his fame was soon forgotten. Lately, however, wonderful things had been performed near the place where he lies

interred, in the government of Voronesh : a talk went forth of the sick being cured, the lame restored, merely by visiting the favoured spot. All this, in due course, came to the ear of the emperor, who forthwith canonised him : and now, to the great edification of the ignorant, his bones are performing miracles every day among the thousands who are flocking to the shrine."

Dropping the subject of royalty in the meantime, and exercising the office of gleaners of what is most novel to us in the sketches of Petersburg, let us stroll into the famous Summer Garden at the celebration of the *fête* of the 26th of May, when the girls of the middle classes are brought out to catch husbands :—

" This is one of the most singular usages we have ever met with. The Russians call it the inspection or show of young girls. Regularly as the first days of summer return, all the young women who have not got husbands are paraded here by their parents, each in her best dress and best looks. Bachelors, young and old, enter the alleys, with cautious step and anxious eye—glide in silence through the files of beauty ranged thick on each side—see some one whom they like better than others—stand awhile—go away—come back—and take another look ; then, if the honoured fair one still please, the victim ends by making proposals. To whom ? To the young lady to be sure, guesses some impatient youth, but he guesses wrong. Such indelicacy is never heard of in Russia. A man to make love for himself would be contrary to nature ; that is, to Russian nature, which is quite a different thing from human nature everywhere else. It is to the parents, then, that he addresses himself ? No such thing ! The unhappy reader is still wide of the mark. They manage these things very differently in Russia. A gentleman who intends taking a wife, employs some old hag from a class of women who live by match-making. He tells her what funds he has, what he is employed in, what he expects from his friends ; and, naming the fair one whom his eyes have chosen, begs that she will explain all these matters, not to her, but to her family. This go-between, this most unclassical Proxenate, whose wages are as regularly fixed as the percentages of a broker, enters on her mission in due form. Explanations are given on both sides ; friends are consulted ; negotiations of the most formal nature are carried on. Diplomacy is nothing to it. From unforeseen objections about prospects or dowry, the explanations of the high contracting parties often become as tedious as Belgian protocols."

Such silly considerations as like and dislike are despised ; for in choosing a wife, our author says, the Russian wants a beast of burden, a domestic drudge, not a rational companion—an equal. Were he to consult his affections in selecting his spouse, could he have the pleasure of beating her whenever he feels inclined ?

The *fish barges* and the economy of the fishmongers in certain particulars will astonish our readers. These barges are huge arks in which the finny tribes are kept alive to suit the demand ; the bottom being occupied by square wells, each devoted to a distinct kind of fish. Accordingly,—

“ Here may be seen the cheap carp swimming next door to the costly sterlet (of whom more, under the head of *National Dishes*), and a few feet away from these, eels and flounders may be seen sporting with great activity, in the perilous vicinity of a voracious, large-mouthed gentleman from the Baltic, who would give something that the plank between him and his dear friends could be removed. But what strong-snouted fellow is this, who next claims our notice? It is a huge sturgeon (*sturio huso*), swimming at large in the river, with a thick rope through his upper jaw, by which this ‘triton among the minnows’ is kept as safe as a seventy-four struggling within the Plymouth Breakwater. The thick knot above the horny gristle keeps him so securely, that you may haul him home, and examine him at leisure. Here he comes, splashing about as formidable as a young shark, though not quite so large as the sturgeons on the American coast, which the Yankees accuse of swamping their boats; nor even like those of the mouth of the Danube, where they are sometimes found weighing 1500 lbs. Those of Lake Baikal, where they are very numerous, are of much more moderate dimensions, seldom exceeding 200 lbs. weight. The rope next to this one moors a smaller captive, perhaps of a different species. Poor fellows! they must lead a sad life of it, notwithstanding this seeming liberty of theirs: for every hard-hearted kitchen-wench, or more scientific but equally cruel *maître d’hôtel*, who wants a good fish to complete a dinner, has the right to tug them about at pleasure, till some one, captivated by their charms, compassionately ends their amphibious existence.”

But think of the price given for one of these sea-bred *national dishes* :—

“ For a sterlet, not much larger than a good salmon, a nobleman, or even a merchant, when he is giving a feast at his daughter’s marriage, has been known to pay as much as twelve hundred roubles (50*l.*); three and four hundred roubles are not uncommon prices. On tasting this delicacy, we by no means found it so exquisite as to justify this enormous price. It is a white fish, with a taste something between salmon and turbot, but not so good as either. It is generally served up whole, dressed with mushrooms and olives. The value would appear to be enhanced in some way or other not explained to us—probably by the expense of transporting them alive; for they are sold very cheap at the places where they are caught.”

The price of tea, the method of preparing it as a beverage, and its superiority in Russia, merit attention :—

“ The Russians are the most inveterate tea-drinkers out of China; and with such excellent tea as they have, the passion is quite excusable. Tea in Russia and tea in England are as different as peppermint-water and senna. With us it is a dull, flavourless dose; in Russia it is a fresh, invigorating draught. They account for the difference by stating that, as the sea-air injures tea, we get only the leaves, but none of the aroma of the plant, which left Canton; while they, on the other hand, receiving all their tea over-land, have it just as good as when it left the celestial empire. Be

the cause what it may, there can be no doubt of the fact, that tea in Russia is infinitely superior to any ever found in other parts of Europe. Englishmen are taken by surprise on tasting it; even those who never cared for tea before, drink on during the whole of their stay in Russia. Like everything else here, however, it is very expensive: the cheapest we saw even at Nishnei-Novogorod, which is the greatest mart in the empire, cost from 11 to 12 roubles (about 10 shillings) a pound; and when a bearded Russian wants to give a feast, he will pay as high as 50 roubles (2*l.*) for a pound of some high-flavoured kind of bohea. The difference between these and English prices, arises from the same cause as the difference in the quality—the long land-carriage, which is tedious and very expensive, through regions where there are neither roads nor resting-places. It should be stated, however, that, in travelling especially, no price will be thought too high for this, the only comfort of the wanderer in Russia."

Tea as thus prepared banishes many head-aches, and enlivens the spirits. The Russian seldom eats with the liquid, and never adds cream; sugar, and sometimes a slice of lemon, being the only admixture.

In our review for last month of Mr. Venables' "*Domestic Scenes in Russia*," some particulars were given respecting the army. Before formally starting with our present author on his journey into the "*Interior*," we may interest our readers with some additional particulars on the last-named topic:—

"Whether the spirit and tone of feeling in the Russian army are likely to be improved by the experiment now making, of filling it up with Polish Jews, may be inferred, from what an officer told us in describing these reluctant warriors. 'They are so fond of the smell of gunpowder,' said he, 'that each man needs to be put between two Russians, who pull him into action, and have instructions to shoot him if he runs away.' These men, be it remembered, are quite distinct from the real Poles. There are whole villages of them; and it was notorious during the late melancholy war in Poland, that a couple of Russian soldiers had but to appear in a place of some hundred inhabitants, and be allowed to do as they pleased; the people falling on their knees in terror, and granting all they demanded. The Russians, however, are far from sharing in this Jewish want of courage; yet their courage, even at best, is not of a kind that can be much relied upon. In mere looks, and such advantages as good drilling can give, few troops surpass them. The imperial guard is one of the finest corps in Europe. The Finland sharpshooters also, who were of such importance at Ostrolenka, are greatly admired. An English gentleman, who has been long in the Russian service, says, they are among the best ever known; with single ball the men can bring down a crow on the wing with the greatest certainty. The same officer states that, various as is the composition of the Russian army, there is not a single portion of it that will not endure any privation of food and rest, without the slightest murmur. Their power of enduring fatigue he considers quite wonderful."

We need not the addition of Mr. Bremner's authority to convince us that the idea of becoming a soldier in Russia is dreadful. He declares that all conscripts must be sent to head-quarters heavily chained to keep them from running away. One good thing, however, connected with the army is, that every serf on entering it becomes free. Even the officers must have a wretched life of it, to judge according to English ideas ; for their pay is trifling, not to speak of the discipline which they must undergo.

The Emperor's policy, as has often been described, is to train all things and every class, as much as possible, in military and martinet fashion ; female attendants in public institutions, children at school, his own family not being excepted. How then can the adult male population expect to escape ? Indeed we are told that not satisfied even with the numerous army already at his disposal, he would seem to intend that the whole of his empire shall be converted into one vast encampment ; and that with this view, by means of his military colonies, he is planting it with soldiers as people plant cabbages. " There is," adds Mr. Bremner, " great diversity of sentiment about the success of these establishments ; but of the scheme which he hopes to accomplish by them and his numerous army, there is but one opinion."

The state and magnitude of the Russian Navy do not frighten our author's mind from its propriety : but he throws out a hint that is worthy of notice, we think. He says, England ought to look to the state of her relations with Denmark, whose friendship will clearly be of the utmost importance in the event of a war with Russia. On a recent visit to Copenhagen, he learnt from all men of experience, that England has been completely supplanted by Russia at the Danish court.

But we must start for Moscow ; and after halting there for a little, touch at one or two places which fall within the route of our rapid traveller, between the city now named and his approach to the Black Sea. We may here appropriately quote a sketch of Russian postillions, which may be framed as a companion picture to that of a Tatar ride.

" The same horses frequently took us thirty-three versts ; and even thirty-five (about twenty-four miles) were not uncommon. Yet they were kept in spirits and good-humour all the time, by their friend the yemtchik. A Russian postillion is one of the most singular creatures we have ever encountered. In his greasy sheepskin, faded sash, and low round hat, with clear buckles on it, or a few peacock's feathers twisted in the band, off he flies, the moment he mounts his block, at the rate of eight miles an hour, whistling, singing, shouting, and making love to his horses, raising as much noise as an Irishman in a fair ; his whip, like Paddy's shillelah, flourishing fierce round his head, but seldom coming down with the same fatal violence. In fact, it is by his tongue, more than his whip, that he impels his horses. He speaks to them, reasons with them, remonstrates, conjures, upbr-

the time. If you tell him your head is sore with his noise, he shrugs his shoulders, raises his eyebrows, and gives you to understand, that his pigeons, his rabbits, his darlings, his turtle-doves, are so fond of talk, and so well accustomed to his voice, that they would never move if he were silent. Some of his speeches, as interpreted to us, are not of the most delicate nature; 'but,' says he, 'it affronts them, and does not hurt half so much as a lash of the whip.' There is so little variety in the Russian face and dress, that we scarcely knew when we had changed one of these noisy gentleman for another. They are all about the same size too. We at last got into the way of distinguishing them by the patches on the back, which are much more varied than their lovely faces."

The state and prospects of Russian manufactures, as noticed on his journey or inquired into by our author, must, as well as the notices that bear upon agriculture, be passed over; with the exception, as regards the latter department of natural industry—referring to the country before reaching Moscow—of observing, that the stranger, from merely travelling by the high road, would scarcely suspect that there is so much of these northern regions uncultivated:—

"He finds a deceitful slip of corn-land, within sight, nearly all the way from the gates of St. Petersburg, and forthwith sets the provinces down as generally well cultivated. The flatness of the country helps this delusion. One never reaches any elevation from which the eye can take in a large sweep at one moment. But the boundless extent of wood with which Russia is covered may be inferred from the condition of one government alone, in which, on 50,000,000 of acres, its whole extent, 47,000,000 consist exclusively of forests. According to an estimate made in 1809, which refers only to the north of Russia, these forests appeared to contain no fewer than 8,192,295 pines fit for masts, each being at least thirty inches diameter. The accuracy of this estimate has now been amply confirmed by *actual survey*, in the course of which it has been ascertained that in the three northern governments of Vologda, Archangel, and Olonetz, there are 216,000,000 acres of pine and fir."

So much for one of the sinews of war and an index of the state of agriculture. We are now in Moscow, and at the Foundling Hospital:—

"This establishment was founded by Catherine, for the reception of infant foundlings, many of whom are nursed and brought up in the house; but the numbers admitted are now so great, that thousands are also sent out to nurses in the country, and brought back when old enough to begin to read. All are maintained till they are fit to be bound out to some trade; or, if possessed of talent, till they can go to college and study for a profession—the whole being at the cost of the establishment, which maintains them till they can maintain themselves. The number of children supported by the house in 1824 was 12,075; in 1831, 23,788; and at the time of our visit there were in all about 30,000, either in the establishment or supported by its funds! The annual outlay is now considerably above 20,000,000

roubles (800,000*l.*): in 1831 it was 17,223,993 roubles. On our first visit it turned out that the order for admission with which we had been favoured from the governor of Moscow was for another day. Our journey was not altogether fruitless, however, for this untimely visit brought us in for a scene not often to be matched—the sending off of the infants newly received to nurses in the villages, or to the farm belonging to the hospital. A long string of peasant's carts, filled with straw, was stationed in the open court; each in its turn drove up to the door, and in tumbled, sometimes two, sometimes three or four stout clumsy women; these were the nurses. A little baby was next handed to each of them, and she instantly gave it the breast. The little imp set bravely to work, and away drove the rustic equipage in gallant style. Two men on the steps were checking the name of the nurse and the number of the child as they entered the carts; for here children are counted pretty much as sheep are elsewhere. The little creatures were swaddled up as tight as pounds of butter going to market. We were surprised to see *parents* taking a parting kiss of some. We had believed that all belonged to those who were unwilling to acknowledge them, but now learnt that *any one* may send a child to the house, weaned or unweaned. All who do not wish, or are not able, to bring up their children, may leave them here without paying a farthing."

So that though at first strictly a *foundling* hospital, this institution is now a sort of general nursing establishment. This will be perceived when it is stated, that pregnant mothers may come here to be confined, on paying a small sum, 120 beds being day and night kept prepared for such applicants. No question is asked, the visitor's name is never known, none see her but the midwife. Need we wonder, then, that persons apply who arrive in fine equipages; and instances have been known of ladies hurrying hither from a ball. As Mr. B. intimates, the immoralities to which this state provision for concealment encourages, need not be pointed out or commented upon.

Before leaving the Foundling Hospital let us have a glance at the regiment of nurses which it fosters, and observe an instance of the Emperor's universal system of training:—

"Passing this, we entered a long hall, in which a formidable file of nurses ranged themselves along each side as we entered. Here is a bed for each person, and close by it a small cot for her child. They all wore white aprons and high turbaned caps of muslin, wrought with scarlet and gold, which seems to be the universal livery of a nurse in Russia, just as much as the long white *cauchoise* is of one in France. These ladies are in high training; one might have supposed that they had got the word of command from some female drill-serjeant of their number; for each *presented* her babe, in good firelock fashion, as we passed."

Moscow furnishes another subject of national interest, which our author appears to have investigated closely; we refer to the measures taken with all, throughout the empire, that are condemned to exile in Siberia. They must every one pass through this ci-

and therefore it affords the best opportunity in any part of European Russia, of learning something of the treatment and prospects of those unhappy creatures. We are told that, on reaching Moscow,—

“They are allowed a brief rest in the convict prison; their daily journeys being so calculated that the separate-bands all arrive here, from the opposite corners of the empire, each Saturday night. After resting throughout the ensuing week, during which they are relieved from their chains, they are despatched in one common band on the second Monday after their arrival; on which occasion government allows some member or members of the committee of prisons to be present, to control the harshness of the jailors or the guards, and to see that none suffer any unnecessary degree of restraint. They are even empowered to hear any statement which the prisoners may make, and, in most cases, to grant immediate redress; or if the application be not of a nature to be granted on the spot, to pledge themselves that it shall be duly attended to after their departure. This, it will at once be seen, is a great indulgence to the prisoners; and the government, so far from thwarting the benevolent visitors, complies with almost every suggestion. These interferences do not, of course, extend to the quashing of legal proceedings, but merely to the prisoner’s comforts, his health, or his wishes regarding his family.”

Mr. Bremner had interest which got him admitted to the court of the prison where a file of convicts were already chained for their dreary journey. He says,—

“Poor wretches! with those heavy fetters on their ankles, they were to walk every step of a journey which lasted only a few days less than six months! They were all, men and women, in the convicts’ dress, a long loose kind of great-coat, made of coarse lightish gray cloth. The men have one side of their head shaved; but to distinguish soldiers more readily from the others, they have the whole fore part of the head shaved, in place of the side. All are permitted to retain the enormous beard, in which they take much delight. Each is allowed a low felt cap; but they always remained uncovered when any visitor came near: in fact, the whole time we remained in the prison, the manner of all we saw was not only respectful, but becoming. There was something of composed resignation amongst them, which touched us more than clamorous grief would have done. Of what is still more shocking in such places—levity—there was also none—not a single instance of the swearing and attempted tricks generally seen in such places at home. Leaving the court, we entered a large prison-room, most frightfully crowded with men, women, and children, who were to depart that morning. Dr. Hazy and another member of the committee were seated near the door, and by them stood the principal keeper, who had the long list of names in his hand, to each of which was added a brief notice of the crime and history of the individual. Always, as a new name was called, the person came forward from the crowd, and, before passing out to have his chains put on in the yard, was asked whether he had any application to make. Many of them had nothing to ask; others had petitions about wife, or child, or relations, which were

almost invariably granted. If the request be of a kind which cannot be fulfilled without a short delay, the visitors' powers go so far as to entitle them to defer a prisoner's departure for a week."

This respite allows time for inquiry into the alleged circumstances ; that inquiry may lead to an acquittal by him who is omnipotent. Still, the details given by our author are full of an almost overwhelming interest ; but we can only find room for one or two separate passages from this melancholy chapter. A prisoner complained of the ring round his ankle being painfully tight :—

" There was some hesitation about removing it, but the doctor interfered, and it was taken off. Then came the hammering anew—a barbarous sight : every blow went to the heart. The prisoner puts his foot on a block, in the middle of which stands a small anvil, the height of the ankle. The strong executioner, clad in a short coarse great coat, seemed to have little pleasure in his task. There was confusion in his looks and manner ; his dishevelled hair, partly concealed by a ragged covering, hung wildly about his face ; but though there was something savage about him, he looked, on the whole, shy and timid, as if unwilling to be seen in such work. The whole band being now fettered, they were again mustered in the yard, after which a new chaining commenced ; they had still to be linked four and four together by the wrists. At the head of the line a little table was standing, covered with copper coin, from which every man was receiving, in advance, a certain part of his daily allowance, government giving each, for his maintenance, forty-eight kopeeks, or a fraction less than five-pence a-day."

* * * * *

" As the moment of starting approached—the moment when for them the world—our world—should cease to have any interest, for when once these gates are passed they are considered as dead, cut off from society—we were more than ever struck with the calm bearing of the troop. So far from being sad or repining, they looked almost cheerful and willing to go. This feeling is inspired by the general leniency of their treatment. Some of the officers employed about them may be harsh, but the system, as was remarked by one of our party, well acquainted with the prison discipline of England, is in many things much more indulgent than our own. They are warmly clothed, provided with strong shoes for the journey, and plentifully fed. If sick, they are also cared for. All being now ready, the final scene was gone through, by the doctor asking—it is the last chance they have of making their wants known—' Whether they were satisfied, or had any request still to make?' All replied, ' We are contented ; we have nothing to ask.' "

Among the prisoners whom Mr. B. noticed some interesting cases occurred. A few of these he describes. Take one. He says—

" Among the prisoners who most attracted our notice, was a black-moustachoed, powerful-looking man, still young. His manly and handsome, though fierce countenance, would have excited interest, even if seen in company of a very different stamp ; but he stood alone, and, to our surprise, seemed to be shunned by his companions. Think who he

the executioner of Moscow, now loaded with chains, and on his way to Siberia! And for what? The poor wretch's crime shewed him to have still something good about him, notwithstanding his terrible office. It is the law, that when this situation becomes vacant, any one condemned to Siberia may have his sentence commuted, provided he accept the unenviable post. He is still a prisoner, but is allowed to live by himself, and to go about free within the walls of the prison. Some time before, this man had accepted the office, but was soon so disgusted with the bloody task, that he made his escape; was caught again, and now irrevocably banished."

One of the stages at which we must for a few seconds tarry, will present us with a fair upon a scale and of a character very different from those of Greenwich, St. Bartholomew, and Hyde Park. It is that of Nishnei-Novogorod, where, we are told, the real amount of money turned over may be estimated at *twelve millions* sterling annually. Let us have a glance at the motley group of merchants which such a centralization can boast of:—

"First advances a white-faced flat-nosed merchant from Archangel, come here with his furs. He is followed by a bronzed long-eared Chinese, who has got rid of his tea, and is now moving towards the city, to learn something of European life before setting out on his many month's journey home. Next come a pair of Tartars from the Five Mountains, followed by a youth whose regular features speak of Circassian blood. Those with muslins on their arms, and bundles on their backs, are Tartar pedlars. Cossacks who have brought hides from the Ukraine, are gazing in wonder on their brethren who have come with caviar from the Akhtuba. Those who follow, by their flowing robes and dark hair, must be from Persia: to them the Russians owe their perfumes. The man in difficulty about his passport is a Kujur from Astrabad, applying for aid to a Turkoman from the northern bank of the Gourgan. The wild-looking Bashkir from the Ural has his thoughts among the hives of his cottage, to which he would fain be back; and the stalwart Kuzzilbash from Orenburg looks as if he would gladly bear him company, for he would rather be listening to the scream of his eagle in the chase than to the roar of this sea of tongues. Glancing in another direction, yonder simpering Greek from Moldavia, with the rosary in his fingers, is in treaty with a Kalmuck as wild as the horses he was bred amongst. Here comes a Truchman craving payment from his neighbour Ghilan (of Western Persia), and a thoughtless Bucharian is greeting some Agriskhan acquaintance (sprung of the mixed blood of Hindoos and Tartars). Nogais are mingling with Kirghisians, and drapers from Paris are bargaining for the shawls of Cashmere with a member of some Asiatic tribe of unpronounceable name. Jews from Brody are settling accounts with Turks from Trebizond; and a costume-painter from Berlin is walking arm-in-arm with the player from St. Petersburg who is to perform Hamlet in the evening. In short, cotton merchants from Manchester, jewellers from Augsburg, watchmakers from Neufchâtel, wine-merchants from Frankfort, leech-buyers from Hamburgh, grocers from Königsberg, amber-dealers from Memel, pipe-makers from Dresden, and furriers from Warsaw, help to make up a crowd the most motley and most singular that the wonder-working genius of commerce ever drew together."

The sorts of goods for sale are not less varied, and to facilitate business a separate quarter is set apart for each important article. Accordingly one contains *groceries*, another *fish* and *caviar*, another *leather*, *boots* and *shoes* ready-made being disposed of in great quantities. One of the most curious departments of all is that appropriated to the sale of *tea*. The number of Chinese seen in it is not more striking than the amount of cash turned over by them. The chests are all sewed into tough skins. Leeches form another of the staple commodities, the Ukraine being now one of the most fertile fields for this species of doctor. Indeed, at Pultowa, the gathering of leeches for the Hamburg dealers is a main branch of industry. But the collectors here do not exemplify Wordsworth's picture of his leech-gathering friend; for they carry on their work in a wholesale way, the opposite of poetic. The lakes of Silesia, Bohemia, and other parts of Europe, are said to be exhausted; so that the buyers are forced to repair to more eastern quarters, carrying death and desolation among the leeches in their course; sweeping all before them, till now they have got as far as Pultowa, the pools and swamps about which are yielding them great captures. Here a thousand leeches are sold for three shillings and four-pence; at Hamburg, before reaching which one half die, the same number is sold for about five pounds; and in England the country apothecary pays nine or twelve pounds for the quantity which originally cost three shillings and four-pence. Of every thousand, it is said that at least seven hundred die before reaching England.

The further that our traveller advanced towards and into the Cossack country, he found external appearances to improve; that is to say, that in Little Russia, more particularly the part called the Ukraine, manners, languages, and institutions are superior to those of the regions to which we have hitherto been chiefly confined. A much greater degree of attention to cleanliness becomes particularly apparent, and smartness of every kind, the very cottages being white-washed, a simple and cheap indication which an Englishman is so fond of observing. The crops too present symptoms of much amelioration. But we must close these volumes, which are so full of diversified information, after quoting two passages referable to the part of the empire at which we have arrived. The first regards some remarkable contrasts of character as exhibited by the same people in different circumstances:—

“ That a change of circumstances can change the character of a people, is a fact which has held true in all ages. In no instance has it ever been more strongly confirmed than by the Cossack. At home he is the best-natured being in the world. We have seldom seen a more quiet, friendly creature. He seems fit to think of nothing but his fields and his poultry. One who knew nothing of him but from travelling through the district which we visited, would be almost tempted to call him soft and childish. But follow him to the battle—see him even in a march at the he-

invading army—and the Cossack will be found a very different being. He is no longer the quiet unobtrusive husbandman, but the bold marauder—the true member of the fiercest of all the hordes which Russia can bring in countless swarms against Europe.”

Who will, after reading the following extract, think of Italy as the land of songsters?—

“At nine o'clock, Yakowbevo yielded us a supper of milk and eggs, while the village-girls, all wearing a kind of gipsy turban, which is common here, treated us with a serenade—the first instances we met with of a custom universal in Little Russia. These damsels are so mad about music, that in the short darkness of summer, they sing literally all the night through. Here they come, accordingly, in full force. A band of them returning from the harvest-field, linked arm-in-arm, and with a measured step, are marching past our door, singing a low drowsy air, quite different from that we heard so incessantly among the Muscovites; and in which, though we had occasionally had songs from very young girls, we never heard the grown-up women join. This evening song was not, indeed, quite so sweet as that of Milton's ‘sirens three,’

‘Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul
And lap it in Elysium;’

but it was more tolerable than the singing with which we were so often assailed in other parts of this musical country. The Russian is essentially a singing animal. Scourge him till he howl again, and, be assured, his wonted drawl about grandmother and the goose is resumed before you have turned the corner. Talk of Italy! Russia shall henceforth be the land of song. You may travel from one end of Italy to the other, and never hear a peasant, man or woman, carol a single air. Even in the large towns, unless from some bacchanalian party going home from a glee-club or the theatre, the traveller seldom hears Italians singing. They keep all their notes to themselves, to make us pay dear for them in London. Among the Russians, on the other hand, nothing but singing greets the unhappy traveller's ears, from Cronstadt to Odessa. Wearisome as our postillion's songs had always been, they become even more irksome to us after we learned that the words, if words they can be called, which they consist of, have not the smallest meaning. It would be impossible to draw any kind of sense from their most favourite songs. In some parts of the country, ballads of considerable beauty may still be heard; but they are now very scarce. Many of these, according to Karamsin, ‘are exceeding beautiful, and especially those of a historical nature. They generally relate to the happy times of St. Vladimir, and were composed during the subjugation of our empire—in those disastrous days when the imagination, weighed down beneath the yoke of the infidel, had no other spur than the remembrance of the eclipsed glory of the country. The Russian,’ he most truly adds, ‘sings in joy, and even in the midst of sorrow.’”

Captain Mignan's “Journey” need not detain us long; at least as regards Russia, which has so much engaged us now and lately. We shall only make a halt in Koordistan, a country, owing not merely to its situation in relation to our eastern interests, but to the

character and long-preserved independence of its inhabitants, that possesses some special attractions : yet never more signally, in reference to England, than at the present time.

It is calculated that there may be 1,000,000 inhabitants in this country, whose vengeance inflicted on their Turkish and Persian neighbours, together with their independence, their constant turbulence and robberies, has rendered them a memorable people. In case of a Russian invasion of our eastern empire, it is not for us to say to what account this wild and warlike race might be turned, nor how far reliance could be placed in them. Two extracts will serve to direct the reader's mind to the subject of their efficiency and cordiality. Let it be borne in remembrance that the Captain was accompanied by his lady, children, and servants :—

“ Being unable to procure any forage for the cattle, or even refreshments for ourselves, we left Bogaum long before the dawn of day. Miraâdy, the object of our march, lay about thirty-eight miles distant, over a road which appeared very rugged. About noon, we passed a lovely plain, and through it several small gurgling streams meandered, literally matted over with water-cresses. Our servants were quite surprised to see us eat of them so heartily, for they would not even taste any until I repeatedly declared they were most delicious. Previously to our *entrée* into the village, we were met by its chief, who conducted us to his castle, where he ordered his women to give up to us the best room they possessed in the harem court. They instantly set to work clearing away their domestic utensils with the greatest good-humour, and lighted for us a cheerful fire, before which we spread our *numuds* (carpets). These women crowded about Mrs. Mignan and the children with the utmost *empressement*, and accosted me with an air of the greatest cordiality : they had no wish, and certainly no reason to conceal their faces, which were fair and handsome, with large black eyes, and dark flowing hair. They went about entirely unveiled, and possessed no *mauvaise honte*, though it was considered a mark of rudeness to stare at them. Nevertheless, they were evidently much pleased at exciting our attention, and we clearly perceived that vanity was the characteristic of the sex in this, as well as in other countries nearer home. After being served with some delicious cheese made from the milk of sheep, and several excellent flat muffin-shaped cakes of bread, the chieftain of the village invited me to his own quarters, which were situated across an oblong square court-yard. A sheep was slain ; and, having been stuffed full of almonds and raisins, was now roasting before a roaring fire, around which several attendants were crouched. We discussed our meal *à l'Arabe*, and after wards some of the party got up and danced around the room with great energy. They then chanted a war cry, which our mehmaundar, Seyyud Abdallah, assured me related to their robbing exploits, and to their successes over the Turks and Persians. They also had a regular chorus, in which all occasionally joined, and which pointed at the dishonour of a Koord flying from battle to his tents, where not only the tribe itself, but the very dogs shun the coward—

‘ None shall wed the flying slave,
E'en dogs shall bay the dastard knave.’

Seyyud Abdallah declared the whole party were marauders, and that some of them actually boasted of the number of Kuzzilbashes they had shot. This chieftain gave us dried fruits of several kinds, with delicious sweetmeats, and some most excellent sherbet. On the morrow I smoked a chibouque with the village chief, and we then resumed our journey towards Soolimaniah, the capital of Koordistaun."

We may before quoting the next passage, which must wind up the article, mention that Mr. Fraser, whose journey to Persia lately occupied our attention, was assured by a Koordish chieftain, that, if a thousand Europeans of any nation were to make their appearance among them, twenty thousand Koords would rise and join their warlike visitors :—

" Soolimaniah is most romantically situated on the northern bank of the Diala (the Delos), in a rich, extensive, and well-watered valley, irregularly formed by the base of the surrounding mountains. It is supposed to be on the site of the ancient Siozuros, *vel* Shehrazour. The city, unlike most Mahommedan towns, is unwall'd ; its houses are flat-roofed, low, and well secured against the cold and snows of this elevated region ; but its streets, like all Oriental towns, are irregular, narrow, and dirty, though its climate is decidedly fine, and the inhabitants, who approach to the number of twenty-five thousand, are hardy, active, and robust. Their expressions of countenance are, however, harsh, and their complexions dark. The government of Soolimaniah is administered by a pasha, who is by birth a Koord, subject to neither Turk nor Persian. To please the Russians he has occasionally sent a present in cash to the Prince Royal of Persia, and Field-Marshal Paskewitch is desirous of taking him under his especial protection, that in case of need he may be induced to furnish cavalry to harass, by their sudden and repeated incursions, the inhabitants of those countries by which they are bounded. For such a duty they are eminently fitted."

The melancholy and oft-impressed truth is, from the foregoing extracts, plain, that the world at this moment contains the elements of discord, and the disposition to put these into motion to an extent alarming to the interests of civilization. May England be the conservator, appointed by Providence, to protect the human race in semibarbarous as well as among the more enlightened nations, to guarantee to mankind peace, by the maintenance of her own high and considerate bearing, by her lessons of wisdom, and by her example.

ART. II.

- 1.—*California*. By ALEXANDER FORBES, Esq. 8vo. London : Smith, Elder, and Co. 1839.
- 2.—*Peru as it is*. By ARCHIBALD SMITH, M.D. 2 Vols. London : Bentley. 1839.

SOME of the points brought out and the subjects handled in these two works have suggested the idea of throwing them together in the

manner we have done at the head of this article. The most important of these common points is the uniform testimony afforded as to the social and political condition of the inhabitants of these countries, which goes to demonstrate, that however attractive may be the phrases, free governments and free institutions, or however popular may have been the revolutions in the American Spanish colonies, the change has been rather in names than realities; and that the much boasted of good, if ever it is to be experienced, which, as regards Peru, seems problematical, is yet to come, is yet to commence. But we need not indulge in any elaborate speculations, or spend time over general and vague considerations, seeing that the few facts as detailed by our two authors, to which we shall direct attention, are in themselves sufficiently expressive to teach the truths, and to guide to the hopes or fears which California and Peru, as they at present are, will naturally do.

California, though one of the most unsettled, discontented, and rebellious provinces of Mexico, may indeed be taken as a characteristic sample of the condition of the state of which it nominally constitutes a part; that condition being any other than tempting, as Mr. Forbes would have it, for Englishmen to colonize it. About two years ago the first patriotic ebullition occurred in the province, which the supreme government warmly denounced and loudly threatened to chastise, but without ever proceeding further than to fulminate and to vaunt. In fact, for anything that has lately been heard, California has been forgotten by the Republic, or rather there are sufficient difficulties and contentions elsewhere to occupy the time of an indolent and degenerate people. But what is there in the position and prospects of the province under immediate consideration that should induce British subjects to choose and prefer it as a colonial settlement? Let a part of Mr. Forbes's representation assist the reader on this point. He says,—

* Being thus left to the freedom of their own will, the Californians, true to the spirit which has animated all the Spanish American colonies since their emancipation, immediately began to divide themselves into parties; and although there are only about five thousand Spanish creoles in the whole country, they had their party of the north, which declared for an entire independence on Mexico, and the party of the south, which adhered to Mexico on certain conditions. The want of frequent communication with Mexico renders it quite uncertain what may at present (June, 1838) be the state of the country; but it is, at least, evident now, if there was any doubt formerly, that it is at this moment in a state that cannot prevent its being taken possession of by any foreign force which may present itself. The British government seem lately to have had some suspicion that California would be encroached upon, if not taken entire possession of, by the Russians, who are settled so close upon its northern frontier; but by the latest accounts no encroachment has been made, nor has any augmentation been made either in the number of people in the colony, or in the fortifications.

danger does not lie there. There is another restless and enterprising neighbour from whom they will most probably soon have to defend themselves, or rather to submit to : for although the frontiers of North America are much more distant than the Russians, yet, to such men as the Back-settlers, distance is of little moment, and they are already well acquainted with the route. The northern American tide of population must roll on southward, and overwhelm not only California, but other more important states. This latter event, however, is in the womb of time : but the invasion of California by American settlers is daily talked of ; and if Santa Anna had prevailed against Texas, a portion of the inhabitants of that country, sufficient to over-run California, would now have been its masters."

So Mr. Forbes would have England or a portion of her sons to resort to new localities, when, if they did not constantly incur the risk of comprising themselves with the Mexicans, they might lay their account with exciting the jealousy of the North Americans and the Russians, with each of whom we are at this moment on rather ticklish ground. But, according to a fuller development of his views, our author recommends the province to the contemplation of the English creditors of the Mexican government, in order that by a transfer of soil the claim may be at once completely cancelled. He says,

" There have been some thoughts of proposing to the Mexican government that it should endeavour to cancel the English debt—which now exceeds fifty millions of dollars—by a transfer of California to the creditors. This would be a wise measure on the part of Mexico, if the government could be brought to lay aside the vanity of retaining large possessions. The cession of such a disjointed part of the republic as California would be an advantage. In no case can it ever be profitable to the Mexican republic, nor can it possibly remain united to it for any length of time, if it should even be induced to rejoin this state, from which at present it is to all intents and purposes separated. Therefore, by giving up this territory for the debt, would be getting rid of this last for nothing. But would the English creditors accept of it ? I think they might, and I think they ought : They have lately displayed an inclination to treat and to receive lands as a part of the debt where no land exists belonging to Mexico. In the settlement made with Lizardi and Co. as agents for the Mexican government in London, lands are stipulated to be delivered at a certain price per acre, in Texas in which Mexico does not possess an acre, in the state of New Mexico which is many hundred leagues inland in Sonora, and God knows where. To the good fortune however of the English creditors this contract has been disapproved of by the Mexican government, and it is hoped that some more rational scheme will be hit upon to give the creditors some sort of tangible security for at least a part of what they have been so scandalously fleeced out of. If California was ceded for the English debt, the creditors might be formed into a company, with the difference that they should have a sort of sovereignty over the territory, somewhat in the manner of the East India company. This in my opinion would certainly bring a revenue in time

which might be equal to the interest of the debt, and, under good management and with an English population, would most certainly realize all that has been predicted of this fine country."

These creditors, we think, will not find in the work before us facts or reasonings that can inspire many bright hopes, unless they are to look far into futurity. First of all, though Mr. Forbes seems to have resided in the country for some time, the information which he furnishes imparts little that has not been gleaned from other writers, leaving it indeed in much of the obscurity which has ever surrounded such a remote and turbulent portion of an unsettled and far from prosperous republic. But, secondly, the bright results which our author has conjured up, appear to us to point to a period of time that is also remote, at the same time that these results resemble very closely the visions of a sanguine mind, if they are not, which we suspect, in some way connected with speculations about the establishment of steam navigation in the Pacific, and means of speedy and certain transit across the narrow Isthmus that severs the two Oceans. That at some future day the traffic on the shores of the Pacific, the capabilities of the rich countries in the neighbourhood, the opportunities afforded by the numerous and immense rivers of South America, and the character as well as condition of the inhabitants of these vast regions, may be so ameliorated and improved, as to encourage and repay the speculators who may undertake to cut a water course through the comparatively thin neck of territory at Panama, is highly probable; but we fancy, upon any sober minds, these occurrences cannot act to any practical extent in our day and generation; and can only serve to amuse or gratify luxuriant imaginations. It seems, however, that Mr. Forbes is not the only sanguine speculatist about the wonders which steam is about to produce on the coasts and in parts of America, which hitherto have either been thinly inhabited, generally unsettled, on account of warfare with the aborigines or among the settlers themselves, or altogether unexplored and uncleared of their forests. On resorting to Dr. Smith's work, and opening at that division of it which describes Huanuco, which is situated 7,000 feet above the level of the sea, where the climate and the soil are exceedingly fine, and where a stream connects the place with the Amazons, we read of glorious prospects being cherished by the inhabitants:—

"The kind and affable inhabitants of this city in the bosom of the Andes have their imaginations excited with the hopes of their rising glories, and their own happy valley is too narrow for their expanding desires. So full are their literati of the flattering idea that an English colony on the river Huallaga may extend its industry and enterprise to the cultivation of the great pampa del Sacramento, that they already fancy proper depôts and harbours selected, docks prepared, and ships building from the timber of their own Montaña, to carry them a voyage of pleasure and profit

the world. They imagine little steamers up to *playa-grande*, or even to the falls at Casapi, or the port of Cuchero on the river Chinchao, within a couple of days' journey of their city; and, when their wishes are realized, they calculate that their now useless and neglected copper mines shall be more precious, and draw in upon them more wealth than ever did brilliants or diamonds on their distant neighbours of Brazil. And no wonder that the natives of this Elysian valley should be overjoyed at such prospects; since their long-continued communication with the canoe-men of the Huallaga on the one side, and in former times with those of the missionaries at the port or settlement of Mayro on the other, familiarize them with the notion of navigating the Huallaga and Ucayali; while the intervening plains of Sacramento they consider to be naturally the richest and most capable of improvement of any in the world. Even the miner of Cerro Pasco finds his fancy warmed when he reflects on the prospect of a steam navigation on the Marañon. Don Jose Lago y Lemus, one of the most distinguished of the veteran miners of Pasco, published in 1831 a pamphlet in illustration of the advantages that might accrue to the republic from this navigation. In this pamphlet he endeavours to show that the portions of Peruvian territory hitherto occupied, and consisting of arid coasts and rugged mountainous districts, are not to be compared, in point of natural interest or national importance, with the immense plains and fertile Montaña or wooded deserts on the eastern frontier; and he manifests a laudable and patriotic zeal in endeavouring to arouse the attention of his countrymen to this most momentous subject."

But these wooded deserts cover thousands of miles of territory, while in various regions of the plains, and on the borders of some of the noblest rivers of Peru, the most savage tribes alone prowl. Take as a proof and a description of this last untamed feature the letter of an aged missionary who has long laboured in the interior, ardently devoted to the most sacred duties. He writes thus to an official personage of the republic:—

"I have to inform your honour, with the greatest sincerity, that the project adopted by the Supreme Government, of penetrating to the river of Pachitea by the port of Mayro, is the best and safest plan, because of the advantages that would accrue to the republic from opening the navigation of that river; for, from its junction with the Ucayali, up the stream to Mayro, is only a passage of seven or eight days; and from the latter place to Pozuzo, by land, is but an intermediate distance of fourteen leagues. But there is one obstacle which, as long as it exists, will almost certainly interfere with the enjoyment of a safe traffic on the river Pachitea; namely, that on its banks are situated the pagan Cashivos, cruel cannibals, who live on human flesh,—sometimes availing themselves of much cunning and artifice to deceive passengers; and at other times, with all the fierceness of the wild beasts of the forest, fearlessly attacking them, as was proved in two expeditions undertaken from this place by Father Girbal, who the first time only advanced to the nearest huts, when he was compelled to return, on account of the scarcity of arms, and the small escort given him by the government. He afterwards advanced to their last encampments (*rancherías*), whence

he returned, without having realized his purpose of striking the Mayro, where people waited his arrival with provisions and whatever else was required : and since this last expedition, which was made in the year 1797, no further active measures have been attempted.—The neighbouring nations of Conivos and Sipivos, who reside by the inland streams of the Ucayali, though they constantly endeavour to drive away these cruel enemies, have never succeeded ; for so far is it otherwise, that they suddenly break into the houses, and, not satisfied with putting their inmates to death, carry off the dead bodies to celebrate their banquets with, for the Cashivos have an innate appetite for human flesh. The project of entering by the Mayro is the most attainable of any other, because, in descending the water, the vessels keep the centre of the river, so that they cannot be reached by the arrows from the banks at point-blank shot : besides, by merely discharging a few fire-arms, they disperse ; and as, happily, they do not use canoes, they cannot intercept the passage, or do us material injury. And further, the descent to this point is accomplished in two days only ; for which reason it is very necessary that I should have seasonable advice, the time being as nearly as possible fixed, to prevent any disappointment as to our meeting ; when, according to the plan proposed by the commissioners, an expedition may be made with every precaution from this point, for the purpose of clearing the passage of so destructive and indomitable a people ; and in this way the frontier towns may be able to proceed in extracting from the Montaña its precious productions. Actuated by this desire, and that of rendering happy the inhabitants of the Ucayali, I have now, for the space of thirty-four years, felt it my duty to live in these missions ; and God grant that my eyes may yet see the prosperity of these regions, since my expedition to the Pangoa failed of producing the advantages expected from it."

But we are departing widely from observing the arrangement of Dr. Smith's volumes, as its title when fully given will intimate, that title being " Peru as it is : a Residence in Lima and other parts of the Peruvian Republic, comprising an Account of the Social and Physical Features of that country." Accordingly in these agreeable and sensible volumes we have the results of the author's observations which his opportunities as a practising physician must have favourably seconded ; laying open to him the domestic and more private habits of different classes, although there are abundant grounds, as gathered from the work before us, for believing that the manners and morals of the people, as well as the working of their social institutions and political relations, require but a cursory glance to convince the observer that the nation is far removed from a healthy, a happy, and a promising condition.

Taking Peru according to its physical features, it is not the land that would attract us. Sterile deserts, immense forests, and chains of unmeasured mountains, not only exceed the cultivable parts, but throw great obstacles in the way of intercommunication. The shores are mostly barren and unhealthy. Then, as already hinted, the people are degenerated, disorganized, licentious. What enterprize they possess or exhibit is not turned to enlightened pr-

Agriculture is generally in a wretched state ; the mines which have filled the imagination with poetic ideas of great wealth and grandeur, have been in reality the source of the most sordid passions as well as a vast amount of poverty and ruin. It is when turning the attention to the prevailing aspect of national morals, and when endeavouring to arrive at the standard which has been erected in respect of feelings and customs, that the social disease of the people is most offensive. One or two extracts will indicate what we mean. Take first a view of the effeminacy of the citizens of Lima, and the tender feeble pitch to which bad habits and a transmitted viciousness of nervous system have reduced even the male portion :—

“ When somewhat weakened by bad health, or a slight indisposition which confines him to his apartments for a few days, should he happen to shave and wash the face with cold water, he is thereby put in danger of being visited by a spasmodic affection of one side of the mouth, or affected, as is more likely to take place, with a cold in the head, so that the inflammation thus induced in the nostrils and fauces may soon be observed to extend itself along the continuous mucous membrane, and through the wind-pipe into the cavity of the chest ; and there it is hard to foretell what ravages it may commit.

“ We need not therefore be surprised to hear the often reiterated query of the convalescent in the words, ‘ No me hara dano lavar y afeytarme ?’—will it not do me harm to shave and wash ? Nor should we indulge in a smile at his expense, as we see him gradually venture on the first degrees of ablution, by rubbing over the hands and face with a cloth dipped in tepid water sharpened with aguardiente, or the common spirits of the country.”

When the body is so frail and weakened, in what plight must the mind be ? But the degeneracy of this noble part will be more correctly gauged if we look at the training of infants, boys, and girls. Let it be borne in view that females of European descent marry before it can be said that they are women ; and that when they have children it is more than their habits, and indeed than their constitution, can safely allow to suckle their offspring. Black nurses are therefore procured, who have the forming of the moral habits as well as the feeding of the youngsters :—

“ When the young Don, thus nurtured in the very lap of bondage, comes to be fit for school, he goes to, and comes from it, in the company of a slave ; and the young Miss, or Niña, who goes out to be educated, is, on her way to and from her parents’ house, attended by a sort of dueña, or experienced zamba. On the customary plea, that the evils of life come early enough, children of gentle blood, especially such as are ‘ rubios,’ or fair-complexioned, are allowed all manner of *gusto*, or indulgence ; and in the morning, before they set out for school, they usually receive a real or medio, —sixpence or threepence, either as pocket-money, or as a bribe to be obedient and to submit to be taught. In this way expensive habits are early acquired, and where children are made to do what is right and proper from pecuniary notions, rather than a laudable sense of duty.”

If we proceed to the mines, we shall not find a very flattering idea of the usages and speculations in these quarters :—

“ We see the Pasco miners always in the midst of riches, and always embarrassed ; they are kept in a state of continued tantalization. The miner, it is true, sometimes has immense and rapid gains, in spite of rogues and plunderers everywhere about him, at comparatively little expense of time or money ; and this occasional success leads others to indulge in a hope of similar good fortune, which hurries the majority of speculators in this channel into pecuniary difficulties ; for, as we have seen, the necessary outlay is often great without any compensation ; and when the capital is too limited, though in the main the undertaking be a good one, ruin is near. Shopkeepers and dealers in *platapina* are tempted by prospects of commercial advantage to lend money to the harassed mine-owner to enable him to forward his works, and to repay the loan in *pina* at so much per marc. Such a lender is called ‘ *habilitador* ;’ but it unluckily happens for this capitalist that, by the custom and usage of the miner, the last ‘ *habilitador*’ has a claim to be first paid, which leads to the worst practical results. The miner is generally a reckless gambler, who spends money as fast as it comes to him, not in improving his mines, but indulging his vices ; and in this manner the interest of the first *habilitadores* may be successively postponed to the claims of the most recent, who frequently is disappointed in his turn ; while the difficulties of the miner are not removed, but merely prolonged ; and he is involved in everlasting disputes and litigation.”

See what are some of the evils to which the Peruvians have to submit under what is called a free and republican government. The militia are drilled on Sundays, and may then have to march to another place than the church :—

“ These Sunday exercises were generally ill attended ; and of ten or twelve young men on an agricultural estate, it would be usually enough if two or three appeared at one time in the ranks. Upon one occasion, however, when the captain of local militia in the village of Ambo had the honour of having the additional appointment of governor conferred on him, he called upon the writer when indisposed and in bed, and with great appearance of sympathy and confidential cordiality, congratulated himself upon his promotion, because it would afford him the power, as he had the will, to serve his neighbour. With many such smooth expressions and assurances of kind and honest intentions, calculated to put even a misanthrope off his guard, he ended his visit by requesting that, as it was most desirable to keep up the military spirit of the district, he would expect of the writer that he should use his influence in persuading the young men on his hacienda to attend regularly at the military exercises in the adjacent village ; a proposition to which he readily acceded, as it was agreeable to the established laws of the country. On the first or second Sunday following, six fine young men went to attend the exercises at Ambo ; and were seized and put into prison, with many others, under strong guard, to be marched off the next day as recruits for the line.”

Peruvian agriculture, as it is conducted in the Vale of Huanuco, is rather a sorry affair :—

"The implements of husbandry are the rudest kind. The plough, which is slight and single handed, is constructed merely of wood, without mould-board, which we have seen a one-handed person manage with perfect dexterity. The ploughshare is a thick iron blade, only tied when required for use by a piece of thong, or lasso, on the point of the plough, which divides the earth very superficially. Where the iron is not at hand, as frequently happens, we understand that the poor peasant uses, instead, a share made of hard iron-wood that grows in the Montaña. Harrows they have, properly speaking, none: if we remember well, they sometimes use, instead, large clumsy rakes; and we have seen them use a green bough of a tree dragged over the sown ground, with a weight upon it to make it scratch the soil. In room of the roller, of which they never experienced the advantage, they break down the earth in the field intended for cane-plants, after it has got eight or ten ploughings and cross-ploughings, with the heel of a short-handled hoe, which they call 'lampa;' a tool which they use with great dexterity in weeding the cane-fields and clearing aqueducts. For smoothing down the clods of earth, we have seen some Indians use a more antiquated instrument. It consisted of a soft, flat, and round stone, about the size of a small cheese, which had a hole beaten through its centre by dint of blows with a harder and pointed stone. To the stone thus perforated they fixed a long handle, and as they swung it about, they did great execution in the work of 'cuspiando,' or field-levelling."

Dr. Smith naturally bestows a good deal of notice in these volumes upon the diseases of the regions he traversed and resided in. But to these parts we do not think it necessary to invite particular attention, excepting in so far as certain lunar influences relate to the health of vegetable and animal life. The facts as stated in this our last extract are to us new, and help to impress us with the belief that Peru is not the land which our youthful dreams made it:—

"The maize crops the farmers always harvest in the '*menguante*,' or decrease of the moon; for it is a fact known to every husbandman, that if they collect the crop in the '*creciente*,' or increase of the moon, it will not keep free of moths for three months, even though allowed the advantage of being left in husk, in which state it is found to be least liable to damage.

"In the valleys around Lima the agriculturist is very careful not to sow in the *creciente*, lest the seed should become so diseased and injured as never to yield a healthy crop. The same attention to lunar influence is bestowed by the wood-cutter, who knows that timber cut in the *creciente* soon decays, and on this account is not of use for constructing houses, or for any other permanent purpose; this is particularly the case with the willow and alder, as the writer had once occasion to know experimentally. Being disinclined to believe what he considered to be the prejudices of the natives respecting lunar influence, he insisted upon roofing in part of a house with alder and willow cut in the *creciente*; and after a couple of years he was convinced of his own error, when he

saw the timber employed become quite brittle and useless, so as to need to be replaced or supported to prevent the roof from falling.

“The ‘arriero,’ or muleteer, scrupulously attends to the influence of the moon on his cattle; for if he travels in the creciente, and in a warm or even temperate climate, he takes strict care not to unsaddle his riding-horses, nor to unpad his cargo-mules, until they have rested awhile and cooled sufficiently; and, if he should neglect these precautions, he would be sure to have his cattle disabled by large inflammatory swellings, rapidly running on to suppuration, forming on their shoulders or loins.”

ART. III.—*The Idler in Italy.* By the Countess of BLESSINGTON. 2 Vols. 8vo. London: Colburn. 1839.

THE journal of the Countess extends over a great deal more ground than that of the most frequented paths of Italy; for she passed through France, touching and halting at some of its northern parts, as well as at Geneva and Ferney, &c., before reaching Genoa. All this took place in the years 1822-3; so that the publication of her notes at such a distant period as this from the date of their inditing furnishes a striking contrast to the modern practice, which is so general, of hurrying to the press the crudities collected during a steam-speed journey in foreign and strange countries by these summer birds of passage, the majority of English tourists.

But it is not merely as regards an impatience to appear in print that Lady Blessington, in the present instance, offers a gratifying example. Her journal is of a quality and possesses the attributes which the lapse of years cannot put out of date. We should, indeed, suppose that the dressing, the working up and out of her notes has been a pains-taking affair,—an oft-recurred-to occupation; for though her vivid impressions of what is beautiful in nature and art are well known to be rapidly received, and her observation of human life, manners, and character to be nice, accurate, and shrewd, yet very many of the sketches have the appearance of anxious and protracted thought about them,—the very sparkle and gracefulness of the writing, though generally easy in its construction and flow, being too often overlaid and charged with pretty conceits.

Yet the whole is altogether woman-like, and hence much of its adornment and charms. Nay, what is far better, it is an individual, and we have no doubt, a sort of autobiographical likeness; at least we have in almost every page been, not involuntarily, led to feel that there is placed before us much of Lady Blessington's mental history; much with which she identifies her recollections and anticipations. The joys, the sorrows, the aspirations of her heart, have appeared every now and then to be about becoming the subject of confession or of confidings. Everywhere the reader, from the things that are, it may be in their homely and ludicrous aspects, is gently and tastefully lifted to a sphere where the fine-

sympathies are awakened, and the beauties of pure sentiment appreciated ; the mind feeling persuaded that the fair writer has experienced all that is indicated, or more than is actually expressed. From these and other symptoms in these volumes, we infer that they have been the work of earnestness, of cherished affection, and of that direction of thought which is pensive and sombre, instead of boisterous and gloriously bright and fervid. Two short extracts from her Ladyship's own will bear out, to a certain extent, our meaning. " One day of idleness, like one of sin, is sure to beget another ; and I sometimes think that I shall leave of journalizing altogether. But then comes the thought, that, perhaps in years to come, these hastily scribbled pages may bring back pleasant recollections, when nought but recollections of pleasure shall be mine ; and this foreboding induces me to continue." Again,—“ It is not mountains alone to which distance lends charms, it gives a halo to anticipated happiness, that reality dissolves ; gilds the visions of hope, and disarms grief of its stings ; subduing the memory of sorrow to a pensive but not unpleasing recollection.”

These few hints may serve to introduce the passages about to be quoted from “ The Idler's” journal, and as a sort of key to its tone and matter ; that matter, let it be observed, comprising, besides vivid landscapes, portraits, and highly-wrought sentimentality, many sound aphorisms, and many interesting anecdotes. Where satire enters it is without bitterness ; where wit, it is quiet and polished.

The closeness and keenness of Lady Blessington's observation of the world and of mankind may be tested by taking her sketches of certain national characteristics, and her speculations about the nature and merits of the manners of the French and English, when contrasted. It will be seen that the leaning is towards her own country. The New Year is the period to which the following notes belong, and the writer is in France :—

“ I am as ‘ *triste* as a *bonnet de nuit*,’ to use a French phrase I often have heard employed, though why a night-cap should be *triste*, does not seem evident. It is one of the phrases received into use without a due examination of its aptitude ; for the *tristesse* of a *bonnet de nuit* must depend wholly on the head that wears it. We have no phrase that conveys the same signification : we do not consider the hours allotted to repose as being dull ; but then, we are a reflecting race, and are not disposed to find fault with aught that tends to make us think, even though it should not make us sleep. The French, *au contraire*, being constitutionally gay, are prone to regard the hours given to rest as stolen from amusement. Thence the night-cap is viewed as a symbol of dulness, and has given rise to the phrase ‘ *triste comme un bonnet de nuit*,’ I have explained this momentous affair according to national prejudice, which invariably operates more or less in all our views and deductions. It is this national prejudice, which we designate with the high-sounding title of patriotism, that makes

view the gayer and happier temperament of our mercurial neighbours, the French, with a sentiment bordering on pity, as I complacently compared it with our more dignified, but less enviable gravity. Nay, I more than once detected myself defending our climate, on the plea that its variability had something very *piquant* in it; and for our dense fogs, I urged the palliation of their mysterious sublimity, which left so much to the imagination. A fog arising from the Seine, I admitted to some Parisians might be, and was a detestable thing—a mere Scotch mist, through which objects might be discerned!—no mystery—no sublimity! But a London fog! with its mixture of grey, green, and yellow opaque, shutting out everything, and bidding defiance to gas-lamps, was quite *autre chose*. ‘*Mon Dieu!*’ replied the French lady, ‘what droll people you English must be, when you can be proud even of your fogs.’

We take woman to be the best judge of woman; indeed her perceptions of character, whatever be the age or sex, is generally considered to be nice and just. Besides, she is far less trammelled, in consequence of scholastic forms and rules, than the *litterati* of the other half, for the most part, are. At any rate let us hear in what the French and English fair are supposed to differ:—

“The French women are very pleasant companions: so easily amused, and so naturally disposed to be amusing. They have more animal spirits than the English; but it never degenerates into aught approaching boisterousness. But this extreme facility of pleasing and being pleased, argues a want of that sensibility which renders English women so captivating. A French woman seems born to amuse, and to be admired; an English woman to interest, and to be loved. A man must have a more than common share of vanity, who could imagine that a French woman, however she might profess to like him, would break her heart at his loss. She is too *spirituelle*, too vivacious, and too prone to be diverted, to indulge a settled melancholy; but an English woman, with her naturally soft and reflective character, her power of concentration, and the gentle pensiveness which is a characteristic of her country women, conveys an impression that her happiness would be for ever destroyed by the loss of the object of her affection; and this impression has a powerful influence over him who loves her. From what I have seen of French women, I can believe them capable of the most heroic sacrifices, the most generous and noble actions; but I think they would like an audience to applaud the performance of their parts. I cannot picture to myself a French woman passing months in a sick chamber, noiselessly gliding to perform those duties which are so admirably fulfilled by English women. No, she presents herself to my imagination, brilliant and elegant, happy in the consciousness of being *misedans la dernière mode*, content with her *modiste*, her *couturière*, and himself: and, *par conséquence*, with all the world. The English woman is by nature timid, and doubtful of the effect she produces. She thinks more of the object she wishes to please, than of the means used to accomplish this desideratum. She is afraid *la dernière mode* may not suit her as well as it does others; she has *not* an implicit confidence in her *modiste* and *couturière*, and still less in herself: hence,

she wants that *air dégagé*, that sparkling animation, which appertains to the French woman ; and which is founded on the unshakeable basis of her vanity."

Why does not Lady Blessington's knowledge of the treasures of her mother-tongue and her skill in the use of it, cure her of that prevalent error, of our female writers especially, of introducing needlessly a profusion of French phrases? The *travelled* ladies are great sinners in this way. The Countess should set her sex a better example.

French politeness! is a proverbial phrase ; but even here the victory, as given in these volumes, is the Englishman's :—

" The politeness for which Frenchmen are proverbial, is much less flattering to individual vanity, than is the less ostentatious civility of Englishmen. The former is so general in his attentions, that he makes one feel, that the person to whom he is addressing them, is only receiving what would have been equally offered to any other lady by whom he might chance to have been placed ; whereas, an Englishman is either silent, or reserved, unless animated by a contact with some person who has pleased him : consequently, his compliments have a point, and, if I may use the expression, an individuality, that convince *her*, to whom they are addressed, that they could *not* have been applied to another. A Frenchman never forgets that he is talking to one of a sex for which he professes a general veneration ; the Englishman forgets the whole sex in the individual that interests him. Accomplishments, such as music, and dancing, considered to be peculiar to women in England, are as generally cultivated by males as by females, in France. This habit, I think, though I know many will disagree with me, is injurious in its effects ; because it assimilates the two sexes, which ought ever to retain their peculiar and distinct attributes. The more masculine a man's pursuits and amusements are, the more highly will he be disposed to estimate feminine accomplishments, in which he can have no rivalry ; and which by their novelty, may tend to form a delightful recreation for his leisure hours. The manly occupations which call him from home, render him more susceptible of the charm of female society when he returns to it ; hence I would encourage a system that tended to make women as feminine, without being effeminate, as possible ; and men as masculine, without being coarse."

Even as regards cookery, her Ladyship's representation is that the modern French have greatly degenerated ; the judges of the art attributing the change to the "*parvenue noblesse* of Napoleon's creation," by having brought "into vogue the savoury, but coarse *plats* of their humbler days ;" while our authoress rather charges it upon the influx of strangers, in 1814 ; adding that those who would form a just notion of French cookery in its pristine glory, must acquire a knowledge of it among some members of the old legitimate court, or in a few of the houses of our own nobility. " In such houses, they will find preponderance of white over brown

saucers; onions will be rendered innoxious by being stewed in loaf sugar; and fish, fowl, and flesh will be refined by a process that, while expelling their grossness, leaves all the nutritious quality." John Bull will be slow to believe that the natural taste of beef has anything gross in it; or that it can be expelled without affecting the nutritious quality. It may be subdued by other and less wholesome admixtures, we suppose; but her Ladyship's opinion and experience are worth ten times the weight of ours. The topic, too, is fit and proper for her handling; we therefore leave her doctrine as it is, and the subject of cookery, after quoting a single anecdote. Among the foreign deteriorating tastes that have been introduced among the French, that of a partiality for garlic is mentioned, being laid at the door of the Spaniards. Then follows, on some one saying the Spaniards were so patriotic that they never forgot their country, the rejoinder; "How can they, when the taste and smell of garlic never forsake their mouths?"

Before leaving Paris we shall quote some notices of Denon:—

"His anecdotes of his idol Napoleon are very interesting, and, of course, are coloured by his partiality. He told me, that, on the occasion, Napoleon wished him to make a sketch of Marie-Louise, for a statue which he intended to have executed by Canova. She was to be represented as a Roman Empress, with flowing drapery, bare arms, and a tiara. Denon was in her apartment, endeavouring to place her in a graceful posture; to accomplish which he found it to be, if not an impossible, at least a difficult task. Napoleon, who was present, appeared mortified at the total want of natural grace of the Empress; and when he next met Denon alone, remarked, 'that it was strange that a person so perfectly well shaped, should be so remarkably stiff, and *gauche* in all her movements.' May not grace be considered to be the *esprit* of the body? Denon would be nothing, without his collection. His house is a perfect museum, and furnishes him with an inexhaustible topic on which to expend his superfluous animation, and scientific discoveries. Delighted with himself, and grateful to all who seem to participate in his self adoration, he is the most obliging of all egotists; and, what is rare, the least tiresome. '*L'Empereur et moi*' forms the *refrain* of the most of his monologues; and it is evident that he thinks one in no degree inferior to the other."

The next place we alight at in the course of her Ladyship's tour is Geneva, that we may cull some literary notices:—

"I went to sleep last night with the sound of the murmuring Rhône in my ears; and awoke this morning impatient again to view the 'Leman lake.' How 'brightly beautifully blue it is!' It looks as if the heavens had bathed in it, and left behind in its limpid waters a portion of their azure loveliness. How many eyes, to whom no common vision was granted, have dwelt with pleasure on this beautiful lake!—Voltaire, the most brilliant scoffer that ever lifted the veil from the defects of his species,

or gloried in exposing them; Rousseau, who avenged himself on mankind, by displaying, in his 'Confessions,' how base, how unworthy man could be;—he, whose imagination was all warmth and tenderness, and whose heart was cold and hard as the ice of his native mountains; Gibbon, the always patient investigator, but not always impartial narrator, who sneered at, more frequently than he pitied, the errors he related; De Staël, the brilliant, the eloquent De Staël, whose genius caught, as it were, by intuition, the truths that others only discover by a life of laborious study; Shelley, the passionate, the visionary poet, dreaming away life in a world of his own creation, and giving us glimpses of its brightness in his poems; and though last, not least, Byron the child of genius, whose passions are converted into chords, from which he can draw forth music that finds an echo in every heart. Yes, this lake is invested with an interest, more powerful than its beauty could awaken, by its associations in the mind with the gifted beings who have lingered on its margin."

Though laboured, these biographical abridgments and scenic sketches are forcibly concise. At Secheron, it is also set down that—

"Maurice, the boatman employed by Lord Byron, during his residence here, speaks of the noble poet with enthusiasm, and loves to relate anecdotes of him. He told us, that Lord Byron never entered his boat without a case of pistols, which he always kept by him; a very superfluous ceremony, as Maurice seemed to think. He represented him as generally silent and abstracted, passing whole hours on the lake absorbed in reflection, and then suddenly writing, with extreme rapidity, in a book he always had with him. He described his countenance, to use his own phrase, as '*magnifique*,' and different from that of all other men, by its pride (*fiercé* was the word he used).—'He passed whole nights on the lake, always selecting the most boisterous weather for such expeditions. I never saw a rough evening set in, while his lordship was at Diodati,' continued Maurice, 'without being sure that he would send for me: and the higher the wind, and the more agitated the lake, the more he enjoyed it. We have often remained out eighteen hours at a time, and in very bad weather.—Lord Byron is so good a swimmer, that he has little to dread from the water.—Poor Mr. Shelley,' resumed Maurice, 'ah! we were all sorry for him!—He was a different sort of man: so gentle, so affectionate, so generous; he looked as if he loved the sky over his head, and the water on which his boat floated. He would not hurt a fly, nay, he would save everything that had life; so tender and merciful was his nature. He was too good for this world; and yet, lady, would you believe it, some of his countrymen, whom I have rowed in this very boat, have tried to make me think ill of him; but they never could succeed, for we plain people judge by what we *see*, and not by what we *hear*.' This was, in language somewhat different, the sentiment of our boatman's account of Byron and Shelley, two of the most remarkable spirits of our age. He seemed to admire the first, but it is evident he loved the second."

One of the "Conversations:—"

" 'I like music,' said Byron, 'but do not know the least of it, as a science; indeed, I am glad that I do not, for a perfect knowledge might rob it of half its charms. At present I only know, that a plaintive air softens, and a lively one cheers me. Martial music renders me brave, and voluptuous music disposes me to be luxurious, even effeminate. Now, were I skilled in the science, I should become fastidious; and instead of yielding to the fascination of sweet sounds, I should be analysing, or criticising, or connoisseurshipising (to use a word of my own making), instead of simply enjoying them as at present. In the same way, I never would study botany. I don't want to know why certain flowers please me; enough for me that they do, and I leave to those who have no better occupation, the analysis of the sources of their pleasure, which I can enjoy without the useless trouble.' Byron (adds Lady Blessington) has little taste or the fine arts; and when they are a subject of conversation, betrays an ignorance very surprising in a man who has travelled so much. He says, that he *feels* art, while others prate about it; but his neglect of the beautiful specimens of it here, goes far to prove the contrary."

At Avignon, at Vaucluse, who but Petrarch and Laura could be thought of by entire strangers; what spots sought out but those consecrated by the poet and his love? Accordingly we are at once introduced to them:—

"The valley of Vaucluse is extremely narrow, and bounded by high rocks of a brownish gray tint; their sombre hue is in some places relieved by olive and fig trees, with scattered vines, but there is still a great want of wood to break the dull uniformity of the cliffs: the colour of which is cold, and not sufficiently varied to produce a fine effect. In the time of Petrarch, those gigantic rocks were only seen at intervals, breaking out of large masses of wood, with which the valley was nearly covered; and which softened the character of the scenery that now presents a wild and savage aspect. After winding for some way among the crags, the road terminates at the village of Vaucluse, which is most romantically situated; and a broad path formed on the ledge of the rocky chain that bounds the river, which here falls into the centre of the valley, leads to the celebrated fountain which was the Helicon of Petrarch. The valley is here closed by a perpendicular crag of immense height; within which, is the cavern whence springs the fountain. The entrance to this cavern is above sixty feet high; and it is screened by rocks which intercept all view of it until it is neared. The fountain fills a vast basin of a circular form, at the base of the perpendicular cliff that terminates this part of the valley. At a short distance from its source the stream falls rapidly over huge fragments of rocks, covered with a vivid green mass of aquatic plants and herbs; which gives to this limpid and sparkling water the appearance of a river of emeralds. After precipitating itself with impetuous force over the rocks, it is formed into a river, which rushes along the vale with exceeding velocity. The borders of the fountain abound with wild thyme of a delicious fragrance; and it only requires a little of the poetic fancy which gives to Italian poetry so many of its conceits, to imagine that it owes its odour to the tears with which the love-lorn Petrarch, that phoenix of

overs, so frequently bedewed this spot, when bewailing the inexorable cruelty of his Laura."

But tender and romantic sentiment is not the only element of interest which the journal contains in connection with Vacluse. There is in the village a small inn, called the Hotel of Petrarch and Laura, which is the resort of wags as well as of visionaries, and where money is ludicrously held to be the standard and test of poetic fervour and sympathy:—

"Here sentimental tourists stop to regale themselves on the delicious trout which the river furnishes; giving, between every morsel of the luscious fare, a sigh to the memory of the celebrated lovers, whose busts decorate the mantel-piece of the chamber where the refecton is served. Those travellers who command the most luxurious repasts are considered by the inmates to possess the most sensibility; and those who submit without resistance to extortion, are esteemed to be mirrors of sentimentality: a regulation of which our worthy hostess made us aware, by the warmth of her praises of those who expended what she considers a proper sum, and the severity of her strictures against the more economical or less wealthy visitors. The English, she vowed, were the most sentimental people alive. It was delightful, she said, to see them sit for hours at table, with their eyes turned towards the busts of Petrarch and Laura, and sighing, while they washed down their repast with bumpers to the memory of the lovers. They (the English) never squabbled about the items in the bill. No! they were too noble-minded for that: they were wholly engrossed by tender recollections. Of the Germans, Russians, Italians, and even of her compatriots, the French, she spoke less kindly. 'Would you believe it, madam, continued she, 'many of them pass this inn—yes, *the* inn—sacred to the memory of Petrarch and Laura, without ever crossing its threshold; and the few who do, draw from their pockets biscuits, and demand only a glass of *eau sucrée*.'"

"A fool and his money"—and so forth, is, we suppose, a proverb which oft suggests itself when the sons of Albion sport their importance far away from their shops. But among these *flush adventurers* there are some irreverent souls, even when supposed to be sentimentalizing at such a shrine as that of the Hotel of Petrarch and Laura; for we read that the eloquent and laudatory hostess was thus interrupted by her better half, he having discovered that two of the visiting party were French:—

"You forget, *ma chère*, when you talk of the English never passing any *mauvaises plaisanteries* on the respectable countenances of Monsieur Petrarch and Madame Laure, the two *mauvais sujets*, that, with a burnt cork, gave a pair of large black mustachios to Madame Laure, and, with a red chalk, made the nose of Monsieur Petrarch redder than a tomato; ay, and gave him a pair of spectacles too. Why, it took me full two hours to get them clean again!"

Those minutely acquainted with the history of the atrocities and sacrifices of the Reign of Terror, will remember the case of the young lady of the Sombreuil family, who performed the horrible but heroic act, as the purchase price of her father's life, of drinking a goblet of blood. When our authoress visited Avignon this lady resided there, her name being Madame de Villume. We read further,—

“ She is wife to the General of that name, and is as remarkable for the exemplary discharge of all the duties of life as of those of her filial ones. She is still strikingly handsome, though her countenance is tinged with a soft melancholy that denotes the recollection of the bitter trials of her youth. Her complexion is peculiarly delicate, her hair fair, and her features small and regular : her manners are dignified and gentle, and her voice soft and sweet. She is exceedingly beloved at Avignon, and universally treated with a respectful deference, that marks the profound admiration which her filial piety has excited. I was told that she shrinks from the slightest allusion to her youthful trials, and cannot bear to look on red wine ; which is never brought into her presence.”

We have been detained too long on the way to Italy to afford anything like a just idea of the riches and beauties which stud this part of a work that has professedly been the chief field as respects the abundance and value of the fair writer's cherished impressions. It requires minds naturally endowed and assiduously cultivated,—tastes purified and exalted, like those of Mr. Reade and Lady Blessington, to render their sketches of objects and scenes in that classic land, which have been so many thousands of times the themes of description, tolerable. But they have done more ; for, by stamping the things spoken of and pictured, they have left a copy of themselves, at the same time drawing from whatever they touched assimilating points to their own original or highly-trained conceptions. The only examples, in as far as the present writer is concerned, that we can further find room for, in illustration of what we have said, will be confined to Naples and its vicinity. The tomb of Virgil is the first subject :—

“ A bay-tree once crowned the tomb ; but the English travellers, as the *custode* informed us, not only stripped it of its branches, but when they had all disappeared, cut the roots, so that no trace of it is left. This desire to possess memorials connected with celebrated persons is a weakness from which few are exempt ; nevertheless, if we analysed the feeling, we should be led to allow that it is puerile to attach value to mere perishable memorials of even a more perishable substance, the human frame ; when we have the emanations of the mind which lent the frame its honour, preserved fresh and unfading as when the immortal spark that dictated them animated its frail tenement of clay. Let us place in our libraries the works of the master spirits of past ages, instead of filling our cabinets with lumber, only prized by some remote association connected with the mortality of those whose writings are immortal. The grav

Englishman, whose name I could not learn, is, by his last desire, ~~okas~~ to the tomb of Virgil, and a more beautiful view than the spot commands it is impossible to imagine. A nameless grave, and particularly in a conspicuous situation, is always an object that awakens melancholy reflections in the mind. It denotes that he whose frame moulders in it was uncheered by the hope—a hope so natural to many—that after he should repose in it, some who loved him would seek his tomb, and read his name with pensive eyes. This return to eternity without leaving a trace behind, indicates a broken spirit which had outlived hope and affection. How many pangs must the human heart have endured, ere it is tutored into this last desire of despair, of dying unknown and unnamed! He could not have been poor, who could pay for a grave in this spot; consequently, it was not poverty that compelled a nameless grave. Whoever may have been the sleeper within it, I gave to his memory a sigh; and to the *custode* an additional fee, for the care bestowed in preserving it from profanation. Another funeral monument, near to that of Virgil, excited less mournful reflections. It is that erected by an English lady to the ashes of her lap-dog! this monument has excited so much animadversion, that it is said it will be removed; and I must confess that I shall not regret its disappearance, for I do not like to see the name of her who raised it, a name honoured in Italy, as appertaining to one who has proved herself a liberal patroness of the arts, and an enlightened amateur of literature and science, exposed to the censures of those—and there are many—who think that she has insulted the ashes of Virgil, by placing those of her canine favourite so near them.”

We read in a note that the lap-dog's monument has been removed.

Our last selection from the *Idler's Italy*, though it be too lengthy for our space, bears upon manners and forms of society to which her Ladyship as frequently applies herself as to the ideal or sentimental flights, some specimens of which we have given. The story is better than being merely amusing; for, when taken with the concluding observations, it is clear, that, on the occasion described, pain and vexation to a keen extent were experienced; and also that similar disappointments and demoralizing infatuation are frequent occurrences in Neapolitan life:—

“A curious incident lately occurred in our immediate neighbourhood. A gentleman who has a villa near this, dreamt that a certain number would be a prize in the lottery. The morning after his dream, which was only a week previous to the drawing of the lottery, he wrote a note to his clerk to desire him to buy the ticket immediately: and subsequently told many of his neighbours and acquaintances of his dream, the number, and of his purchase of the ticket. Being a very popular person, all who heard of the circumstance were anxious that his dream should be realised; and, to their great satisfaction, the number was drawn a very large prize. Forthwith, a numerous party of artizans and peasants, employed by the gentleman in question, sallied forth from Naples, with musical instruments, colours flying, and a banner gaily decorated; on which the lucky number was inscribed, and also the amount of the prize. In this manner they

proceeded to the habitation of Mr.—, and announced the joyful intelligence, which, it is needless to say, spread a general hilarity through the house. This procession was followed by several friends and acquaintances, who came to congratulate the fortunate owner of the prize. Refreshments in abundance were served out on the lawn for the peasants and artizans; and a collation in the *salle-à-manger* was offered to the friends. Sufficient wine of an inferior quality not being in the cellar, the best was copiously supplied, in the generosity occasioned by the good fortune of the host. The health of the winner of the prize was repeatedly drunk; and many suggestions relative to the disposal of a portion of the newly acquired wealth were given. The news spread, and the pleasure grounds of Mr.— became literally filled with visitors of all classes; when, in the midst of the general rejoicings, the clerk who had been a week before deputed to purchase the ticket arrived, with a visage so rueful and woe-begone, that one glance at it announced some disagreeable news. Alas! this unlucky wight had, in the pressure of more than ordinary business, forgotten to buy the ticket! and thought not of it until informed of its having been drawn a prize. The rage and disappointment of Mr. — may be more easily imagined than described, when he saw the wheel of fortune, which had paused at his door, driven to that of another; who, having heard of the dream of Mr. —, selected the number, and became the buyer of the ticket only the day before it was drawn. The refreshments so liberally dispensed on this occasion had quite exhausted the larder of the dreamer, and nearly emptied his cellar: and thus ended the affair of the lottery. Never were people so addicted to this species of gambling as are the Neapolitans. All classes indulge in it, more or less, but the lower ones give way to it with an extraordinary recklessness. Every dream, encounter, incident, or accident, has its own particular sign and number, which may be found in a book published for the instruction of the buyers of tickets, and of which every house has a copy. The death of a friend, however lamented, refers to a particular number, which the mourner forgets not to secure, if it comes in conjunction with some fortunate sign; thus even out of misfortunes and afflictions the Neapolitans seek to draw some recompense. Nor does frequent disappointment seem to correct their eagerness for the lottery. They always discover some satisfactory reason for having missed the prize; and hope to be more fortunate the next time."

ART. IV.—*A Tour in Sweden in 1838; comprising Observations on the Moral, Political, and Economical State of the Swedish Nation.*

By SAMUEL LAING, Esq., Author of "A Journal of a Residence in Norway." London: Longman, Orme, and Co. 1839.

MR. LAING has taken the Scandinavian Peninsula under his special protection. He is the only living English writer, we believe, that has systematically undertaken to give a full and connected account of the present social, moral, and political condition of the Norwegian and Swedish people. And he has done what he proposed well. His "Journal of a Residence in Norway, during the Years 1834-5 and 6," has established his reputation as a pains-taking, sensible,

able, and elegant writer. Unpretending though it be, it possesses the qualities which natural and studiously acquired talents, sound judgment, and a plain and forcible style of writing can impart. Nor will this sequel be found an unsuitable companion. True, the former country, comparatively speaking, is the land of his choice. The Norwegians as a people, and on account of the popular institutions under which the nation is developing itself, have particular attractions for Mr. Laing. There may also be felt in perusing the present work, more of dissertation and less of those interesting minute details than what distinguished the former production. This may no doubt have arisen, not merely from a more protracted residence, and more close and varied inquiry and observation ; it may also be reasonably attributed to a more ripened acquaintance with the whole Scandinavian theme, and the opportunities for that wider speculation which contrasts and comparisons naturally suggest. But we also suspect that Mr. Laing has unconsciously been swayed by a more ambitious feeling of authorship. To be the philosopher or the politician is more flattering than to be the mere chronicler of facts.

Still, we are far from thinking that our author has been led beyond his depth when indulging in speculation about the influences which have produced the existing condition of things in Sweden, or about its prospects and future history. It is his habit to go below the surface ; his intellect is acute, his sagacity strong, his knowledge of first principles, moral and political, is mature ; he is deeply in earnest, not writing for temporary popularity, but for the lasting benefit of mankind ; so that the result is, that his "Tour in Sweden" will engage every ordinary reader, while it is still more calculated to arrest the attention of the statesman, and to instruct the student of political economy.

Mr. Laing is soundly of opinion, that the calm which Europe has been enjoying since the termination of the war that followed the French Revolution, extends over a period that is perhaps the most important in the history of man. New powers, intellectual and physical, have been evoked, new feelings and views have been entertained, and we are still in a transition state. None of the nations, it is true, were further removed from the tremendous convulsion alluded to, than Norway and Sweden ; yet none of the nations have been more permanently affected by it,—Norway by receiving a new and liberal constitution, Sweden by obtaining a new dynasty.

Now the actual condition of each of these so singularly affected countries must present a page of extremely instructive reading. How have the old institutions been altered or modified ? in what stage of forwardness are the middle and labouring classes ? What is it that retards or accelerates their progress ? These and many other great questions, our author has endeavoured to connect, or to indicate how they may be connected, with his facts ; the account

given by him of the existing state of things being, we are satisfied, anxiously honest.

Had he done nothing more than been a faithful reporter of what he has seen and heard in Norway and Sweden, we should have pronounced his volumes to be of great value as furnishing materials not only for contemporary but future historians to work upon, or draw from ; for the mere industry of accumulating facts, affords to men of sound understanding, and enlarged views, the additional means of testing and illustrating past events, as well as elements for successors to build up a stable and correct structure in the dominion of mind. As already hinted, however, Mr. Laing is more than a chronicler ; so that the best thing we now can do, is to afford some means by which our readers may judge of his labours.

In the spring of 1838, our author passed over from his native shores to Hamburgh, on his way to the country which he intended to examine ; nor does he touch at any place without bestowing upon it some remarks, as well as describing some of its most apparent features. Accordingly, having alluded to some things in the exterior of Hamburgh, he goes on to say, that he remembers the city forty years ago, and that it strikes him that it has been very little changed or improved since that time. Around it at half a mile distance all is as still and quiet as if there were not a town, containing 140,000 persons, within a hundred miles ; an anomaly as compared with other cities of like size, which he attributes, in a great measure, to the different effects of capital employed in commerce, and of capital employed in manufactures. He adds, however, that he is wrong in saying that for forty years there has been no improvement ; for by the fiat of the Danish government, there is between Hamburgh and Kiel now an excellent road, a first-rate diligence, and a smart four-in-hand coachman, who drives his passengers over the whole of the way in ten hours, whereas forty years ago, to the distraction of the bones, it took two days. But the fiat of the government, as distinguished from the enterprize and work of the people, calls forth Mr. Laing's accustomed method of doing something more than to keep a record of what he sees :—

“ These are improvements—but they are the work of the government, not of the people. It is the ruling principle of the governments of the continent, at present, to do everything for the people and nothing by them. Roads, diligences, steam-vessels, schools, savings' banks, all, as well as the laws, emanate from, or are controlled by government, and even ordinary branches of private industry, such as mines, iron-founderies, salt-works, are subject to the inspection and regulation of government functionaries, and all trades and handicrafts are exercised under licence. The consequence of this principle of interference in all things, is, that the people remain in a state of pupillage, are trained to an inert dependence on their governments for all things, like that of the soldier on his officer, and do nothing for themselves. They trust to government, not to their own in-

dustry and exertion for every improvement. What the governments do in this enlightened age, is generally well done, and really beneficial to the people ; but the hand of government cannot be applied to their mode of living, their supply of useful articles in their households, their manners, habits, morals, and in short, to all that is most important in their social condition. Improvement in these must proceed from a spirit of improvement among the people themselves ; and this spirit is kept down and extinguished by the principle of the interference of government in all things, even in branches of private industry. I saw here this morning by the side of a new steam-vessel just fitted out by government, or with its permission and privilege, a canoe, not a boat but a canoe, formed apparently out of a hollowed trunk of a large tree, and as a work of art in no respect superior to the Omiak of the Esquimaux, paddled by two women with shovels at the prow and stern, and conveying a party of peasants across the bay. Government may copy the beneficial improvements of other countries, but cannot penetrate beneath the surface, and effect any improvement in the condition of the mass of the people with all its efforts, not even in the most necessary of arts, that of their ordinary transport by water. The canoe exists by the side of the steam-vessel, barbarism by the side of civilised appearances, because government does everything, and allows the people no interest or voice in what is done. The principle and spirit of a government has more influence than its acts upon the well-being and social condition of a country. This principle of doing everything for the people and nothing by them, keeps a nation behind in real civilisation, notwithstanding the external appearance its government may display."

How far these striking remarks are applicable to Ireland, let the reader judge. By the bye, having alluded to the sister isle, we are sure, were Mr. Laing to make it the theatre for his next tour, he might produce a work, as its result, of extraordinary value. His mind and habits appear to us to be of a kind admirably calculated to grapple with such a complicated and arresting subject as that which we have now pointed to.

Copenhagen will not detain us, nor our author's observations concerning the present general condition of the Danish nation. We are on with him to Norway—to Drammen, where he found his favourite people in the midst of rejoicings, at the royal sanction of the Swedish king to use their own national flag in all seas. There had been injustice and serious jealousies on this subject ; but the Norwegians had gained their object ; and their maritime power, as well as other national branches, are flourishing and rapidly advancing. Says Mr. Laing,—“ The Swedish merchant shipping simultaneously resumed their ancient flag, without the Norwegian spot in it. These flags show how the wind sits.”

It was in the month of May that Mr. L. sped through part of Norway towards Sweden ; but before entering the latter country, our agricultural readers will not be displeased with having presented to them the following notices belonging to the former :—

“ The snow was still covering the ground, and sledges driving about in

the first half of this month ; and until grass had grown, and roads become dry, travelling was scarcely practicable. The season for tillage and sowing is so short in this climate, that horses cannot be spared from field labour, and the traveller even with a courier or forbud to order horses, will be detained at every post station for several hours. I made several short excursions in this beautiful neighbourhood. I was surprised to find some implements of husbandry in common use here, which are not generally found even in our best farmed districts. The harrow with spiked rollers is universally used. I also saw a harrow of which every two teeth were in a clump of wood which had an iron eye at each end. Iron rods pass through these eyes, as in connecting two light harrows with us, so that each row of tines plays upon an iron rod, and be the land or rig ever so much heaped up, rounded, or sloping, the whole harrow embraces and acts upon it. There is also a good practice in harrowing, not so common in many parts of Scotland as it ought to be. Instead of dragging round the harrow at the end of each rig, in order to go up the next, by which the earth in the head rigs is accumulated in time like a dam-dyke around a field, they unhook the swingle-trees, turn round the horses only, and hook them on again at the opposite corner of the harrow, using a short stick with a crook at the end, to save stooping to unhook and hook on the swingle-trees. These are not attached to ropes or iron chains by which the horses draw, but by hooks and eyes to light birch poles, which are fastened to the back harness or saddle very simply, by a hole in the other end. It looks as if the horses were working in shafts, but these poles are intended merely to save ropes or chains trailing about the feet of the horses. There are curious savings of rope by birch poles among the country people. I have seen a large boat on the Myosen lake rigged with two shrouds on each side of the mast, which were light birch poles hooked on with swivel hooks and eyes, to the mast and gunwales. In the last dressing of the fields here, after the seed is sown, the fluted roller is in common use. This is a common roller with narrow slips of wood nailed lengthwise upon it, at the distance of half an inch from each other. The field rolled with this implement is crimped into little ridges, like a lady's frill. This is good husbandry. All the benefit of compressing the soil and retaining its moisture is obtained, and also by those little ridges and hollows, although of so trifling a size, shelter and shade are given to the first sprout of the tender plant, which always appears to thrive best under the lee of a clod, stone, or any little elevation. It is an improvement upon the rolling a field into one flat glazed surface, for sun and rain to bake and wash."

Having stepped into Sweden, and got to Carlstadt, our author remarks that the soil is richer, the farming better, and the means of transporting its staple product, timber, superior to what Norway exhibits ; that, in short, there are greater facilities for supporting population. Yet it struck him that there was a wide difference in the condition of the middle and labouring classes, if one is entitled to judge according to outward signs, though each of these signs may appear in itself trifling. The dwelling-houses, as well as out-houses, appeared out of repair, just as if they had not been touched for the last twenty or thirty years ; whereas in Norway there are the sym-

toms of conservation, of good condition and of comfort, the reverse of the Swedish display among the peasantry of a like grade :—

“ My cariole wheels are very much admired wherever I stop ; they are no doubt well made, but are such as in almost every country parish in Norway are made by the wheelwright for two dollars. Bedsteads are universally used in Norway by the poorest people. They are clumsy, to be sure, not unlike a seamen's chest in shape, but still they are moveables having a value as furniture. They are taken out to the green before the door in summer, and washed and scoured, and the rugs or skins forming the bedding are hung out all day, as regularly as bedding on board a ship of war. Here the common people sleep in fixed berths in the wall, one tier above another, as in a ship's cabin. This can neither be so clean nor so decent ; as from the much smaller size of the dwellings, there are not always, as in Norway, separate sleeping apartments for men and women.”

Now there must be causes for dissimilarity in these small but indicative matters. It cannot be owing to an inferior degree of intelligence or education ; for in these respects the Norwegians are still behind the Swedes. To some of the causes, that so injuriously affect the development of industrial and social habits, we shall afterwards call attention. In the meanwhile we go on to notice another significant index of a comparative want of prosperity, with its alleged proximate cause :—

“ The wages of common country labour are much less here than in Norway—the only travellers indeed I met on the road were labourers going to seek work in Norway. If labour sells at a lower price, it is evident that both the labourer, and the persons who live by supplying the labourer, can abstract less of it from the simple necessities to bestow on the gratifications of life. But why are wages less in this richer country ? Here are canals, steam boats, iron works, inland trade, and a great extent of land in cultivation in estates of all sizes, and towns to consume the produce. Why is the supply of labour greater here than the demand, while Norway with few or none of those advantages is under supplied ? I can only conjecture that from the division of property in Norway few are so entirely unconnected with it, and totally destitute, that they must sell their labour at any price. From the want of competition for work at any price, labour is both dear and bad in Norway : while in Sweden there is a greater supply of that class who must live by work, and execute it well to get employment. This is good for the class of employers in Sweden ; but there must be some unseen pressure in the social arrangements of this country upon the lower class, for it is not a natural state of things that where employment is most abundant, wages are lowest and the labouring class worse off.”

Many of the institutions as they obtain in Sweden are antiquated, injurious, and absurd, as compared with the youthful or renovated vigour of the simple and democratic methods of Norway. For example, there is a post-station at every seven or ten miles of our measure, on the highways, which the peasants are obliged, in their

turn, according to regulations as strict as those of the excise with us, to supply with horses for the accommodation of travellers. It is easy to fancy what a burden this must impose upon the rural population, and how it must interfere with the peasant's regular pursuits. The oppression of the system becomes more apparent, when we learn, that "the rate paid for each horse is one-third of a dollar-banco, or about 7*d.* sterling for the Swedish mile, equal to seven English." A penny per mile!—and this though it may be in seed-time or harvest; and in a country too, where the seasons for agricultural work are so short, and vegetation remarkably rapid, rye being, Mr. L. says, in the ear which four weeks before must have been under snow. The oppressive regulation now under consideration, will naturally meet with no cordial submission, by those whom it most seriously affects. But we are told, that "pretty sharp fines, corporal punishment when fines cannot be paid, and a body of functionaries with little to do, little pay, and an interest in fines, keep this system effective." The picture which the imagination may gather out of all this is forbidding, and affords an index to a nation's general condition and slumbering state. What sort of government, what sort of cognate institutions must there be along with this rude and vicious style of posting?

We have more pleasure in inserting the following entry, than the last noticed subject yielded:—

"*Westeraas, June.*—A company of soldiers, as I thought from their appearance, of the foot-guards, marched into the town yesterday, and the captain and six men were billeted upon my landlord. They were remarkably fine looking grenadiers, well dressed in white round jackets with yellow epaulets, and blue trousers, and all their appointments seemed substantial, clean, and soldier-like. The only part of their equipment, perhaps, not altogether as good as in our service, was copper instead of block-tin canteens. The soldier's ration may often contract acidity, which renders a copper vessel for his soup less suitable. These men were well set up, evidently well drilled, and at ease under arms. Their evening parade upon the street before our door struck me very much. After the roll was called and the reports and orders delivered, the commanding-officer called one of the soldiers out of the ranks, it appeared to me without turn or selection, and the whole company taking off their caps at once, this man repeated the Lord's Prayer, after which they all sung a hymn very beautifully, and the parade was dismissed. This morning early, about two o'clock, the company mustered before the door again to march to their next halting place before the heat of the day set in. Between sleeping and waking, I heard the same service repeated—the Lord's Prayer and a morning hymn sung, before they marched off. The service was not hurried over. It lasted from fifteen to twenty minutes, and was gone through as slowly and solemnly as in any religious meeting. This is a remnant of the military practice of the great Gustavus Adolphus, which has been retained in the Swedish army since the thirty years' war."

These soldiers, however, were not of the guards, but merely a company of the *Indeldta* troops, assembling for their summer drillings; a sort of militia who occupy little farms. The establishment is peculiar to Sweden, and owes its origin to Gustavus Adolphus; whose improvements in military tactics, and all the details of warfare, even to the improvement of the matchlock, as well as in civil administration, are matters of remarkable historical detail.

The nature of the *Indeldta* system may be understood from the statement we now quote. Gustavus Adolphus, in 1626,—

“Established a military colony in Livonia, to be in readiness for the defence of his conquests. The peasantry, instead of military contributions and forced recruits or conscripts, had to furnish a fixed number of men, and to provide each soldier with a house, a certain portion of land, assistance of horse-work in ploughing, laying in his fuel, and such fixed matters, dividing the burden among themselves equitably. The soldier had to support himself by his farm, and received no pay unless when called out. This plan of supporting a standing army, although commenced in a conquered country, was found so well adapted to the state of the people in that age when taxes and contributions could produce no money owing to the want of markets, that it began to be adopted at home. Many districts, as matter of favour, begged to be exempt from uncertain military conscription or service, and to be allowed in lieu to support a fixed number of men by giving them land and houses. Each district divided or *indeldt* among the different farms, in proportion to size and value, the burden of furnishing land, houses, and the legally fixed assistance to these military colonists. The system was only experimentally begun by Gustavus, but in 1680 it was fully established by Charles XI., and continues with little alteration to the present day.”

A regular standing force of infantry, cavalry, and seamen is supported in Sweden according to this principle. On Sundays those of each parish are mustered by the under officers, the seamen living in their little farms along the coast.

There have, however, been frequent breaches of the original contract which led to the establishment of such an interesting national force. Charles the Twelfth's large levies called for conscriptions; but similar infractions have taken place when there were no such brilliant results to compensate, in the minds of the people, for the violation, as those which the “madman” could reckon. At the present moment, conscription is enforced: and here we naturally are enabled to present a succinct view of the component parts of the Swedish army, and of its efficiency in the case of war:—

“The Swedish army at the present day consists of three kinds of troops—enlisted soldiers always on pay and duty—*indeldta* soldiers—and the conscription or land defence, of whom a portion are occasionally called out to exercise. The enlisted troops amount to 5900 men, viz., 2200 foot-guards, 1000 horse guards, and 2700 artillery-men. The *indeldta* troops are 26,914 men, viz. 3705 cavalry, and 23,209 infantry; and the

whole army amounts to 32,814 men. The conscription, land defence, or landsturm, can scarcely be reckoned in an estimate of an army as effective force. The whole artillery force of the kingdom appears very trifling, considering that the artillerist cannot be formed like the infantry soldier, in a short and interrupted course of practice. The enlisted troops are always on duty in and about the capital;—and I understand the fine old custom of Gustavus's morning and evening parade is not kept up in this part of the army.

“ For the defence of the country, the married *indeldta* soldier is altogether as effective as the enlisted man in constant service: but for any secondary purpose of modern warfare not involving the safety of the country, this description of soldier is evidently not available at all. Besides the 32,814 men of regular and *indeldta* troops, the land defence is sufficiently organised to make up a total force on paper of 95,518 men—and as the Swedes are a military and brave people, they would, undoubtedly, be able to defend their country against a Russian invasion, if their artillery were in order. An artillery corps of twenty-seven hundred men, in a flat country penetrated by good roads, and with an enemy to be prepared against, of whose force a numerous artillery is a main branch, appears a joke upon the Swedish defensive measures. The whole Swedish army according to official reports, may be concentrated for defence at the following points, in the following times, from receiving marching orders:—At Stockholm, in sixty-one days, or by forced marches in thirty-five, but three fourths of the army in twenty-nine days, or by forced marches in sixteen, and half of the army in twenty-eight days, or by forced marches in sixteen. At Christianstad on the south coast, in eighty-five days, by forced marches in forty-one; but three fourths of the army in thirty-five days, by forced marches in seventeen, and half of the army in twenty-six days, or by forced marches in fourteen. At Wenersberg, at the south end of the Wener lake, and within forty miles of the coast at Gottenburg, in seventy-six days, by forced marches in thirty-nine; but three fourths of the army in twenty-three days, by forced marches in fifteen; and half of the army in twenty-one days, by forced marches in twelve. This gives a lamentable view of the means of defence of the Swedish government against foreign invasion. An enemy lands at once with all his force; and to oppose him it will require from eighty-five to sixty-one days to draw together 32,000 men, and from sixteen to fourteen days to collect even 16,000 at any point on the Baltic coast, from the metropolis southwards. The country to the north of Stockholm is obviously the most exposed to hostile invasion, as it is within a few hours' sail of the coast of another power: yet, in this official document, no notice is taken of the time required to concentrate troops at Gefle, Sundsvald, or any point in that quarter. A rather important element of military movement seems left out of consideration in these official calculations—provisions on routes of sixty or eighty days' march. The country certainly could not feed a single regiment on any road, without some previous arrangement.”

According to this account, the whole of Sweden's disposable moveable force for co-operation in the field with other powers, beyond the Swedish territory, is the 5,900 men always on pay and duty. The *indeldta* soldiers could not be expected to perform the

achievements beyond their native soil, which regularly trained and entirely professional troops who have nothing in the shape of stocked farms to think of, may be prepared to do.

In Stockholm, the royal palace, according to our author's representation, is the first and last object which fixes the traveller's eye. He describes it as a specimen of architecture, unsurpassed for chasteness of style, grandeur, and impressiveness. But it fell vastly in his estimation when he found the groundwork and lower story only were of stone, and that the greater part of the building was of brick and stucco. How often does the same drawback affect us when looking at splendid buildings in the metropolis of England! But the description of the palaces, statues, and parks of the capital of Sweden need not engage us as in any way particularly new or interesting. It is to society and more easily impressed points, or such as have a more direct bearing on passing and future ages, that we turn.

We are told that the population of Stockholm is on the decline, and that rather rapidly, being reckoned in 1830, at 82,621, and in June last at 77,500, while other large towns almost everywhere else are on the increase. On an average of ten years the deaths have exceeded the births by 895 annually. This excess, Mr. L. thinks, may be owing in part to fewer marriages or births than in other towns of the same population; for it cannot be owing to the unwholesomeness of the situation. But why should there be fewer marriages or births? From certain statistical calculations, and personal observations, Mr. L. endeavours to arrive at some approximations to a solution of the anomaly. He says,—

“I have amused myself with endeavouring to ascertain and analyse the component parts of this population, from the best information I could obtain. There are only 2306 persons of the manufacturing class, including their labourers in Stockholm, 781 merchants or wholesale dealers, 1807 retail shopkeepers, 1036 tradesmen of all kinds, employing 1605 journeymen, 2099 apprentices, and 495 other persons, and 721 seamen including shipmasters. This makes a total of 10,819 persons living by the producing or circulating the necessaries or conveniences of life. The consuming class consists of 2794 persons in civil, 4258 in military, 544 in clerical and educational functions: thus 7596 persons living on public pay or office; also 1556 nobles of both sexes who have possibly something to live upon of their own; and 11,461 persons of condition of both sexes, who have property—although of the two latter classes many are, no doubt, already reckoned with those in civil or military service. We have thus 20,613 persons who have means of living, and are the consuming class; 10,819 who live by supplying their wants, and are also a consuming as well as a producing class, and altogether 31,432 persons having visible means of living as capitalists, annuitants, or producers. This leaves 46,068 persons out of the whole population of the town (77,500) who have no capital, income, trade, or fixed means of living. These, of course, are but approximations, but they prove a very great proportion of the population of Stockholm to

be in idleness and want. The cause of the diminishing population is probably in the distress of this class. The demand for labour in a town which is not a manufacturing place, is nearly stationary. The same quantity of labour only is wanted each year; and vacancies are easily filled up at a cheaper and cheaper rate every year, from the new supply flowing in from the country. In this climate, also, seven months of the twelve are cut off for all out-door work for the labouring man. He must earn in five months his current subsistence, and also subsistence, fuel, light, and clothing, for the seven months in which he has no constant work. To save this requires more steadiness and forethought than is found among the labouring class here, and they die not perhaps directly from starvation, but indirectly from the effects of extreme destitution, or of desperate intoxication induced by misery."

Yet there is a prevalence of finery, and there are external signs of luxury, if the population of the city is to be judged of according to the appearances of the people in the streets. But the Swede has a remarkable fondness for dress; while Stockholm, being a small city, and yet the seat of a court, contains many people who have elegance and ease about them, who, in other countries and in a like station of life, would have an inferior aspect and bearing. The functionaries too, and the officials, will be comparatively numerous, with their trappings and tawdry displays. At any rate statistical facts, it is maintained, are demonstrative of the doctrine as already stated.

To a circumstance not yet mentioned, which must seriously affect the industry and prosperity of the Swedish nation, we now, as guided by Mr. Laing, call the reader's attention. Over most of the Continent, but nowhere, it appears, so strictly and fixedly as in the country immediately under consideration, is every trade and branch of industry, with, perhaps, the exception of common labour in husbandry, exercised by privilege,—a tax being paid to government by the tradesman and other regulations enforced according to the principles of old institutions, as they arose in feudal times. How grievous would such restrictions, monopolies, and taxations be felt in Britain? But then her territorial and maritime advantages over many countries in Europe, for competition and industry, are peculiar, far more indeed than over Sweden, where the regulations in question are carried to the extremest pitch. "To plane a board," says Mr. Laing, "is the work of two men, one shoving the plane from him, the other drawing it to him." "To cross-cut a piece of wood of eighteen or twenty inches of diameter, is done with us with a hand-saw, by one man, who holds the wood fast with his left hand, or with his knees. Here, it is a job for two men with a two-handed saw, and often a third is attending to hold the piece of wood steady." The working of this system upon national wealth, when waste of time, inferiority of workmanship, and obstacles to enterprise are considered, is no doubt disastrous. Our author furnishes

illustrations, not merely by the special case he describes, but by the list of manufactures permitted in one year.

"A person had ordered a still to be made by a copper-smith on some particular plan. The brass cocks and fittings had, of course, to be cast and adjusted to the machine, as one of the most essential of its parts. But a coppersmith is not entitled to cast metal; that belongs to the corporation of girdlers (the girdle is a flat plate of cast-iron, for baking oat cakes upon); and the coppersmith was prosecuted for unlawfully exercising a trade belonging to another class of tradesmen. It was in vain that he urged the necessity of a workman completing within his own workshop all the parts of a machine, proportioning their dimensions to each other, and fitting them so as to work together: it was a breach of the corporation law, and he was fined. In Sweden, from its isolated position, and political division into classes, this system is in considerable vigour. With us, everything is lawful that law does not prohibit; here the maxim appears to be, that nothing is lawful but what law permits. Where law is silent, special permission from government is held to be necessary, even to exercise any of the numerous branches of industry which have come into existence since the simpler trades were incorporated. The following is a list of the different manufactories for which the royal permission was obtained in one year, from 1835 to 1836. It gives a curious picture of the state of industry in the Swedish nation under this restrictive system:—Two of ribbons; one of children's toys; one of gilding; one of lace-making; nine of cotton and linen spinning; eight of cotton cloth; one of cigars; one of chemical apparatus; two of composition or gypsum; one of cloth dressing; three of eau de Cologne; sixteen of colours; forty-two of tanning leather; one of glass; one of guitars; three of hats; twenty-three of weaving; one of musical instruments; two of baskets; three of playing cards; two of varnish; one of varnished leather; one of lint dressing; two of machines; two of iron work; two of oil; seven of paper; one of umbrellas; four of potash; one of porcelain painting; thirteen of ropes; three of Turkey leather; one of sail cloth; eight of silk; one of sieves; one of ship building; nine of joiner's work; two of candles; twelve of carpets; twenty of snuff and tobacco; one of stained leather; ten of mirrors; six of stockings; two of spun tobacco; one of weights and measures; four of soap; ten of coaches; four of wax candles; two of wax cloth; eleven of vinegar; one for shearing cloth; one of coarse cloth from wool tegs; one of wool cards; one for pottery; one of smoothing irons; five for refining sugar; eighteen for making watches. Of these manufactories, many are evidently but workshops of single tradesmen, who have taken out a license or permission to work at their trades; for at the end of the year 1836, the total number of manufactories in Sweden, which was 2049, employed only 14,223 workmen; which was less than 7 workmen for each factory. Admitting these establishments to be all new, and not merely a succession of new masters to concerns formerly existing, it is but a sorry list of a whole year's industrial enterprise in a whole nation. The restrictive system is evidently incompatible with national wealth and industry, and with the progress or perfection of the useful arts, of those which add to conveniences and comforts of civilised life. It gives, on the other

hand, a certain amount of ease and comfort to the classes which enjoy its benefit—the middle and working classes—secures them from the pressure of unrestricted population upon the wages of labour, gives them a property in their acquired skill, which secures a subsistence, and undoubtedly keeps them in a happier and more equal, although lower condition than the same classes with us. It prevents the accumulation of a mass of population sunk in misery, such as we see in our manufacturing towns, even in times of general prosperity, from the numbers bred to particular employments exceeding the demands of society for their kind of work. It endeavours to hold a proportion between population and employment.”

A subject of vital and paramount importance, the moral, or rather, the demoralized condition of the Swedish nation, occupies our author; his statistical statements, his glances at a variety of operative circumstances, interwoven as some of them are with established usages, his speculations and inferences, going to a very considerable length in his work. But we shall not enter into the chapter which is thus occupied further than to quote a summary of the alleged facts, which certainly look like a singular exception in moral statistics. Mr. L. says, “the Swedish nation, isolated from the mass of the European people, and almost entirely agricultural or pastoral, having in about 3,000,000 of individuals only 14,925 employed in manufactories, and these not congregated in one or two places, but scattered among 2037 factories; having no great standing army or navy; no extended commerce; no afflux of strangers; no considerable city but one; and having schools and universities in a fair proportion, and a powerful and complete church establishment undisturbed in its labours by sect or schism; is, notwithstanding, in a more demoralized state than any nation in Europe—more demoralized even than any equal portion of the dense manufacturing population of Great Britain.” This is an astounding account, which it behoves legislators and philanthropists closely to examine. We shall now only tack to it some particulars in regard to the education, the ecclesiastical institutions, and the religion of the country.

Along with all this alleged crime and demoralization, our author represents that the constant diffusion of education and religious knowledge is, in Sweden, not only general and systematic, but that it has perhaps attained to the very utmost practicable extent. All can read, almost all write, and no individual is without instruction in the doctrines of Christianity. “The obligation by law on every adult person to be able to read the Scriptures, and give proof of Christian knowledge, before being admitted to the communion table, and of having taken the communion before being admitted to marry, or exercise any act of majority,” must be held as proofs of wide-spread tuition. The clergy are very numerous, and form a highly educated body. Still the moral anomaly already pointed out is said to exist.

If, however, the inferior and middle orders of the people be, comparatively with the inhabitants of other countries, more generally instructed at school and by the clergy, the nobility, who are extremely numerous, are said to be far otherwise ; and to them much of the immorality of Sweden is attributed. Then the Church is a very burdensome establishment ; while both pastors and people, says Mr. Laing,—

“ Appear to me to view Christianity altogether in a different light from that in which we view it. It is a different species of religion here. This is a subject on which I give my impressions with reluctance, from the difficulty of explaining them. The Swedish clergy are, beyond doubt, a highly educated body of theologians. The people also are educated, up to a certain point ; which is, that of being able to read, and give proof of understanding the church catechism so well as to be entitled to confirmation, and to be received as communicants. Here the working of the establishment on the people seems to stop. A careful attendance upon all the ceremonials of the church ; the saints' days or prayer days, or church festival days ; the high mass ; the forms of baptisms, churchings, sacraments, funerals ; the decorations of the church and altar, and of the priest's robes ; the Easter offerings, Christmas offerings, and such observances—appear to stand in the place of all mental exertion or application, on their part, in religious matters, after they have once, if I may use the expression without offence, taken out their diploma as Christians, by the rite of confirmation, and by receiving their first communion. Religion seems to rest here. Whoever well attends to the course of conversation among our middle and lower classes at the present day will hear a great deal of religious discussion and argument, which, whether to the purpose or not, have the use at least of unfolding and invigorating the mental powers and spirit of inquiry. Here, if by any chance a religious subject is started in the conversation of the same classes, it is—how well, or how ill, pastor A. masses (that is, chants high mass) ; how solemnly pastor B. performed such a service ; how grand this church, or that altar, looked ; the sermon you never hear discussed among them at all.”

We shall not venture upon assertion regarding even Mr. Laing's adequacy of estimating a people's religious sentiments, when the standard may be different with them from what he has set up ; but quote an anecdote of a dignitary of the Lutheran—the Swedish Church. At Hernosand,—

“ The bishop of the diocese, the most northern bishopric in Sweden, has his residence here. He was a passenger in our vessel ; and in all the places we touched at, the people showed a respect and interest which only a good man in any station could receive ; for it was voluntary, and from all ranks of people, not merely from the clergy who came to wait on him. Bishop Frantzen is one of the most distinguished poets this country has produced. He asked me to pay him a visit on my way back. I wonder if ever an English bishop asked a Swedish traveller whom he met in a team-boat, to visit him ? Yet in talent and social influence, our bench bishops can certainly produce no individual equal to the Bishop of ernosand.”

The range which Mr. Laing's work has embraced, of course has led him to dwell upon many points of national and universal interest, which we cannot be able to name. For example, his views regarding the Swedish, Norwegian, and Danish languages, the language of the Saga, and his doubts of the value of the traditions derived from the latter as a picture of the ages they describe, are matters which admit of much discussion. We confess that we have not discovered evidences in the present volume of any deep acquaintance with the antiquities of the Northmen. But passing from ancient to modern times, and to newspaper literature, we quote what is said, in general terms, of Swedish and Norwegian talent, as therein displayed :—

“ With regard to editorial talent, these Swedish newspapers on both sides appear to me not equal to the Norwegian. The political events of other countries are not so clearly and sharply brought out ; nor do any of their leading articles, or editorial observations, show such extensive or correct knowledge of the history, statistics, literature, and laws of other countries, as those of the *Morgenblad* and *Constitutionelle* ; but there is much more tact in selecting amusing matter, provincial news, new anecdote, and much more wit, lively writing, and grace of style. They are written for different kinds of readers—the Swedish, for a public, like our own newspaper readers, living in a metropolis, and with a taste refined and more cultivated than their judgment, and a craving for amusement ;—the Norwegian, for circulation in the country among people of higher education, such as clergymen, and who require more solid matter. The perfect freedom of the press also in the one country, and the dangerous position of the editor in the other, with fines and imprisonment before his eyes for undefined transgressions, or for opinions uttered in perfect innocence of evil intention, make the exertion of talent and mental power very different, and by no means in proportion to the real abilities of the individuals writing under such different circumstances.”

The last chapter in this work,—a work so different in its matter and manner from the majority of those by tourists which have inundated the press of late years, consisting as these do of descriptions of romantic scenery, or of the master-pieces of art, or of adventure, in classic countries, in great or remote empires and climes,—is devoted to the question, “ Will the Dynasty of Vasa or of Bernadotte finally prevail ?” By the manner in which Mr. Laing discusses this question, and every point to which he addresses himself, he furnishes matter which we are persuaded will throw light upon the condition of the Swedish people, their ancient institutions, laws, and governments, that will be perused when the fashionable and flimsy publications to which we have referred will be wholly forgotten.

With regard to the question concerning the two dynasties alluded to, his opinion is that that of Bernadotte can scarcely hope to hold the two crowns, viz., those of Norway and Sweden, the liberal interests being alienated, the conservation or legitima-

hostile. But the different lines of policy which he points out as suitable for each of two great nations on this head, would lead us to anticipate a severer struggle than the question can ever occasion, so long as the opposing parties over whom Bernadotte at present rules are alone engaged. Mr. Laing says :—

“ For Russia there is a clear political expediency both in the union of the two Crowns, and in the two being retained by the Bernadotte dynasty : and this is its true palladium. It is the interest of Russia to support on the Swedish throne that dynasty of which the rights are the most questionable, and which must consequently, in every political crisis, act according to her spirit and wish. Sweden would not be so helpful to Russia as a province incorporated in the empire, as in her apparent, and in courtesy unchallengeable, independence as an European power, yet, on every European question which may arise, in the real dependence in which her government must of necessity stand, while a native dynasty, with claims incontrovertibly superior to that on the throne, may be brought forward on any umbrage. The existence and application of this regulating check-pin in Swedish affairs, and the use made of this influence by the great legitimate powers in their political relations, have already been of great importance in the European system.”

Again :—

“ The policy of England, and of all the European powers, excepting Russia, appears to be equity—the placing each of these two royal dynasties upon that throne to which, upon every principle, legitimate or liberal, it has indisputable right—the Vasa on the Swedish—the Bernadotte on the Norwegian—merely guaranteeing, for the sake of humanity, a perpetual state of peace between these two small nations. If Finland, with its Gibraltar, Sweaburg, and the archipelago of the Aland isles, was an European bulwark against the advance of Russia in this quarter, its easy conquest shows that its defenders were unequal to their post, and unfit to be intrusted with an European bulwark. The next position of defence in this quarter, for European interests, is on the other side of Sweden, on the Norwegian field. If it be an object of European policy to keep Russia from the coasts of the ocean, the stand must be made in Norway, and by defenders of a different *morale* from those who lost Finland—by the Norwegians themselves. Of the two nations, the Norwegian, although the least numerous, is the most powerful, from the perfect union of all in its social structure; having in it no division of classes with unequal or different interests to defend, no corrupt body of nobility distinct from the people they command in feelings and advantages, no puppet-show court establishment to support; and from occupying the mountains and ravines, and being used to the fatigue, privation, and bodily exertion of the mountaineer life, to which the peasant of the flat country is unequal. The Norwegians are also sincerely attached to the dynasty of Bernadotte, because it alone is identified with that to which they are still more attached, their constitutional and national independence.”

We shall not interfere with this nicely adjusted arrangement, but

conclude with part of the concluding paragraph of Mr. Laing's very able, earnestly written, and really instructive work :—

“ The cause of reform in church and state is the cause of morality all the world over. The laws, institutions, and spirit of government of the dark and barbarous middle ages, are not suited to that stage of civilization which the European people have attained through the diffusion of knowledge by the press, of new tastes and habits by the intercourse with the tropical countries, and of enlightened ideas of religion and morality by the effects of the Reformation. These three great agents are but now beginning to work effectually in human affairs. Society in the present age is on the eve of a mighty change—is in the act of transition from a lower to a higher state ; and human powers—a Swedish King, a Russian Emperor, or an alliance, holy or unholy, of all earthly potentates—can no more arrest its progress, than they can prevent the transition of the living generation to another state of being. Where they attempt it by resisting reforms in church or state, and adhering to laws and social arrangements unsuitable to the intelligence and civilization of the age, we see in Sweden the result—a social demoralization for the time, aggravated rather than healed by the establishments for national education and religion.”

ART. V.—*The Art of Painting in Oil, and in Fresco.* Translated from the Original French Treatise of M. J. F. L. Mérimée, Secretary to the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, in Paris. With Original Observations, by W. B. Sarsfield Taylor, Senior Curator of the Living Model Academy, &c. &c. London : Whittaker and Co. 1839.

MR. TAYLOR informs us, that this translation is the result of a suggestion made to him by Sir David Wilkie, Mr. Etty, and other eminent members of the Royal Academy ; these gentlemen being themselves well acquainted with the original, and appreciating it highly as a practical work, that may be of the greatest service not only to artists, but to amateurs, collectors, and the guardians of galleries. The knowledge that such a valuable treatise was in existence, much more an acquaintance with its contents, has been confined to a very few individuals, we believe, in this country ; and therefore the translator's labours, as they appear now before us, must be regarded as an important contribution to the domain of painting ; especially as he has had the benefit of consultations with members of the Academy on every technical point in the language of art, where any doubt or difficulty occurred. The fact is that the translation has been dedicated to that society with its sanction, and may therefore be said to bear the stamp of its high recommendation, not merely on account of its intrinsic value, but of its English dress.

That its intrinsic value is of no mean order may be inferred from the fact, that the Royal Institute of France thought it becoming

to appoint a Commission to examine the manuscript of M. Mérimée—the Chairman being M. Q. de Quincy ; and to report on it to the Academy of Fine Arts in Paris. Extracts of that report are prefixed to the present translation, from which the approval of that learned and scientific body appears to be strong and unqualified.

M. Mérimée, we are told, is not only a painter of considerable skill and practical knowledge, and well read in history, but is possessed of extensive experience as a chemist, each of which branches will immediately appear, even to those least acquainted with the art of which he treats, to fall within the limits of his subject. Of that subject, of the difficulty of doing it justice, of the ability with which the task has been executed, and of the services which the performance may and undoubtedly will confer towards the progress and advancement of oil painting, the following account and a few extracts will afford some idea ; that account, in so far as we are concerned, being only some abridgments, neither our practical nor theoretical knowledge of painting or chemistry authorizing us to do more than what we have now proposed.

The professed and closely pursued design of the author is to give a history of the various processes and materials employed by the professors and masters of the art of painting in oil, from the time of the brothers, Herbert and John Van Eyck, down to the present day. Every one is aware that the colours and even the materials upon which the colours are laid, are far less durable in pictures of comparatively late execution than in very many much more ancient. M.M. says, that the works of Hubert and John Van Eyck, with others of the same period, but by different artists, are now in a better state of preservation than the greater number of those painted in the last century. He supposes that the processes used in the former, having only been transmitted down by tradition, have not reached our time perfectly pure ; and shows that the pictures that even now surprise us by their brilliancy, after a lapse of three centuries, have not been painted with the same combination of materials as those which we see evidently impaired, though not painted one-fourth part of that period.

Now, he continues, if it were possible to discover a manuscript of Van Eyck upon the preparation and application of colours, would not the announcement and the book be received with greediness ? Still the discovery is not likely to be made. Well, but is there no other way of arriving at the same valuable and much desired information ? The writer thinks there is ; and he has in the work before us, first-rate judges think so, come very near to the thing longed for, and done much to point out the way in which others may go farther. He has proceeded with great patience, and at the expense of prolonged and diversified labours, to examine what were the primitive processes in the preparation and blending of

colours and substances, and the modes of laying them on, by consulting carefully the earlier treatises on the art of painting, and by attentive observation and tests applied to those ancient works, which have best resisted the numerous causes of decay to which such works are liable.

In the Report of the Institute of France, it is stated that "the precepts which the author has collected, extended, and developed, with the judicious advice he has offered, are not so much intended to teach this art, as to lay before the artist the proper materials for painting, and how to make pictures durable." His discoveries and instructions also go to inform the artist how he may faithfully copy the works of the ancient masters. In his preface, he says,—

"When a pupil of the French school has attained that degree of experience which gives him a fair chance of gaining the first prize in the class of painting, there can be no doubt of his capability to make a copy from any picture of his master. Let him then be directed to copy a first-rate picture of the Flemish or Venetian schools, and I am quite sure he will encounter difficulties which he will be unable to surmount, should he not have been made acquainted with the process used by the colourist whom he wishes to imitate; but if these processes have been shown to him, and if he have been taught the process for increasing the brilliancy and transparency of his colour, and how to preserve those fine qualities, or to recover them after he may have lost them; a practical knowledge of those methods may soon be acquired by a young painter, whose eye and hand have already attained to a high degree of correctness and facility; with such instruction he may then set about to copy a picture of Rubens, Rembrandt, Titian, and Vandyke, without experiencing any greater difficulties than he would find in copying a work of his own master."

The necessity which the artist feels of knowing the nature and fitness of the colours he employs, the manner of blending and tempering them, and the artifices which colourmen too often resort to, by which many good pictures have suffered greatly, are points which engage the author's particular attention. The old painters, he tells us, either prepared the colours themselves, or else had them prepared under their immediate inspection, as well as the oils and varnishes which they used. This was the business of the pupils at the commencement of their agreement; so that before they began to handle the pencil, they had acquired a knowledge of all that was most proper to give pictures durability. But from the time that the preparation of the materials became exclusively the business of traders, whose interests were different from those of the artists, a rapid change to the worse took place.

It will therefore be manifest that a work in which are detected and described the methods employed by the old painters, and in which also are detailed the materials and processes by which these methods may be imitated and followed, must deserve the highest commendation, and lend the greatest service to art.

With respect to the methods of the older masters of the Venetian and Flemish schools, the result of the investigation is, that they did not paint as moderns do, with pure oils, but that they tempered their colours with varnishes. This subject is treated of in the first chapter, which contains the historical inquiry as to the various methods that have been used in oil painting. He holds, in opposition to Theophilus and Cennino Cennini, that Van Eyck was the inventor of the process :—

“ For a long series of years it has been the general opinion, that John Van Eyck was the original discoverer of painting in oil. Some learned men have, however, maintained that this art was practised long before the era in which that painter lived. But supposing that they could demonstrate the truth of their assertions, still we are not bound to conclude that Van Eyck had any knowledge of whatever attempts may have been made in that way before his time ; and he cannot be deprived of the merit attached to a discovery like this, so important to the arts.

“ One thing, however, is quite clear ; which is, that, in the time of Van Eyck, the arts had made such progress, that the discovery of painting in oil could not have been much longer delayed. This event was in some degree inevitable ; and it is surprising that the invention did not take place at the same time, in all those countries where the arts were successfully cultivated. At that period the artists all painted in distemper, or, as it is commonly termed, ‘ body colours ;’ and they afterwards coated their pictures with varnish, which communicated a transparency and brightness to the colours, defending them, at the same time, against the injurious action of the atmosphere.

“ The idea of mixing the colours, in the first instance, with varnish, is sufficiently obvious, not to have suggested itself to the human mind ; and it is not unlikely that some artists had already attempted to make it available ; but many difficulties were to be surmounted ere a novel method could be fairly substituted for that of distemper, to which they were habituated ; the artists, in fact, not having the requisite information or knowledge of the means by which their efforts might have been successful.

“ The varnish in use at that period was of an oily and very viscous nature ; nor did the practitioners know how to render it sufficiently fluid to mix well with the colours, and thereby render them equally manageable as they are in distemper. Besides this, we know that there is a great diversity in the action of the oil on various colours ; some of them, for instance, massicot, white lead, and raw umber, give a drying quality to the oils, whilst others, such as lakes, animal charcoal, and bituminous earths, produce quite the contrary effect. The artists of that time, moreover, had not the methods of preparing the oils so as to obviate these difficulties, and to cause the drying process to be carried on equally and expeditiously with all the colours at the same time.

“ Van Eyck, it appears, was the first to discover a remedy for these defects ; and if he may not be allowed the honour due to an original discoverer, he cannot be denied the merit of having carried the preparation and use of colours to a degree of perfection which has never been

surpassed, and to which indeed we have, even now, scarcely arrived, notwithstanding the great advancement of scientific knowledge since that era. In fact, his pictures are in a higher state of preservation than the greater part of those which have been painted two centuries later than his time."

In the translator's "Original Observations" appended to the volume, in which he traces rapidly the rise and progress of British art, we find the following remarks on the subject of the above extract. Mr. Taylor is speaking of a portrait of Richard the Second, at Wilton, in which the king is represented with a crown on his head, and all the insignia of royalty about him, and says,—

"This picture was, until lately, firmly believed to be painted in oil colours, but I have it from unquestionably authority, that such is not the fact: it is painted, as the portraits of that day were, in water colours prepared with size, or what are now denominated 'body colours,' laid on, with a full pencil, upon a gold ground, and then highly varnished with hard varnish. The drawing is good for that age: it is marked at the back 1377, the year in which this sovereign commenced his reign. The ornaments are carefully painted, and the gold ground is left in some places, to aid their effect.

"This picture has been brought forward as one of the evidences in support of an opinion that has existed for more than a century, namely, that painting in oil was known in this country previous to the time the Van Eycks are said to have discovered or invented that process; but it appears certain that this picture is painted in sized colours, and coated with hard varnish.

"In what material the apostles were painted, which Edward of Westminster was ordered, by writ the 34th of Henry III. to paint on the walls of St. Stephen's Cnapel, we have no information, and unfortunately they have long been destroyed by fire.

"In Walpole's anecdotes of painting, &c. mention is made of some other specimens, one of which is on panel, and was an altar piece at Sheen. It is in oil, and represents Henry V., his queen, attendants, &c., and St. George combating in the air with a terrible looking dragon. This piece is in oil, but he believes it to have been painted in the reign of Henry VI. or VII."

Still there is no reason to suppose that Van Eyck was aware of such solitary instances; and therefore his merit is not affected by them. In illustration of the pains and the methods which M. Mérimée has taken to satisfy himself, the short paragraphs which we now quote may be given:—

"The most certain way of recovering the primitive process, is doubtless that of examining with attention the earliest pictures in oil, and by consulting persons who are habitually engaged in restoring them. We learn from these researches, that the colour of those pictures which belong to the first epoch of oil painting, are mostly of a harder body than those of

a later date ; that they resist dissolvents much better ; and that, if rubbed with a file, they show underneath a shining appearance, resembling that of a picture painted in varnish. It is easy to ascertain the truth of these observations ; and when there is no longer any doubt on this point, we may fairly conclude that the colours of those pictures have not been simply used with pure oil, as those of our days, but with a mixture of varnish, of which some would be found to be of that description which we call 'hard varnish.'

"By far the greater number of pictures painted from the beginning to the end of the sixteenth century are painted on wood ; their panels are primed with a couch of prepared plaster of Paris, well ground, and incorporated with animal gluten,—a preparation similar to that used by wood-gilders. This surface was then brushed over with boiled oil, to prevent the very rapid absorption of the colours, an accident which would impede the free motion of the pencils, and render the working of them more difficult.

"There is, at Florence, a picture by Leonarda da Vinci, and also another by Fra Bartolomeo, which are merely dead-coloured ; the outlines are drawn with the pencil, and the shadows afterwards washed in, like a drawing in bistre, with a brown colour, which is found to be bitumen. The method of laying in the picture with a kind of wash of a single tint was, I have no doubt, the practice of Van Eyck, as it was constantly followed by the chief painters of the Roman and Florentine schools.—P. Perugino, Raffael, da Vinci, and F. Bartolomeo ; and entirely by the school of the Low Countries, where the primitive method would most likely be preserved for a long period.

"This method, which habituates the eye to transparency, and seems on that account more agreeable to colourists, was not yet practised in the Venetian school, except, perhaps, by the first of them who commenced painting in oil.

"Titian, and his immediate followers, laid in their pictures with a body of solid colour. They had, no doubt, ascertained that they could obtain the same degree of transparency by glazing upon their work afterwards. This method also gave them the advantage of making all the changes that might suggest themselves as they proceeded. Corregio, and the painters of his school, also commenced their pictures with a full body of colour, and often in a gray tone of simple black and white.

"Those who adopted this method were rather careless as to grounds upon which they painted. There are, for instance, many pictures of Titian painted upon a red ground ; generally, they are painted upon distemper grounds, made of plaster of Paris and glue.

"The extensive use made of glazing by the Flemish and Venetian schools would go far to prove that they employed a great deal of varnish with their colours. This glazing is remarkable for the uniformity of its tint, and is scarcely observable, except upon close inspection ; but it would be quite impossible to produce the same effect with colours incorporated with our drying oils.

"Titian, Corregio, and F. Bartolomeo, are the painters who have made the greatest use of glazing. I have not yet seen a picture of Titian which is not glazed from one end to the other, even in the brightest parts ; and if occasionally we see some parts without it, yet upon a close inspection

we shall find that it is because the glaze has been carried off in the cleaning.

“ Yet we should be awake to the inconveniences resulting from an excessive use of glazing, or from its being done improperly. For it does sometimes happen, that pictures which come from the easel with great brilliancy, become quite altered in a few years: this was not overlooked by the colourists of the second age. They only glazed those parts which, from their natural colour and tone, had nothing to fear from the bistre-like tint which they must acquire in time.

“ Thus Titian and P. Veronese laid in their pictures with solid colour, and very often painted on cloth primed in distemper; but in the latter case they laid their sketches on with water-colours.

“ This very expeditious process, which ought to lead from distemper to oil painting, is described by Leonarda da Vinci. I have seen several pictures produced in this manner, which evidently belong to the period when painting in distemper had, in some degree, been given up. I am astonished that no person of our school has ever tried this method; but I shall endeavour to show the advantages derivable from it.”

The second chapter treats of Varnishes, of the different substances which enter into their composition, and of the methods of preparing those that are most proper for painting. The third chapter, is on the use of varnish with the colours, on glazing, the effects of air and light upon oils and resinous substances, and the causes of pictures becoming cracked and the methods of preventing that evil. The fourth chapter occupies a large proportion of the work, and belongs properly to what may be called the chemistry of painting. It is on the preparation of colours; and in the report of the Institute these words are used,—“ We can bear ample testimony to the extensive and accurate knowledge of M. Mérimée, who, it is evident, has selected with judgment, from amongst a heap of preparations and receipts, those which he found approach nearest to the simplicity of nature. For it is a remarkable fact, that the most permanent class of colours are those which have been the slowest of creation in nature’s laboratory.”

The fifth chapter has for its subject the preparation and priming of panels, canvasses, and walls. This, says the Institute’s report, is one of the most useful parts of the work; for the methods pointed out, all tend to the preservation of the colours, and the durability of the pictures. The sixth chapter, on the preservation of pictures and the methods used for restoring them, contains an account of the various injurious modes in use, for the purpose of giving paintings, as it is pretended, a new existence. In reference to this account the translator thinks, that, independently of the instructions which it conveys to artists, it will be found eminently useful to gentlemen who possess valuable collections or pictures, by enabling them to superintend the restoration of them; or at least the possessors of such fine works will be placed more on their guard against the practices of ignorant picture-dealers, who do

mischief to the noblest works of art. This chapter commences in the following manner :—

“ I have already mentioned the influence that light and air have upon colours, oils, and varnishes. There are very few colours that will not be greatly changed by the direct and continued action of light; therefore pictures must not be exposed, except for a short time, to the action of the sun's rays. —

“ It is equally true that the oils and fatty substances take a yellowish tone, more or less dense in proportion as they are placed in the shade, and in situations where the air is bad. Hence it is obvious, that the best situations for preserving pictures are well ventilated halls, lighted from a northern aspect.

“ The varnish also with which such works are covered, assumes a yellowish tone, and loses its transparency in a longer or shorter period. When this goes so far as to injure instead of serving the picture, it must be removed, and another substituted for it,—an operation of little difficulty if the varnish is of the ordinary kind, composed of mastic dissolved in oil of turpentine. But some artists having employed oily varnish, such as copal for instance, it becomes a difficulty to remove it; yet in every case, even where the softer varnish is to be removed, great caution must be used to prevent injury to the glazing.”

Then comes a detail of the methods to be adopted to restore paintings when the varnish only has been affected,—when the canvass has become decayed and rotten,—when the joints of the panels are open and the colour ready to fall off, a condition which one unacquainted with the business would suppose to be past all cure, but, according to M. Mérimée, it is not; nay, even the removal of a picture from a wall, and when cement has to be removed, the process of restoring is practicable. The chapter concludes in these terms :—

“ But of all the accidents to be met with in the process of restoring pictures, to remedy the cracks presents the greatest difficulty, and the restoration is not often practicable when the cracks take place in very old pictures. The parts so separated cannot be brought together: filling up the spaces with colour is all that can be done; but if the picture has only been painted a few years, and not thoroughly dry, it is possible to bring the separated parts together. For this purpose it will be sufficient to remove the varnish entirely, and lay the picture quite flat: in time the parts will dilate, and finally unite so well that the cracks will totally disappear.

“ From the above it is pretty clear, that it is running a great risk for any one to attempt cleaning a picture who has not had good experience of the proper methods to be used. It would, no doubt, be better that a clever painter should perform these operations with care, since he would best understand the merit and value of the work; but previously to undertaking such a task, he should make trials upon a sort of pictures, that if he spoiled them it would not be regretted; and whatever success

he might have, he should not believe, that he could succeed in all cases; for those who have occupied themselves for many years in such restorations should not flatter themselves with the notion that they have overcome all the difficulties. They should always cautiously proceed to try some of the unimportant parts of the picture, and adopt that process of cleaning which they find most desirable."

The seventh chapter is devoted to a theory of colouring, as applied to the harmony of colouring, with a chromatic scale. The Institute says of this part of the work, that "after having clearly established this theory, which is founded upon the natural properties of colours, the author proceeds to develop the principles of harmony as applicable in painting, and in so doing he places them upon their natural relations to each other." The translator offers the following observations in the introduction upon the same:—

"The chapter on colouring, and on the harmony of colours, is one of very high interest to colourists. It lays down the principles of harmony, and explains the causes of discords in painting, with accuracy so far as those principles are known amongst French artists. With us these are not new, but are corroborative of the principles deduced long since in this country, from the experiments of Newton on light, which gave rise to the first chromatic scale, as applicable to painting; which scale was composed by Moses Harris, in 1776, as our readers will see in the 'Original Observations,' at the close of this work: so that we had the precedence in that respect by above fifty-four years, and yet it is curious that Harris's chromatic scale, which was published at the time specified, in his 'Natural System of Colours,' seems to have been very little known in London, the very place where he published it; and it was almost forgotten, until Mr. Phillips, R.A., introduced it in his course of lectures at the Royal Academy, about twelve years ago. The reasons given in explanation of what are the causes of harmony in colouring are more profound and philosophic in the art of Mr. Harris than in that of M. Mérimée, although their general principles agree."

The eighth chapter is on Fresco painting, which the Institute asserts is one of great usefulness, whether considered in reference to the employment of this process of late years, or as to its great importance during several ages, concurrently with the art of painting in oil. Mr. Taylor regards the information in this chapter as being altogether new in this country, and likely to prove an acquisition to our artists in time, if the nobility, and men of influence and fortune, or the directors of public works, make the demand. An extract or two relative to this splendid art, which it is thought might stand the influence of our climate, if employed for interior decoration, will therefore be acceptable to our readers:—

"Fresco is the art of painting in size colour upon a fresh plaister ground. The name is derived from the Italians, who call it *dipingere in fresco*, in contradistinction to the *dipingere in secco*.

“ It is well known that lime mixed with sand in certain proportions acquires a solidity from exposure to the air, and a hardness equal to stone. If a couch of finely-prepared colour is laid upon the fresh surface of this composition, it unites with these materials, and becomes as hard as the cement.

“ The great durability of this species of painting has been somewhat exaggerated. In proof of its great durableness, many frescos are pointed out, which have been painted many centuries; but there are others of much more recent date, that have not equally well resisted the causes of deterioration.

“ Besides, we are not quite certain that the frescos discovered amongst the ruins of ancient Rome have been produced by the same means as those produced since the revival of the arts in Italy. The Egyptian paintings, which have been executed long anterior to those discovered in Italy, are in as good preservation as the Roman, and are only distemper colours prepared with animal size. No doubt the preservation of these specimens of ancient art is owing to the great dryness of the Egyptian climate; and this is not more surprising than that the miniatures of the twelfth century, which were preserved with care in the libraries, safe from the effects of atmospheric influences, are equal in permanence of colour to the most ancient paintings.

“ In many respects fresco has advantages which render it particularly fitted for the decoration of public edifices. It does not display the glossy brilliancy of oil painting, which has the disadvantage of not allowing more than some portion of the picture to be seen at once, and that from certain points out of the influence of light reflected from other objects. From whatever point the spectator may view a fresco, the effect upon the eye is the same; because it does not receive any dazzling light to interrupt the visual ray.”

The duration of fresco painting is dependent upon the plaster which it covers; but the composition of durable mortars, like those of the ancients, is not difficult to be understood. As to the mode of applying the plaster:—

“ The plaster employed in the frescos of the fourteenth century, like those of *Cennio Cennini*, is composed of two parts of coarse sand, and one part of powdered lime slacked by the action of the air; both of which were passed through a fine sieve. Of this mortar so much was prepared as would be sufficient for two or three weeks' work, first taking the precaution of letting it remain undisturbed for some days before commencing to use it. Cennini adds, when you are preparing to give the first coating, begin by washing the wall well, and leave it damp, but not too wet; then take the mortar, having tempered it to a proper consistence with the trowel, and apply it in a couch or two, until the surface is perfectly even; and when this ground is about to receive another couch, care must be taken that the face of it is not smooth, but that it shall rather have a rasped surface.

“ When the first layer of plaster is dry, then the design of the picture is to be traced upon it; for this purpose charcoal is used, and the outline is then fixed with the pencil; this outline serves as a guide for the laying

on of the second coating, which is only to be laid on partially, and as the artist advances the work, he only prepares as much ground at once as he can finish in the same day; this second coating ought not to be laid on thick, in a few instants it becomes firm enough to resist a light pressure of the finger; this is the time to apply the charcoal, and mark the outline of the part to be painted. In the ancient frescos the outline is cut into the ground? this would indicate that the artist, having chalked so much of his cartoon with a transparent paper, as he wished to transfer, applied the chalk to the surface, and cut in the outline with a point; by such a mode there is no danger of losing the sketch during the operation of painting."

The chapter must be resorted to, as it appears at length, for information in regard to the colours. We quote the concluding observations:—

"The cracks which we find in some of the frescos by Raffael, Domichino, and others, are the actual glazings, which united to the colours beneath, from their not being laid on in a sufficiently full body.

"The application of this glazing requires some caution to keep it from rubbing up, or attacking the colour beneath; and *Cennini* advises the use of brushes of a fine grain, the points of which are very soft. Besides, this glazing should not be attempted until the colour to be gone over has become quite firm by the absorption of the greater portion of water it contained when laid on.

"I am convinced, that to the employment of glazing we must attribute the remarkable difference that exists between the ancient frescos and those of our days. It has been objected to some of the latter, that they resemble paintings in body colours; but, in fact, there cannot be any difference in the appearance of these two species of painting: if the colours employed in each are tempered with paste, they must be equally opaque.

"I do not think it necessary to state the precautions which are to be taken in the management of the work, that the terminations of the parts, as they proceed, may not interfere with the execution of the other parts. Neither is there occasion to say anything more relative to the method of preparing the tints, and proving their fitness for the work. Even supposing that I had, for that purpose, entered into the most minute details, yet this would not make up for the want of experience, which no theories can supply, and which can only be acquired by great practice. And I am quite convinced, that those who never have painted in fresco, or, at least, who have not seen practically the operation of painting in that style, never will succeed on their first attempt in this species of painting."

Such is the conclusion of the entire work, which, we have no doubt, is destined to be extensively studied in this and other countries, and thereby have a marked influence on the progress of art. It has not been the author's object or purpose to name the processes in the mechanical details or operative modes of the ancient painters, which are to be preferred. His design is to show what has been done by different masters whose productions have been the most

durable. The modes of operation, indeed, depend very much upon the greater or less degree of facility which the artist may possess. "Rembrandt," says the author, "was obliged to return to his work repeatedly; he had not the power of painting it all at once like Rubens: therefore, each must choose that method of operating which is most convenient and agreeable to himself." We may add, that M. Mérimée expresses himself very freely and by no means in a flattering manner of the French, as regards colouring and some points in the history of their school of painting. Sound thought, impartiality, extensive knowledge, and manly sentiment, pervade the work.

The translator's "Original Observations on the Rise and Progress of British Art, the French and English Chromatic Scales, and Theories of Colouring," which are appended, present a clear and succinct account of the past and present state of painting in this country. An extract from his introduction will exhibit what his design is:—

"An historical sketch is submitted to the public in a chronological form, as the best calculated to give a clear and consecutive view of the whole question of the arts, from the earliest records in England. It will thus be seen at a glance, that the art of painting has not been decidedly naturalized in this country for a longer period than seventy or eighty years; we shall then find that the honours and profits of this profession were, with a very few exceptions, exclusively in the hands of foreigners, the greater part of whom returned home when they had realized some property, and then sent over other parties to supply the demand for pictures; but no attempt had been made to establish a school to instruct the natives, nor were the latter properly encouraged, even when some of them did display good talents.

"It is therefore quite evident, that our native schools of arts did not *commence* until the time of Hogarth, Hudson, and Reynolds, but it was not properly established until the chartered society of native artists commenced their living model school in St. Martin's Lane, 1760; and it only became permanent when the Royal Academy was embodied by George III., in 1768, (seventy years); and during that brief period we should think it would be difficult, if not quite impossible, to point out any school of painting which has advanced more rapidly in improvement; we should also recollect, that whatever encouragement our school may have received, is from the private funds of the nobility and gentry of this country, and not at all, as in the continental schools, from the State treasury, as a remuneration for great works executed for the public edifices. Besides, it should be recollected, that the schools of Italy were full two hundred years (1260 to 1480) in activity, before they displayed works much above mediocrity, though assisted by every sort of encouragement, public and private, and that the highest honours were at that time conferred upon the professors of the arts.

"The northern schools of Europe were still slower in arriving at the power of producing such splendid works as Rubens, Vandyke, and Rembrandt have left us. It is clear, therefore, that the cases of those schools,

and of ours, are not at all parallel : they are by no means analogous to each other ; and therefore the reasoning applicable to one class cannot have the slightest application to the other. And it was from the erroneous idea, that these cases were parallel, that false reasoning was applied to them, and consequently the most erroneous opinions were held, and injurious reflections were freely thrown, not only upon the British School of Art, but even upon the intellectual capabilities of the nation.

“ The object of the writer of this essay being solely to lay before the British public a plain historic sketch, supported by a few strong facts, to show the state of neglect with which the English artists had contended so long in their native land, and thereby to disabuse the general mind of the distorted and erroneous notions which still float indistinctly through society on that subject, to the detriment of native talent, he now feels himself called on to state, that his arguments have nothing whatever to do with the foreign artists of the present time. The facts regarding those of previous ages are stated merely to prove that there was a bad and unnatural system pursued generally by the English governments of those days, for which the foreign artists were not accountable ; and to show that, whilst every other government in Europe was justly emulous to elicit the native talents of their people, our monarchs and statesmen, with the exceptions stated, were acting directly contrary to those rational purposes.

“ At present, however, these matters are greatly altered for the better : there is evidently a good deal of encouragement for pictures, and other works of art, not, to be sure, of the highest class of art ; but in the classes that are encouraged there is, in general, much, very often high, talent displayed : and if our school may have got the character of being more of the ornamental, than of the historic, or epic style, this may well be accounted for when we see how very small the encouragement is for works of the higher classes of poetic or historic art.

“ In Queen Anna's reign there were three good native artists,—the two Olivers and Cooper ; in Queen Victoria's reign there are most probably three thousand artists, most of whom can paint well—many of them are men of very superior talent : this must prove, that so soon as the incubus of neglect or contempt was removed from the native arts, these intellectual pursuits soon sprang into a vigorous existence.”

There is therefore hope and promise of still greater things. The academies, societies, galleries, and other easily accessible sources of knowledge in art, are shortly characterized by Mr. Taylor, and hints are thrown out regarding the encouragement that would produce further and higher improvements, and nobler works, than have yet distinguished the nation. His suggestions do not appear to us extravagant, over sanguine, or fanciful. We may safely recommend the supplementary observations as a suitable and zealous accompaniment to the treatise of M. Mérimée.

ART. VI.

1.—*Jamaica Plantership*. By BENJAMIN M'MAHON, Eighteen Years employed in the Planting Line in that Island. London: Effingham Wilson. 1839.

2.—*The African Slave Trade*. By TH. F. Buxton, Esq. London: Murray. 1839.

THE former of these works contains an appalling array of horrors, which the author declares have been witnessed or fully ascertained by him to have taken place in Jamaica; and where the black population were the victims. Planters, their agents, attorneys, overseers, &c., are the objects, *en masse*, or, as represented, with comparatively few exceptions, of his fearless exposure; the whole system of slavery, as can very easily be believed, being essentially and in every branch of its detail one of outrage and monstrous cruelty.

Not very many months ago we had an opportunity of directing the attention of our readers to this subject, and to an effective picture of British West India Society, its debasement and ridiculous pretensions, slavery being shown to be the *virus* that had affected and poisoned these countries in all their moral and conventional relations. Mr. M'Mahon's volume is corroborative of the dark view we then obtained; and therefore we shall not at present dwell longer on the revolting topic than copy one or two of his reasons for coming forward at this time of day as an author regarding it, and the conclusion to which he conducts his compiled facts.

Mr. M'Mahon says, "I am anxious to expose the treachery, the torture, and the tyranny practised by overseers and attorneys towards the slaves." "I wish to shew to the public why it is that men who have not scorned to sacrifice their own honour, and, who have not hesitated to rob the property and take the lives of others, are the men who have almost exclusively been promoted to the highest offices, and to the most lucrative employments in our colonies." Now, if this latter statement assert no more than the truth, the reader will at once perceive how deeply the interests of the black population of the colonies in question, even in their declared free condition, may be affected and assailed. But it is not with comments on this point that our present paper is to be principally concerned; and therefore to certain conclusions as drawn by Mr. M'Mahon himself we alone claim observance in relation to his work. He says, "The narrative must be read as a whole, if my readers would form an adequate conception of the total unfitness of the old planters to manage the estates in the colonies, under their present altered circumstances. The tiger from the jungle may be tamed, but it is a matter of rare occurrence; it is far more probable that he will retain his ferociousness, though confined to his cage. But what cage is sufficiently strong to restrain these hungry tigers from the exercise of the bru-

talities which have been sucked in with their mother's milk? Public opinion is a bugbear, and legislative enactments but the gossamer playing in the wind. Cruelty and oppression must ooze out so long as a font in their bodies remain open. *The salvation of the colonies depends upon the destruction of that controul which they at present exercise over the emancipated negroes. Never can the resources of the British West Indian Colonies be fairly brought out, until the whole race of the planters be superseded by a new one.*" After quoting this latter burst, it is right to state that though the *italics* be ours, such is our copying of a still more emphatic intention; for the text is in that of *capitals*.

Before dismissing Mr. M'Mahon's book, we may be allowed to mention that although that sort of phraseology which is supposed to belong to the Emerald Isle, somewhat mars its purpose; yet it presents a mode of expression that has individual character, and is satisfactory as well as amusing, were it possible to be amused on a subject of the most arresting and appalling nature. By satisfactory we allude to the tokens of credibility; nor is it likely that the author would venture upon the fearless exposure which he makes, not only of the general atrocities of a system, but of the conduct of parties, when he instances most explicitly Christian and surname, were his challenge in danger of being accepted, seeing, as he tells us, that he is about to return to Jamaica and to spend his life there as a planter. How far prudence may have dictated such unreserved and personal attacks, in these circumstances, we pause not to conjecture.

Terrific as slavery assuredly is, or alarming as even the condition of the emancipated blacks in our West India colonies at this moment may be, after twenty millions have been given to purchase unrestricted freedom for them, there is still another aspect presented to us in the history of the slave system that is more discouraging and astounding. That aspect, more hideous and terrible than all which this country has been called upon hitherto to behold and scrutinize, is now held up to us by Mr. Buxton, the worthy fellow-labourer and successor of Wilberforce. Englishmen! the Slave-trade is at this moment conducted upon a scale far more extensive, far more inveterate, far more desolating than it was half a century ago, or when the voice of England went forth, when her strong arm was first stretched out to put a stop to the accursed traffic. Nay, we have encountered a blush in going through Mr. Buxton's volume, as if witnessed on the countenance of sentimentalism as applied to the philanthropists who were most conspicuous in the work of legislative abolition, when more enlightened and enlarged or more sound and far-reaching perspective measures might have been devised.

Mr. Buxton is of opinion and furnishes, according to an anxiously correct and sober calculation, that slavery, the vastest and most regularly sustained scourge and consumer of mankind, requires at the rate of *one thousand victims daily to gorge its ravenous claim*

this is not the whole of the matchless evil, for the very measures that have been adopted to repress the trade in question have not only been the occasion of increasing its extent at a frightful ratio, but of mightily aggravating the sufferings of the kidnapped victims, chiefly as respects the case of each individual victim during the "Middle passage." These facts appear with blighting force from the awakening work before us. Do not let it for a moment be supposed that we are exaggerating; for, alas! Mr. Buxton's statements and proofs are too multitudinous and expressive to require much pains to convince our readers that what we have asserted comes short of the truth. His word alone, without figures, would be taken by every one as sufficient evidence in support of what he advances; and he declares, "Millions of money and multitudes of lives have been sacrificed; and in return for all we have only the afflicting conviction, that the Slave Trade is as far as ever from being suppressed. Nay, I am afraid the fact is not to be disputed, that while we have thus been endeavouring to extinguish the traffic, it has actually doubled in amount. Again, "Passing over hundreds of cases of a description similar to those which I have noticed, I have now done with these heart-sickening details; and the melancholy truth is forced upon us, notwithstanding all that has been accomplished, that the cruelties and horrors of the passage across the Atlantic have increased; nay more, they have been aggravated by the very efforts which we have made for the abolition of the traffic." Again, "Hitherto we have effected no other change than a change in the flag under which the trade is carried on." "Portugal sells her flag;" "her governors openly sell at a fixed price, the use of Portuguese papers and flag." Again, "The efforts which we have so long and perseveringly made for the abolition of the Slave Trade," he asseverates, "not only have been attended with complete failure, but with an increase of Negro mortality."

But even this is not all; for it necessarily follows, indeed it is Mr. Buxton's expressed opinion, a point towards which the whole of his facts and arguments are made to turn, that although a treaty should bind Portugal in the strongest and most cordial manner to the views and desires so dear to Britain, and although our maritime exertions were doubled, redoubled, or made to amount to any conceivable protective and vigilant complement, it would not accomplish the thing so solicitously aimed at. The profits of the Slave Trade are enormous; sufficient, according to the present order of things, to make smuggling a speculation which no restrictive or preventive system can repress, while this system of smuggling has produced necessarily in the condition of the smuggled article, viz., mankind, vastly more severe treatment. More are crowded into one ship, the demands are increasing for the commodity. Portugal as well as Spain may become bound by and faithful to a treaty co-operative with English feeling; but then there is an immense demand in South

America, along the shores of which the whole of our navy could not exert an effective vigilance; while the United States will not submit to our right of search, and Texas, not to speak of the old slaveholding portion of the Union, would exhaust millions of bondsmen.

Do we mean to say that Wilberforce, Clarkson, Buxton, and others have spent their labour in vain,—that the British government, the British public, have wasted in a fruitless cause their hearts and purses? No; their sentiments and exertions have proclaimed and sent throughout the world a tide of truths and of principles that will work to the best and humanest ends, though not in the originally proposed way; an evidence and illustration of which the work before us furnishes a remarkable specimen. From past errors new lessons will be evoked. The appalling and clamant evil will be assailed upon broader and more influential principles than ever; for while we must attack and combat slavery and the slave trade at its foundations, the land of its birth and of its widest desolations, it shall be by the agencies of civilization and Christianity,—by enlisting, according to views of temporary profit, the slave-breeding people, the slaves themselves, in behalf of a more profitable and prosperous doctrine as brought home to their every-day wants, and, consequently, every-day sympathies.

In treating of the extent of the present Slave Trade, Mr. Buxton shews it to be greatly more than double of the amount to which it had reached half a century ago; that is, that the slaves imported by nations calling themselves Christian reach the number annually of 200,000 to 250,000 souls, not counting the Mohammedan traffic of a kindred nature, which is estimated at 50,000 annually. The chapter which treats of the extent of this commerce furnishes us with the following significant notices, which ought to be read by all who boast of American freedom and the liberality of democratic institutions:—

“ In the Report of the Commissioners at Havana, for 1836, dated 25th Oct. 1836, I find these words:—‘ During the months of August and September (1836) there arrived here for sale, from the United States, several new schooners, some of which were already expressly fitted for the Slave Trade.

“ ‘ The Emanuel and Dolores were purchased, and have since left the port (we believe with other names) on slaving expeditions, under the Spanish flag.’

“ ‘ But to our astonishment and regret, we have ascertained that the Anaconda and Viper, the one on the 6th, and the other on the 10th, current, cleared out and sailed from hence, for the Cape de Verde Islands, under the American flag.

“ ‘ These two vessels arrived in the Havana, fitted in every particular for the Slave Trade; and took on board a cargo which would at once have condemned, as a slaver, any vessel belonging to the nations that are parties to the equipment article.’

" The Commissioners farther observe, that the declaration of the American President ' not to make the United States a party to any convention on the subject of the Slave Trade, has been the means of inducing American citizens to build and fit, in their own ports, vessels, only calculated for piracy or the Slave Trade, to enter this harbour, and, in concert with the Havana slave-traders, to take on board a prohibited cargo, manacles, &c.; and proceed openly to that notorious depôt for this iniquitous traffic, the Cape de Verde Islands, under the shelter of their national flag:' and ' we may add, that, while these American slavers were making their final arrangements for departure, the Havana was visited more than once by American ships of war, as well as British and French.'

" The Commissioners also state, that ' two American vessels, the Fanny Butler and Rosanna, have proceeded to the Cape de Verde Islands, and the coast of Africa, under the American flag, upon the same inhuman speculation.' A few months afterwards they report that—' We cannot conceal our deep regret at the *new and dreadful impetus* imparted to the Slave Trade of this island (Cuba), by the manner in which some American citizens impunibly violate every law, by embarking openly for the coast of Africa under their national flag, with the avowed purpose of bringing slaves to this market. We are likewise assured that it is intended, by means of this flag, to supply slaves for the vast province of Texas; agents from thence being in constant communication with the Havana Slave Merchants.'

" This ' new and dreadful impetus' to the Slave Trade, predicted by our commissioners, has already come to pass. In a list of the departure of vessels for the coast of Africa, from the Havana, up to a recent date, I find that, ' in the last four months,' no other flags than those of Portugal and the United States have been used to cover slavers.

" The list states that vessels, fitted for the Slave Trade, sailed from Havana for the coast of Africa, bearing the American flag, as follows :—

	American.
During the month of June, 1838 . . .	2
" July	2
" August	5
" September	1
	<hr/>
	10

" No symptom in the case is so alarming as this. It remains to be seen, whether America will endure that her flag shall be the refuge of these dealers in human blood."

But when speaking of the devastations which slavery originates and enlarges, we are not to look alone to the number of victims imported into slave-holding countries. Think of the horrors and the mortality occasioned by the act of seizing them in their own nation, and of the associated inseparable crimes, oppressions, and terrors. Take the testimony from that of many others, quoted by our author of Mr. Laird, as found in his recent " Narrative of an Expedition into the Interior of Africa, by the River Niger :"—

" Laird ascended the Niger and its tributary the Tschadda, in 1832, and was an eye-witness of the cruelties consequent on the Slave Trade, while

in the river near to the confluence of the two streams. He says, speaking of the incursions of the Felatahs, ' Scarcely a night passed, but we heard the screams of some unfortunate beings that were carried off into slavery by these villanous depredators. The inhabitants of the towns in the route of the Felatahs fled across the river on the approach of the enemy.' ' A few days after the arrival of the fugitives, a column of smoke rising in the air, about five miles above the confluence, marked the advance of the Felatahs; and in two days afterwards the whole of the towns, including Addah Cuddah, and five or six others, were in a blaze. The shrieks of the unfortunate wretches that had not escaped, answered by the loud wailings and lamentations of their friends and relations (encamped on the opposite bank of the river), at seeing them carried off into slavery, and their habitations destroyed, produced a scene, which, though *common enough in the country*, had seldom, if ever before, been witnessed by European eyes, and showed to me, in a more striking light than I had hitherto beheld it, the horrors attendant upon slavery."

To go to an earlier but not less authentic witness :—

" The Rev. John Newton, rector of St. Mary's Woolnoth (who at one period of his life was engaged in slave-traffic on the coast of Africa), observes, ' I verily believe that the far greater part of the wars in Africa would cease, if the Europeans would cease to tempt them by offering goods for slaves; and, though they do not bring legions into the field, their wars are bloody. I believe the *captives reserved for sale* are *fewer* than *the slain*. I have not sufficient data to warrant calculation, but I suppose that not less than 100,000 slaves are exported annually from all parts of Africa. *If but an equal number* are killed in war, and if many of these wars are kindled by the incentive of selling their prisoners, what an annual accumulation of blood must there be crying against the nations of Europe concerned in this trade !"

Mr. Buxton has an observation connected with the enormities attendant on the supply of slaves, that requires but to be pointed out to enable the reader to pursue the suggestion to a fearful minuteness. He says, that we have but a very faint picture of the reality, a sample and no more, of what is inflicted and endured in Africa, from accounts of the comparatively few travellers who visit the regions in that quarter of the globe where slaves are most plentifully provided. Even of these few travellers, the slave trade was not the prime object of their enterprise, nor could they have anything but slender means of information beyond what their own eyes furnished, " yet what do they disclose !"

" Major Denham says : ' On attacking a place, it is the custom of the country instantly to fire it; and, as they (the villages) are all composed of straw huts only, the whole is shortly devoured by the flames. The unfortunate inhabitants fly quickly from the devouring element, and fall immediately into the hands of their no less merciless enemies, who surround the place; the men are quickly massacred, and the women and children lashed together and made slaves.' Denham then tells us that the Be-

nation had been discomfited by the Sheik of Bornou 'in five different expeditions, when at least 20,000 poor creatures were slaughtered, and three-fourths of that number, at least, driven into slavery.' And, in speaking of these wars, he uses this remarkable expression—'The season of the year had arrived (25th November) when the sovereigns of these countries go out to battle.' He also narrates the terms of an alliance betwixt the Sheik of Bornou and the Sultan of Mandara. 'This treaty of alliance was confirmed by the Sheik's receiving in marriage the daughter of the Sultan, and the marriage-portion was to be the produce of an immediate expedition into the Kerdy country, by the united forces of these allies. The results were as favourable as the most savage confederacy could have anticipated. Three thousand unfortunate wretches were dragged from their native wilds, and sold to perpetual slavery, while probably *double that number were sacrificed to obtain them.*'"

After the Seizure comes the March to the coast; and what of that? From many harrowing details furnished by the esteemed authorities, take the following:—

"Major Gray, while travelling in the country of Galam in 1821, fell in with a part of the Kaartan force, which he said had taken 107 prisoners, chiefly women and children. 'The men were tied in pairs by the necks, their hands secured behind their backs; the women by their necks only, but their hands were not left free from any sense of feeling for them, but in order to enable them to balance the immense loads of pang, corn, or rice, which they were forced to carry on their head, and the children (who were unable to walk, or sit on horseback) behind their backs. They were hurried along at a pace little short of running, to enable them to keep up with the horsemen, who drove them on as Smithfield drovers do fatigued bullocks. Many of the women were old, and by no means able to endure such treatment.' On a subsequent day he says, 'The sufferings of the poor slaves during a march of nearly eight hours, partly under an excessively hot sun and east wind, heavily laden with water, of which they were allowed to drink but very sparingly, and travelling barefoot on a hard and broken soil, covered with long dried reeds, and thorny under-wood, may be more easily conceived than described.'

"In the course of his journey Major Gray fell in with another detachment of slaves, and he says, 'The women and children (all nearly naked, and carrying heavy loads) were tied together by the neck, and hurried along over a rough stony path, that cut their feet in a dreadful manner. There were a great number of children, who, from their tender years, were unable to walk; and were carried, some on the prisoners' backs, and others on horseback behind the captors, who, to prevent their falling off, tied them to the back part of the saddle with a rope made from the bark of the baobab, which was so hard and rough that it cut the back and sides of the poor little innocent babes, so as to draw the blood. This, however, was only a secondary state of the sufferings endured by those children, when compared to the dreadfully blistered and chafed state of their seats, from constant jolting on the bare back of the horse, seldom going slower than a trot, or smart amble, and not unfrequently driven at full speed for a few yards, and pulled up short.'"

Let it not be said that the facts described belong to the year 1821 or thirty years earlier, so long as undeniable evidence exists that the number of imported slaves has been greatly increasing since these periods.

After the March comes Detention on the coast till the commodity is sold and shipped:—

“ Lander says :—‘ I saw 400 slaves at Badagry in the Bight of Benin, crammed into a small schooner of eighty tons. The appearance of these unhappy human beings was squalid and miserable in the extreme; they were fastened by the neck in pairs, only one-fourth of a yard of chain being allowed for each, and driven to the beach by a parcel of hired scoundrels, whilst their associates in cruelty were in front of the party pulling them along by a narrow band, their only apparel, which encircled the waist.’ ‘ Badagry being a general mart for the sale of slaves to European merchants, it not unfrequently happens that the market is either overstocked with human beings, or no buyers are to be found; in which case the maintenance of the unhappy slaves devolves solely on the Government. The king then causes an examination to be made, when the sickly, as well as the old and infirm, are carefully selected and chained by themselves in one of the factories (five of which, containing upwards of one thousand slaves of both sexes, were at Badagry during my residence there); and next day the majority of these poor wretches are pinioned and conveyed to the banks of the river, where having arrived, a weight of some sort is appended to their necks, and being rowed in canoes to the middle of the stream, they are flung into the water, and left to perish by the pitiless Badagrians. Slaves, who for other reasons are rejected by the merchants, undergo the same punishment, or are left to endure more lively torture at the sacrifices, by which means hundreds of human beings are annually destroyed.”

Now for the Middle Passage; and oh, the enormity swells upon the heart and the imagination! When the trade was not contraband there was some measure to its atrocities; now there is none. A greater number of the victims are crowded, “ packed more like bales of goods than human beings,” together, compared to the tonnage, than formerly, and therefore far greater mortality occurs. From the cautiously concealed facts that now and then are developed, it appears that it is a fortunate speculation when *one half* of the human cargo is saved, the profits being immense even then. We shall not tarry upon this part of the subject, neither upon the sufferings after landing, and the initiation into slavery, or the “ seasoning” as it is termed by the planters; but give the summary of the mortality (where shall we find a summary of the other evils?) arising from the slave trade:—

	Per Cent.
“ 1. Seizure, march and detention. .	100
2. Middle passage, and after capture	25
3. After landing, and in the seasoning	20

So that for every 1000 negroes alive at the end of a year after their deportation, and available to the planter, we have a sacrifice of 1450.

“ Let us apply this calculation to the number landed annually in Cuba, Brazil, &c., which, as I have already shown (p. 26) may be fairly rated at 150,000; of these 20 per cent, or 30,000, die in the seasoning, leaving 120,000 available for the planter.

“ If 150,000 were landed, there must have been embarked 25 per cent, or 37,500 more, who perish in the passage; and if 187,500 were embarked, 100 per cent, or 187,500 more must have been sacrificed in the seizure, march, and detention.”

Truly it is said,—

“ This is but a part of the total evil. The great evil is, that the Slave Trade exhibits itself in Africa as a barrier, excluding everything which can soften, or enlighten, or civilise, or elevate the people of that vast continent. The Slave Trade suppresses all other trade, creates endless insecurity, kindles perpetual war, banishes commerce, knowledge, social improvement, and above all, Christianity, from one quarter of the globe, and from 100,000,000 of mankind.”

Must it not then be said, that the efforts already made for the suppression of the most infamous and desolating traffic ever known, have not yet accomplished their benevolent objects? These efforts, as Mr. Buxton remarks, have been, though in many respects too feeble, in one sense at least too bold. The African has acquired a taste for the productions of the civilized world; and what has he to give in return but the children, the men, and the enemies around him upon whom he can lay his hands. “ To say that the African, under present circumstances, shall not deal in man, is to say that he shall long in vain for his accustomed gratifications. The tide thus pent up, will break its way over every barrier.” Mr. Buxton accordingly proceeds to impress upon his readers that we must divert the stream from the direction which it has hitherto taken, and must open up to the Africans new, although only natural channels and capabilities for commerce of a lawful and profitable kind, which will lead to the abolition of the Slave Trade, as being a disastrous affair in all its tendencies and actual results:—

“ Our system hitherto has been to obtain the co-operation of European powers, while we have paid very little attention to what might be done in Africa itself, for the suppression of the Slave Trade. Our efforts in that direction have been few, faint, and limited to isolated spots, and those by no means well chosen. To me it appears that the converse of this policy would have offered greater probabilities of success; that, while no reasonable expectations can be entertained of overturning this gigantic evil through the agency and with the concurrence of the civilised world, there is a well-founded hope, amounting almost to a certainty, that this object may be attained through the medium and with the concurrence of Africa herself. If, instead of our expensive and fruitless negotiations with Portugal, we had been, during the last twenty years, engaged in ex-

tending our intercourse with the nations of Africa, unfolding to them the capabilities of her soil, and the inexhaustible store of wealth which human labour might derive from its cultivation, and convincing them that the Slave Trade alone debars them from enjoying a vastly more affluent supply of our valuable commodities, and if we had leagued ourselves with them to suppress that baneful traffic, which is their enemy even more than it is ours, there is reason to believe that Africa would not have been what Africa is, in spite of all our exertions,—one universal den of desolation, misery, and crime.

“ Why do I despair of winning the hearty co-operation of those European powers who now encourage or connive at the Slave Trade? I answer, because we have no sufficient bribe to offer. The secret of their resistance is the 180 per cent. profit which attaches to the Slave Trade. This is a temptation which we cannot outbid. It has been, and it will be, the source of their preserving disregard of the claims of humanity, and of their contempt for the engagements, however solemn, which they have contracted with us.

“ But why do I entertain a confident persuasion that we may obtain the cordial concurrence of the African powers? Because the Slave Trade is not their gain, but their loss. It is their ruin, because it is capable of demonstration that, but for the Slave Trade, the other trade of Africa would be increased fifty or a hundred-fold. Because central Africa now receives in exchange for all her exports, both of people and productions, less than half a million of imports, one-half of which may be goods of the worst description, and a third made up of arms and ammunition. What a wretched return is this, for the productions of so vast, so fertile, so magnificent a territory! Take the case of central Africa; the insignificance of our trade with it is forcibly exhibited by contrasting the whole return from thence with some single article of no great moment which enters Great Britain. The feathers received at Liverpool from Ireland reach an amount exceeding all the productions of central Africa; the eggs from France and Ireland exceed one-half of it; while the value of pigs from Ireland into the port of Liverpool is three times as great as the whole trade of Great Britain in the productions of the soil of central Africa. What an exhibition does this give of the ruin which the Slave Trade entails on Africa! Can it be doubted that, with the extinction of that blight, there would arise up a commerce which would pour into Africa, European articles of a vastly superior quality, and to a vastly superior amount?

“ It so happens that a considerable proportion of the goods which best suit the taste of the natives of Africa consists of fabrics to which power-looms cannot be applied with any advantage. Any extension, then, of the trade to Africa, will have this most important additional advantage, that it will cause a corresponding increase in the demand for the labour of a class of individuals who have lately been truly represented as suffering greater privations than any other set of workmen connected with the cotton trade.

“ But the first object of our intercourse with Africa should be, not so much to obtain a remunerating trade as to repair in some measure the evil that the civilised world has inflicted on her, by conveying Christianity, instruction, and the useful arts to her sons. The two objects will eventually, if carried on in a right manner, be found perfectly compatible; for it is reasonable to seek in legitimate commerce a direct antidote to the nefarious

traffic which has so long desolated and degraded her. We have shown the vast variety and importance of the productions which Africa is capable of yielding; we have already proved that, notwithstanding the bounty of nature, the commerce of Africa is most insignificant. Truly may we say with Burke, 'To deal and traffic—not in the labour of men, but in men themselves—is to devour the root instead of enjoying the fruit, of human diligence.'

Our author's plan for calling forth the latent energies of Africa is not developed or explained in the present volume. It is, we understand, submitted in the first place to Government, and awaits a decision from that authority; Mr. Buxton's intention being to resume the subject in a future work. In the meanwhile, he feels convinced that his suggestions "will not plunge his country into hostility with any portion of the civilised world, for they involve no violation of international law;" that "they require no monopoly of trade;" and that "they involve no schemes of conquest;" for the only thing to be asked will amount merely to what subjects have a right to expect from their rulers, "protection to person and property in their lawful pursuits."

From what we have said and quoted, we think it must be manifest, that while Mr. Buxton has disclosed a frightful, and in the meanwhile, a disheartening state of things, in regard to a subject too most interesting and awakening to Britons, he has brought to its discussion that zeal, wisdom, candour, cautiousness, and power that proves him to be the worthy and suitable champion of a cause that has all along been beset with mighty obstacles and complicated difficulties.

ART. VII.

1.—*Home Service.* By BENSON E. HILL. 2 Vols. London: Colburn. 1839.

2.—*Memoirs of the Early Life and Service of a Field Officer on the Retired List of the Indian Army.* London: Allen & Co. 1839.

WE like to listen to an old soldier, when he tells us of his early pranks, strange adventures, and the rough scenes he has witnessed. Ten to one he was when a youth foolish and reckless; so that a faithfully and fondly repeated narrative of his fortunes is likely to have variety and incident sufficient to interest the listener. Then probably the account of the exploits in which he has been an actor is exciting, or it may be that his personal history is identified with some grand affair in the field that has obtained a national celebrity. How did he feel, what did he do, and who were the great men whom with his own eyes he saw distinguish themselves on the memorable occasion?—are questions which with boyhood's eagerness we even would put to the veteran. If, however, the reader expects any im-

portant or satisfactory answer to such inquiries from Benson Earle Hill, in the records of his "Home Service ; or, Scenes and Characters from Life, at Out and Head Quarters," he will find himself at fault. We remember something of his "Recollections of an Artillery Officer ;" which, though one of the most self-complacent and lightest journals we had ever at that time perused of military trifling, mess-anecdotes, and amateur play-acting, was true metal to that of the present recollections. These, indeed, appear to be but the sweepings left from Mr. Hill's former gatherings ; an exceedingly slender semblance of facts having drawn forth an innocent enough and tiny thread of humour, the fruit of a lightsome fancy rather than of actual retentiveness of memory.

For anything we can discover, there has been nothing worth remembering in the course of this Feathered Home Service, in so far as military affairs are concerned. Still to those whom the talk of a good-natured, garrulous, and inventive egotist may be acceptable, even when he has nothing better to communicate than what may be denominated the transactions of the dinner-table, the ball-room, the parade, and the theatre can afford, this heterogeneous assemblage of what Mr. Hill esteems clever or droll things, may, now and then, lend an hour's amusement. If any one is desirous of possessing strings of stories about players and play-houses, let him by all means purchase these volumes. To us the most amusing feature of the work is the earnestness with which the author addresses himself to various topics indicated, as if they were of the deepest concernment to the present and future generations. As regards theatricals, this devotedness is unquestionably not only honest but inborn and imperishable ; seeing that Mr. Hill is himself a performer whose talent as well as zeal is fully appreciated in the buskined circles. On other subjects the effort to be facetious is generally too apparent, and the result feebleness, arising from exaggeration and overlaying the *small* occasion, as it is sure to be, which is in hand. One specimen will suffice to convey an idea of the whole :—

"Early in the month I dined with Major R——, for the express purpose of meeting his son-in-law, George W——, of whom I have made frequent mention in my first volumes. The reader may recollect that he is there described as a wild young man, who thinks of little else than the gratification of his own passions, regardless of the miseries he may entail upon himself or the objects of his pursuit. I had heard that George —— was reformed, and, as I knew he was married, I rejoiced to learn that so desirable a change had taken place, but I was not prepared for the extent of his reformation. With a rational, unostentatious aspect of steady piety and moral conduct, the rakehelly George —— was not satisfied ; no—he, like Mawworm, was pretty sure 'he had had a call,' and determined to give outward and visible signs of this inward and spiritual grace. His hair was combed straight over his forehead, his face had become pale—not from fasting or prayer, but the effects of his early de-

baucheries; he affected a plainness of attire, and from his breast-pocket peeped a brazen-clasped bible. He received me with great coolness, and was not a bit more cordial with my friends, Raymond and Yates. He would not hazard his precious soul by sitting at the same board with his father-in-law and the profane guests invited, but was found seated bolt upright, with a volume of Calvinistic lore in his hand, when we joined the ladies at coffee. Quadrilles were got up, at which W—— looked scandalized; but one young lady appealed to Raymond for a waltz, saying,—‘Pray let us waltz, let us, pray!’ ‘Let us pray!’ echoed my George, falling on his knees. He again blistered his uncongenial namesake that night; Mrs. W—— passing from one room to another, let her shawl drop from her shoulders: my friend offered to arrange it—the lady, ‘not caring to have a man so near her ——,’ declined, when, with clasped hands and elevated eyes, he drawled,—‘Thy service is perfect freedom.’ He would not, I am sure, have been so ‘tender and profane too o’ my conscience,’ had he believed in the efficacy of either W——’s faith or works.”

For the life of us we cannot reach to a laugh; unless it be at him who may be so simple as to call this wit. On second thoughts, too, we must retract the opinion above expressed, about the innocency of some of these anecdotes. There is profanity in the quoted story, the pith of which, such as it is, being clearly indebted to a puerile sort of invention. But besides, does it not smack of gross personality? George W——, the son-in-law of Major R——, if the account have truth in it, must be known to the mutual acquaintances of the writer and the Major, as well as of George. Then how does our *harmless* humourist excuse himself? Why, by saying, “To avoid personality in a work like this, was as impossible as to eschew egotism; I have, however, taken no liberties which their themes cannot afford to pardon. In many cases I might, with justice, have been less civil; but so averse am I to indulging vindictive sentiments, that some once agreeable intimates, to whom I could now scarcely refer with temper, I have forbore from mentioning at all.” From this passage one may infer that Mr. Hill felt himself imperatively called upon to give these sketches of “Scenes and Characters from Life,” though at the expense of being personal. What sort of duty pressed him, and what sort of valuable service the performance is likely to lend to the nation or to mankind, let our readers decide. To us it appears that the gratification of a *small* grain of vanity has had more to do with the publication than anything useful or impressive.

The Memoirs of Major Price, although referring to dates and events so far back as that the narrative now has lost some degree of its interest, nevertheless fill up a soldier-like volume. The author was a man of some celebrity, and the things which he has to communicate were not exactly or chiefly confined to mess or ball-rooms, parades and theatres. He was an Oriental scholar. His acquaintance with Persian and Arabian literature was extensive, and his con-

tributions to our knowledge of Mahommedan annals, derived from his laborious study of manuscripts important, as found in his "Chronological Retrospect of the Principal Events of Mahommedan History," and an "Essay towards the History of Arabia, antecedant to the birth of Mahommed;" besides various translations published by the Oriental Translation Committee. His personal history too was neither void of incident or character, before he entered the Indian Army; nor his services slight or tame after he wore a military coat. The Memoirs also throw frequently incidental lights upon the materials of which the Indian army was composed, as well as upon the unscrupulous proceedings of the British in making good and extending their position in the East.

Though some of the events and names introduced are the themes of tedious stories, and others present no sort of attraction at this time of day, yet we find a variety that is sufficient to render the work acceptable to the general reader. For example, if we turn to the boyhood and youth of the writer there is curious matter. When but a stripling (the volume traverses a period from the writer's birth in 1762 to his retirement from public service in 1804), and on his way from Wales to the University, he very soon got rid of all his money in that exhaustless receptacle, London, and very likely would in consequence have committed a desperate deed, if a stranger had not been the means of rescuing and restoring him to his family. A second time he was not more prudent or guarded; when the only means which he could devise for saving himself was enlisting into the service of the East India Company. Again his fortune was better than his expectations; for at Gravesend the Chaplain of the troops having his attention called to the recruit by his appearance and dejection, was led to question him; when to his astonishment he found that the lad's father was the clergyman under whom he himself had been educated. The result of this discovery was a cadetship.

Price left England in 1781; and of course reached India at a time when there was the prospect of abundance of military adventure in that quarter; our sway being at that period seriously threatened by the colonies of various other European nations. Hyder Ali, too, had an immense army in the Carnatic, and seemed to be carrying all before him. Still, although the British had much to contend with, and their possessions seemed to depend upon precarious events, the very appointments of their army and the materials of war, in as far as its munitions were concerned, being deficient and of a motley description, yet there was on the part of the reckless youths and characters who left this country to try their fortunes amid such uncertainties no want of daring and prowess. If the dangers were numerous and the chances against them great, the rewards, in the shape of promotion and plunder, were no less abundant. For instance, although young Price was penniless when he arrived at

Bombay, yet having volunteered, along with a few other hair-brained youths, to join the assault of Trincomalee, which was captured very speedily, one thousand and thirty rupees, as his share of prize-money, was the unexpected harvest, which must at once have set him upon his feet, as an officer.

Price served against Hyder as well as Tippoo, and conducted himself in a manner to secure promotion at an enviable rate. At the attack of Durbar in 1791, he lost his leg, and must consequently have experienced much uneasiness in regard to the future. "It is an ill wind"—and so on, they say; and the Major, we think, must have appropriated the proverb when the fruits of certain less fierce and warlike offices than what had led to the loss of his limb came to be realised by him. One of these offices, during the campaign against Tippoo, which had been renewed in 1799, was that of a prize-agent. Hear what was Price's gains on this occasion, and imagine what must have been the fortunes made at the storming of Seringapatam!

"The wealth of the palace, which was sufficiently dazzling to the eyes of many who were much more habituated to the sight of boarded treasures than we were, seemed, at the moment, in specie, and jewels, and bullion, and bales of costly stuff, to surpass all estimate.

"Some conception may, perhaps, be formed of the magnificent expectations which we were led to entertain, when I state that on the first day on which we were occupied in taking charge of the specie, we counted not less than twelve hundred thousand sultauny pagodas; which, at four rupees to the sultauny, was equivalent with forty-eight laks of rupees, or nearly half a million sterling. The pagodas being sealed up in bags of 1,000 each, it needed only to ascertain the contents of the first bag—for so we were apprized by the shraufs, or money-changers—and to take the remainder by weight; in which there was never found the smallest deficiency. The prize agents, seven in number, were therefore perhaps well warranted in congratulating each other on being each 10,000% richer than in the morning of that day. In the meantime, although the whole of the palace had been consigned to the safe-guard of a detachment of Europeans, ever since the evening of the storm, the Towshah Khaunah, or baggage depôt, in the S.W. angle of the first court, was discovered, in the morning of the 5th, to have been the scene of indiscriminate plunder. What led to this discovery was a train of pagodas, strewn from the door of the depôt, along the floor of the west virandah, to the entrance of the court, or quadrangle. The question agitated was, whether this unfortunate spoliation had taken place prior to, or after, the period at which the palace had been put under safe-guard. But the loss to the captors in general could never be ascertained: while but little advantage accrued to the soldier. Nevertheless, some conception may be formed on the subject, when it is stated, that Dr. Mein, a surgeon in the army, purchased from a soldier of the 74th regt. for a mere trifle, two pair of solid gold bangles, or bracelets, set with diamonds; the least costly of which was valued by a Hyderabad jeweller, at 80,000 sultaunies; or 320,000 rupees; at the lowest exchange equivalent with 32,000% sterling. The

other pair he declared to be of such superlative value, that he could not pretend to express any opinion. It was, moreover, notorious, that a quantity of the most valuable pearl was to be bought in the bazaars, from the soldiery, for a bottle of spirits."

Who was to register and value the treasures with the rapidity which the storming plunderers in war require?

"In the back wall of the hall of audience, which lay open on the east side of the first square or court, was the door of the treasury, which had no other opening, and was, therefore, perfectly dark on the closing of the door. In front of this door, well guarded by European sentries, were placed the tables, on which we took account of the specie and jewels; and as the former had been sifted to the last fanam, by the third day, we proceeded to value and lot the contents of the jewel-office. The task of registering these glittering articles was assigned to me: a Hindu goldsmith, or jeweller, being retained, to set a valuation on the different articles. And it was certainly not a little to our credit, considering the magnitude and variety of property, to find the general accuracy with which this was accomplished."

We now quote some illustrations of the accuracy which the registrar and valuator on this occasion are said to have observed and demonstrated. The scenes, the avaricious displays, or rather the anxiety which men of rank manifested that they might have fair play in such a scramble, are curious enough. Take some anecdotes in proof of the squabbles that may occur at such hurrying and rough moments:—

"In the allotment which fell to the share of General Harris, as Commander-in-Chief, there was a gorgeous emerald necklace, which on the information of our jeweller, had been registered at the value of 50,000 sultaunies, or something more than 20,000*l.* sterling; certainly, on sober reflection, a prodigious sum to be taken in a single lot; and we could not have reasonably expressed any wonder, when Captain, afterwards General Sir John Malcolm, brought the article to our table, with a desire from General Harris that it might be revalued. But we were certainly not a little surprised, when our jeweller turned sharp round upon us, with the declaration that he had said 25,000 instead of 50,000; in Hindustauny, patcheiss, and not pachauss, hazaur; the one signifying 25, and the other 50.

"On a more minute inspection of the article, which was composed of 65 emerald beads, from the weight of 120 rutties or carats to 11 downwards, the larger being of the size and nearly the shape of a greengage plum, but altogether full of flaws—it certainly did appear of such very inferior intrinsic value, that we felt it impossible to resist the desire of changing it for some other lot of the value of 50,000 sultaunies, which proved perfectly satisfactory to the General."

Again,—

"On another occasion, Sir David Baird made his appearance at the

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prize table, exhibiting, with anger ill suppressed, a large ruby ring, which he said had been allotted to him at the value of 1,000 sultaunies; but which, on being taken out of the setting, proved to be nothing more than a lump of coloured glass, not worth even as many cowries. Fortunately, on referring to the register, it was found that I had entered in a parenthesis (if real) "1,000 sultaunies." This was not less satisfactory to ourselves than it was to the General, and we rejoiced at the opportunity of doing him justice, by exchanging the allotment for another of sufficient value.

"Much about the same time also we [had the mortification of receiving, from Major-General Popham, a most grievous complaint, that we had valued the allotment which fell to his share at 10,000 sultaunies; whereas they appeared to him nothing better than a bunch of chipped glass. When the parcel was handed over to the jeweller for reinspection, he declared that the article was fully worth the sum; and that he had not a doubt but the money would be given for it in the bazaar. The General consented to make the trial, and actually received for the article not less than 1,000 sultaunies beyond the valuation. We rejoiced at the circumstance; but I do not recollect that the General felt it expedient to relinquish the surplus. The article consisted of a bulse of table diamonds: which certainly did not appear better than so many chips of talc, or isinglass. They are, however, much used in the formation of native ornaments: and have, therefore, generally a very ready sale."

Again,—

"Another, and I believe the last complaint that was brought before us, and for which we all felt a more than ordinary degree of regret, was on the subject of an allotment which fell to the share of Major, now General Sir Thomas Dallas, which he very naturally requested to have exchanged. The article consisted of unsightly, tarnished pearl, in festoons: which he very humorously said could be of no use to him but to caparison his horse. Our jeweller persisted, however, in affirming his first valuation; and I rather think Sir Thomas was obliged, after all, to take up with his lot."

We go back to cull the account of one occurrence, which all will admit has had, in the course of our recent wars, but few parallels in the history of the British army, viz. that of an officer deserting to the enemy. This took place during a disastrous period in our Indian contests, and about the time that the unfortunate General Mathews surrendered to Tippoo, at Bednour; Ensign Bunbury, was the officer in question, who—

"After the cessation of hostilities at Onore, covered himself with indelible disgrace, by going over to the enemy in open day-light; being seen to pass over the embankment of the trenches deliberately, followed by the servant, who, as usual, carried his chair. What motive it was that impelled him to this act of deliberate and desperate profligacy, was never distinctly understood. Some said that he considered himself unhandsomely and illiberally treated by the authorities of Onore; while, by others, the disgraceful step was ascribed to an attachment which he had conceived for a dancing girl at Sadashugurr; for whom he thus risked his all. The

desertion is thus noticed in Maj. Torriano's narrative of the siege of Onore, 'To fill up the measure of their misfortunes'—alluding to the garrison—'they had lost all hope of conveying intelligence, by the desertion of an officer of the garrison, Ens. Bunbury; who, to stamp his character with indelible infamy, publicly read their letters at the durbaur, and furnished the enemy with every information, over which his recent situation in the army gave him power.'"

Mathews and other distinguished British officers were assassinated after their surrender, Tippoo having violated the capitulation. Strange to say, eighteen years later, and during certain researches into the contents of a baggage depôt at Towshah Khaunah, an English turned wooden spice-box was found, within which was discovered a card in the General's well-known hand-writing, and upon which were inscribed these emphatic words, "General Richard Mathews murdered," the day of the month and the year being specified, viz. the 16th of August 1783.

After Major Price retired from the army he devoted himself, as we have before stated, to Oriental literature. The present work, although it will not in any way add to the fame which his learning earned, is yet an acceptable piece of autobiography that one is glad to meet with, especially as coming from a writer who describes things that belong to a bye-gone age in our military annals.

ART. VIII.—*Beginnings of a New School of Metaphysics. Three Essays.* By B. H. SMART. London: Richardson. 1839.

Two of these Essays are not altogether new to us; for Mr. Smart has for a long train of years made the abstruse subjects of which he here treats the constant themes of his ardent study; and been by degrees maturing his ideas towards the elucidation of a theory of language, and the connections and the relations of language and thought. In the first essay, which was published in 1831, with the title of an "Outline of Sematology, (the doctrine of signs,) he arranged his speculations, reasonings, and doctrines under the heads, Grammar, Logic, and Rhetoric. These terms he thus defines,—Grammar "is the right use of words with a view to their several functions and inflexions in forming them into sentences; Logic is the right use of words with a view to the investigation of truth; and Rhetoric is the right use of words with a view to inform, convince, or persuade." He holds that words have both a separate and joint signification, going through the parts of speech, and referring to separate syllables and the adjuncts of words, to establish his doctrine that these signs are only the means of knowledge to one's own self, and of setting others a thinking, but not the signs or equivalents of thought.

We know that in the short and very imperfect account we give of the subjects of these essays, as handled by our ingenious and acute

author, we can neither convey any clear conception of any of his separate pieces of reasoning, nor of the entire scope of his theory. Nay, arising from the subtlety of thought, requisite in such inquiries, the loose or erroneous ideas hitherto generally adopted regarding them, and also, we must state, the very considerable degree of obscurity in the manner of conducting these inquiries in the work before us, there is demanded, to a full understanding of it, an unusual closeness and clearness of apprehension. The piece-meal and disjointed order in which the several essays have been written, the constantly accruing new lights of which the author has been the recipient, and the manner in which he has frequently allowed himself to be encumbered or diverted, so as to affect his main drift, all operate to the disadvantage of the entire performance. Still of Mr. Smart's design, matter, and mode of argument, a slight conception may be formed from what we are about to say and cite.

Speaking very generally, our author regards Rhetoric, Logic and Grammar, as being solely concerned with language; he labours to show of how much consequence it would be, not only were an accurate use made of this instrument in processes of thinking, but if it were limited to the sphere which he alone concedes to it; maintaining strenuously that, were this done, the Aristotelian system of reasoning, and all those other modified systems as taught in the schools, would be so regenerated as to guide us to a new method in metaphysics; and that this term would no longer stand for systems of learned controversial trifling, but obtain that consideration which is accorded so heartily to physical science, on account of the really useful and mighty results that thence flow. He argues, that if his theory were carried to its legitimate ends, it would work such a reformation, that metaphysical advancement for the real benefit of philosophy and all mental exercises would be as rapid as the modern strides have been in physics; in his second essay, a "Sequel to Sematology," which was published in 1837, carrying out his arguments and his illustrations as he supposes these to bear upon some of the higher departments of speculation.

The two essays already referred to are meant to indicate a new and satisfactory way in metaphysics; and are regarded by Mr. Smart as correctives, remodellings, and improvements of Locke's science as applied to this abstruse branch. Aristotle's Logic is not only severely and with great ability handled in these treatises, but the Scotch school of Intellectual philosophy comes in for many hard hits, and Brougham as one of its disciples. This simple announcement must be sufficient to convince our readers that we could not by any means do justice to the author or to the subjects of which he treats within the limits of our article; nor have the chance of interesting a tithe of our subscribers.

We are bound, however, to declare, that now having read the two first essays in connection with one another, and also had the benefit

of the recently published third, which is called an "Appendix" to them, and "A way out of Metaphysics," we have formed a much higher and hopeful idea of Mr. Smart's theory and reasonings than we before entertained. We may not be prepared to go the same length that he does on a variety of points; we are not convinced that metaphysical investigations, in which the instrument is language, can be reduced to that certitude which attends experiments in physics. The means in the former case are much more subtle, and liable to be misunderstood as well as misapplied, than in the latter. How few are there or will ever be that can define or apprehend the meaning of words and sentences with the precision, accuracy, and adequacy of our author. That his system, nevertheless, if generally understood and taught, would tend to produce a great reformation in the philosophy of mind, and in the use of language, is now apparent to us. We fully agree with the opinion of the authorities who have said, "if all parties were to study Sematology, they would both write and read (let *think* emphatically be added) with more understanding." Nay, we go the length of asserting, that, although always jealous of "New Schools," and always apt to expect under the name pretension and presumption alone, Mr. Smart has not claimed in the title of his volume more than his due. We admit, as he himself honestly proves, that others who have gone before him, that some of the princes of metaphysical science as hitherto treated and taught, have had glimpses, and have taken temporary hold of the principles here laid down and advocated. But it is at the same time equally true, that none of his predecessors have ever caught such a firm grasp, conducted such a sustained apprehension, or developed by means of such a numerous, consistent, and forcible array of illustrations, the true relations subsisting between language and thought, and the appropriate spheres of each. The power, clearness, and care with which he limits or extends, disposes and distinguishes, are as one having authority, is throughout masterly. How he strangles a syllogism where a play is made of words to the production of bastard argument, to the neglect and utter violation of the logic natural to all men, viz., that of language and thought legitimately employed; nay, he argues that the popular and usual manner of men is to syllogize, by making the understood or perceived relation subsisting between two things an *intellection*, that is, the effect of things as we apprehend them, on the intellect; language being a most pliable instrument of expressing, if carefully guarded, the thing apprehended.

But we must not close our superficial and inadequate notice without affording those of our readers, who have taste for the higher branches which all philosophy and all metaphysical distinctions and speculations should elucidate, and also serve to keep within their due limits in relation to man's comprehension, some means for forming a judgment of Mr. Smart's matter and manner. Let us

see how he applies his views as to the provenance and use of language on the knotty subject of Materialism. Phrenology and Natural Theology having engaged him :—

“ Another example,” he says, “ might be furnished to show that in tracing through the moulding forms of language the notions of opposite thinkers, we get at ground where rational dispute must end, though we still leave the thinkers unreconciled. *Is the soul immaterial?* If, in this question, the word *soul* is used in contradistinction to the *body*, the inquiry is as absurd as to ask whether a square is angular or a circle round; for, by definition, the soul of man is distinguished from his body by affirming that the latter is that part of him which is palpable to the senses, and the other not. The materialist, if he understands his own argument, of course refuses the division; and since by our question we do not descend to ground on which we can both agree, declines all controversy. By the mere adaptation of language *that* ground is very easily taken; for neither of us deny the fact, that man is a living, sentient, rational being. Further, by a very little attention each to his own meaning, neither can deny, that though the words *body* and *soul* are quite distinct, yet they cannot with any possible accuracy of designation, be applied to that being, actually lively, sentient, and rational, without implying each the other; inasmuch as the body which is no longer living, sentient, and rational, is no longer a body in the sense in which we are both agreed; and to assert on our side that the soul has left it, requiring him to take the word *soul* in our sense, namely, as meaning something more than life that yet exists, is evidently to beg the point in dispute. The real question, then, at issue is, whether man,—the living, sentient, rational being, man is or is not destined to another state of existence,—whether when he ceases to exist here, he lives or lives not in an here-after. The materialist holds one opinion, the spiritualist another; and there is no reconciling them, the cause of difference being, at bottom, that which keeps the parties in the foregoing question asunder,—namely, that the one is bent to admit nothing which transcends the possibility of present experiment. If he who believes in a God is asked, how it happens that, in the midst of a world in other respects brute or irrational, man is found with conscious powers of reason and desires of immortality, he answers, that the Creator has so formed and so placed him; and believing this, he is ready to admit the further belief, that when we cease to live in this world, he will raise us with higher powers to exist in another. The same question being put to the materialist,

“ Forth steps the spruce philosopher, and talks”

of nature, of the constitution of things, of general laws and causes, and all that may dispense with the notion of a superintending supreme intelligence. It is not a creating cause willing a creature of a particular constitution, that the materialist sees, but a higher organization merely, by virtue of which, not as a means, but primarily and necessarily, man is what he is. * * * * * Such is the state to which, I think, an accurate logic would reduce the question of materialism.

“ But this mode of reduction, it may be said, blinks the Platonic doctrine of two essences in man, the one corruptible, the other by necessity surviving when the former decays. To this objection I reply, that the

general question concerning a future state is not affected by the admission or non-admission of this particular mode of receiving it."

Mr. Smart follows up the assertion in the last quoted sentence with certain cogent reasons and distinct views, then passes on to the Christian doctrine. He says,—

"The Platonic view is only one way in which the belief of a future state is entertained. It would be wrong to say that it stands *opposed* to the Christian doctrine of the resurrection of the body, but it is a very distinct doctrine from it. However, even Christians, as might be expected on a subject beyond their faculties, hold their own doctrine under different modes of apprehension. We may indeed divide the believers in a future state into the following classes :—Deistical Platonists ; Christian Platonists ; Christian Semi-Platonists ; and Christian Anti-Platonists. The first believe in the immortality of the soul as necessary, without reference to the declared will of the Creator ; the second, admitting revelation, interpret the Christian doctrine into that of Plato ; the third believes that the soul continues to live in an unembodied state immediately on the dissolution of man's present existence, but that it is subsequently rejoined to a body ; the fourth believes that man dies completely, but rises again with a new or renewed body glorified. These opinions are here stated not to discuss either one or the other, but to observe that they positively, one and all, transcend the bounds of human investigation. We may, we must perhaps, if we believe in a future state, embrace it in one of these shapes ; but the nature of the change is in all likelihood such as none could understand, and the issue may reconcile all opinions, and be different from all. Any attempt at reasoning on such topics, as if demonstration or scientific induction could here have a place, would be a misapprehension of the province of philosophy. Yet we may revolve, whether the immortality of the soul, or the resurrection of the body, be the more in unison with the analogies of nature, and the more likely to operate beneficially on the moral conduct. * * * * Taking up the opinion, that the resurrection of the body is the resurrection of the new and glorified man, there is no hinderance to the thought, that his spirituality may, in some sort or degree, begin even in this life. The spirituality of the body is indeed in terms absurd, just as is the phrase, materiality of the soul ; but there is no absurdity in speaking of the spirituality of *man*. He who has subjected his animal to his intellectual nature,—who has purified all his affections,—who, in using, not abusing this world's goods, looks for higher good hereafter, is thus far fitted for a better state of being ; and in this case even the decay of the intellect does not detract from the advances made ; he is a better man by the habits which become his nature, although a man sinking in decay : and then at last, when the body crumbles into its kindred earth, how consonant to the analogies of all creation in the sequel ! ' It is sown a natural body ; it is raised a spiritual body ; it is sown in dishonour ; it is raised in glory ; it is sown in weakness ; it is raised in power.' Considered apart from its divine origin, and viewed for a moment only as a speculation in philosophy, how far superior, because far more agreeable to all we know, and are likely to know of nature,—is the doctrine of Paul to that of Plato !"

Such are some specimens of the manner in which our author

deavours to point out the important agency of language in fixing the aspect of a question; how the province of philosophy ought to be defined and limited; and how also people may think they are advancing and have advanced in speculative knowledge, when all that has been done may be, that ignorance has been cloaked by means of misapplied words, or controversy maintained in consequence of a misunderstanding by parties of what ought to be a common ground. Mr. Smart's theory concerning language, and its relations to thought and an accurate process of reasoning, leads to something more than rules and principles of grammar, conquest in argument, and rhetorical persuasion. It does in its legitimate results show that there is a way out of the mazes of what has been disparaged under the name of metaphysics, by which a man may discover both the proper sphere for the exercise of his speculations, and the way of conducting that exercise; and therefore he, so to speak, protects Revelation,—he assists to guarantee its sacredness and sanctions.

Partly to show to what ends Mr. Smart would carry his metaphysical speculations; and partly as a sequel to the last extract, we now quote a portion of a passage at the conclusion of his volume. He has been endeavouring to show how even our ideas of the infinite are not the offspring or emanation of any higher faculty than that by which we understand, for temporary ends, the things of sense, viz. from the operations of what he calls intellection; that the notion of the infinite, springs from notions originally suggested by things of sense; and, like these, has its appropriate occasion of suggestion, which we cannot help receiving, although, when received, it cannot by any imagination be realized; an image only being substituted of the indefinite or unended as a *type* of the thing:—

“The atheist, sets up his image,—the experimented causes and effects, which have their causes of like kind, and these causes other causes; and so on, till the indefinite represents the infinite. The theist, starting with horror from so dreary a god, (for after all it is a god,) turns to the other belief, that of a First Cause. But a First Cause is an intelligent Cause,—one that upholds and moves the universe by an ever-active will; one that knows, provides for, and disposes of all his creatures; one that, by his rational creatures, can be approached as a Guide, a Friend, a Father. These, too, are only images that faintly shadow forth the Being whom the theist believes in; but what images when compared with the lifeless statue set up by the atheist! and how preferable, in their likely effect upon the heart, to the unembodied abstractions of the philosophical deist! The aspect investing the unknown that is above, and beneath, and around us, is different according to the different instruction which each individual mind receives, or gives itself. What that aspect is, and what the correspondent instruction which bests befits our present wants, and our future advancement, it is not the privilege of human learning to reveal; but human learning may and ought to collect the materials, for enabling a judgment to be formed, which, among these many aspects, is the preferable.”

What we have quoted must convince those who are conversant

with such abstruse discussions, that Mr. Smart's essays are not only the result of long, patient, and profound study, but that they are, though not calculated to interest the multitude at present, like all the works destined to last and grow in favour, written for posterity. He may have been neglected by reviewers. Let him attribute much of this disheartening treatment, to the repulsive nature of his subject. Let him take heart. Let him, if he has time, re-cast and fuse into one connected accumulative essay the whole. But if this cannot conveniently be done, we are persuaded that others will adopt and carry to a still more convincing and practical result the theory of Sematology.

ART. IX.—*The Religions of Profane Antiquity; their Mythology, Fables, Hieroglyphics, and Doctrines. Founded on Astronomical Principles.* By JONATHAN DUNCAN, B. A. London: Rickerby.

As Mr. Duncan professes to do little more than to simplify the arrangement of certain foreign writers of vast learning who have applied their minds to the unravelling the systems of ancient heathenism, it will not be necessary for us, with the view of illustrating the purposes contemplated by him, to do much more than to abridge some of his paragraphs, and extract a few others, without having submitted the latter to any condensing process. These purposes are twofold, classical and religious; and in their accomplishment no ordinary extent of research, degree of comprehension, or freedom in the manner of interpretation and deduction, are manifested. Indeed, we sometimes have felt that an over-refinement and fancifulness of speculation have tempted the author to pronounce positively where doubts and mystery prevail. The general ground, however, which he adopts, if taken with certain exceptions to be noticed by us, seems solid and capable of supporting the superstructure; that ground and theory being that the religions of profane antiquity have sprung from three distinct varieties: Fetichism; Sabeism; and Heroism.

To the student and scholar it must be a point of no slight importance to have a clear and consistent apprehension of the fables which enter into the poetry of the ancient classics, and the principles of belief that coloured and controuled the doctrines of the philosophers of Greece and Rome. To the inquirer into the merits of different religions; to the Christian who desires to know what were the creeds of the most civilized nations prior to the birth of our Saviour and to the promulgation of the Gospel, a still higher object is to be attained by the student of such a work as the present, than the merely adequate understanding of the verses of Homer, Hesiod, Virgil, and Ovid. The picture, in regard to this most important view of the subject, is indeed forbidding and pitiable; and

would be still more disheartening and deplorable, did it not act as dreary and dark contrast to the beauties, exhaustless riches, and consummate truths and of wisdom found in Revelation. To that picture as spread out by Mr. Duncan, let us turn for a short time ; and we shall perceive that though heathenism progressed from pure idolatry to what our author aptly calls philosophic theism, it was all along but a development of gross errors and cold superstitions, which, although such systems may now be deemed by those who have had the benefit of inspired truths as puerile conceits, ought to satisfy us that no human learning, no original sagacity are equal to the momentous discovery which alone is to be found in the Sacred Record which Christians possess.

In tracing the history of heathenism and idolatry, the earliest stage to which our author refers is that of Fetichism, which consisted, he thinks, of that adoration which in the most remote ages of barbarism was bestowed upon material substances. This, says Mr. Duncan, "appears to have been the universal religion of the earliest inhabitants of the earth." We wish, however, that he had defined more closely than he does what he means by the earliest inhabitants ; for surely the immediate descendants of Adam, the earliest Patriarchs, and the sons of Noah, will not be called barbarians, nor supposed to have been entirely ignorant of the attributes of the true God, or unacquainted with the worship due to him. How or when mankind became degraded to the condition of gross barbarism, are in a great measure matters of conjecture ; but this we know, that in the superstitions of nations whose histories can be traced the furthest back, those of the Hindoos for example, vestiges are to be found of traditions which can alone refer to primitive events, nowhere truly described but by Moses ; and therefore we could have wished that our author had been somewhat more explicit when speaking of the earliest barbarian nations ; and that he had also afforded us some grounds for thinking, that even when tribes had descended to the condition of savage hunters, no remnant of traditional truth entered into their debased religion. Instead of Fetichism being the first form of heathenism, or as we understand the term, idolatrous worship, may we not rather suppose that the first form proceeded upon a belief in a sort of demi-gods, —in something not far removed from what is called *Heroism*, —such men as Noah, whose longevity and marvellous preservation would naturally fill the mouths of posterity, at length, from small beginnings of traditional error, becoming exalted to more than that of real humanity ? In fact, there are good grounds for believing, that the Deluge became the theme of various extravagant and poetic imaginings, till the loud lessons which it taught were entirely lost, just as its hero, in one shape or another, became the object of idolatrous homage ; a sure way, according to the very nature of error, if not checked by repeated or a full revelation of the truth

from Heaven, to send at a rapid rate every succeeding generation further astray, until a complete obscuration of all that was pure and salutary took place.

Inclined as we are to take up Mr. Duncan's "earliest inhabitants" at the point of obscuration to which we have attempted to indicate the manner of arrival, and at those remote ages of barbarism when, as roaming hunters, tribes encountered all the fears and hopes which the chances of the chase, the variation of the seasons, the unequal supplies afforded by different fields of enterprize, must ever have been presenting, it is very easy to believe that the elements and the phenomena in nature, that "whatever banished evil, or secured good," would become objects of worship and propitiation. Abstract and intangible things are not acceptable or comprehensible by minds sunk to the grossest condition, and therefore the rude *symbols* also of the powers and influences feared or hoped for would be set up, and the knee bended before them.

When men, experiencing the uncertainties of the chase, found that by taming the more docile species of game, they could make sure of a constant supply to satisfy the wants of nature, a transition of course would be made from the savage and hunting state to that of shepherds,—the connecting link, as our author well expresses it, between the condition of hunters and agriculturists; the latter having discovered in certain soils and their natural productions, the means of further comfort. Cultivation of these would then take place, which could not, however, be pursued without an understanding and acquiescing in the doctrine of ownership, and the general rights to property. And now, observing how dependent such pursuits were upon the movements of the heavenly bodies, not to speak of their obvious grandeur, would not the adoration of these bodies, astro-theology, or *Sabeism*, be the result both of the tamers of cattle and the tamers of land?

A third variety of heathenism in the course of development, upon which we have entered, may easily be conceived to be that of *Heroism*, or the deification of men after death. When in the progress of civilization, of which man is susceptible, independent of a knowledge of true religion,—a progress which the necessities of life may in certain cases be supposed to originate,—communities were formed, special and general rights recognised, and the dependence more or less of one upon another perceived, individuals, who had distinguished themselves most signally as founders of cities, as law-givers, warriors, or saints, nay even impostors, would, after their deaths, be deified, and their tombs or temples visited as if the receptacles of virtues and influences of which the worshippers might obtain the benefit and the intercession.

We have spoken of a progress in civilization as being natural to man, or at least not inconsistent with the range of his capacities and necessities. But it may be asked how nations in various parts of

the world have from century to century continued in a state of uniform barbarism? How is it that we find the East, the cradle of the arts, sciences, and letters, an exception rather than a rule to the inhabitants of the remote regions of Africa, to the aborigines of Australia, to the Red men of the American continent? Now these interrogatories lead us to say, that we wish Mr. Duncan had directed his mind to such contradictions between the heathenism of ancient and modern times, and also to the inquiry how far the nations of the East, how far Egypt and Hindostan, may have been influenced by the religion and the writings of the descendants of Abraham and Jacob. But this is returning to nearly the same suggestion and criticism introduced above, and therefore without more cavilling we go on to present something like an analysis of the work as it is, and to cite a few of its more striking parts.

We think Mr. Duncan has been very happy in his views in regard to the *religious sentiment* which he holds to be universally natural to man, whatever be his condition, whether rude or civilized. The desire to avoid misery and to obtain happiness, the conviction which every man has felt of being incapable of attaining all he desires, unless aided by some superior power, are matters of experience not more uniform and pervading; or, in other words, these feelings and experiences are coincident with, inseparable from, some species of religious sentiment and religious worship. There is, in fact, an identity in the case. This view, says our author,—

“ Militates against the usually received opinion of the philosophers, that ‘fear first created the gods,’ for it is here contended that man is not religious because he is timid, but because he is man; in other words, that the religious sentiment is part and parcel of humanity, inseparable from its very nature and essential to its very existence. It is an indestructible principle, and so long as the nature of man remains unchanged, he must necessarily be a religious animal. The experience of history proves the position. Various systems of belief have existed and have perished, but man has never divested himself of the religious sentiment in its essence; he has merely changed the outward form. He has never felt himself wholly independent of the external and invisible world; he has never fancied his own unaided powers sufficient to secure happiness; but, on the contrary, he has always been conscious of his own insufficiency, and has never ceased to entertain a feeling, however vague, crude, or indistinct that feeling may have been, of his entire dependence on some unknown and superior intelligence. Now it is this consciousness of individual weakness, common to universal humanity, that creates the religious sentiment; and as this consciousness has always existed, and ever must exist, so long as man preserves his present nature, religion may be said to be indestructible in its essence, however it may vary in its *development*.

“ Man, then, must be considered as an essentially religious animal, among the first and eternal laws of whose nature may be perceived a desire after happiness and a dread of misery, accompanied by a lively and restless sense of hope and fear. These feelings have influenced every condition of society

from primitive barbarism to final civilization; they lie at the root of all systems of heathenism, and form, as it were, a common centre, towards which they all radiate. That the modifications of heathenism are various and dissimilar in their development is true, but these relate to the superstructure, and not to the base, of the edifice. Sacerdotal corporations never created the religious sentiment, but, on the contrary, the religious sentiment created sacerdotal corporations. The cosmogonies and theogonies of heathenism; the sacred fables; the doctrines, mysteries, and ceremonies, were certainly the inventions of the priesthood; but these must not be confounded with the religious sentiment in the abstract, which, in its essence, is an independent principle, co-existent with our very being, and so necessary an ingredient in humanity, that, without it, man would not be man. The priesthood could no more have originated the religious sentiment, than created the blood which circulates through our veins; their power was limited to the control and direction of it in its development. To accomplish their object, they rendered the religious sentiment subservient to those first laws of our nature which prompt us to seek happiness and avoid misery, while at the same time they kept alive the principles of hope and fear. In order to derive the greatest and most permanent advantage from this policy, they laid it down as a fundamental rule, that no direct communication could ever take place between man and the gods. The intercession and intermediate agency of the priesthood was declared to be indispensable, without which no blessing could be obtained, and no curse be averted."

Life and death, the destinies of man, the connections and relations between the present and the future, are subjects which come home to the bosom of every one, and induce him, as soon as in the course of enlargement of mind, and intensity of reflection, he has become habituated to think of time, duration, and space, to speculate about the limits of those things, but to speculate without satisfaction. And now it is that a priesthood finds occupation:—

"This desire of escaping out of the boundaries of finity and limited duration, and attaining to the knowledge of infinity and eternity, and thus solving the grand problem of life and death, obtained for the priesthood the exclusive privilege of mediating between the creature and the Creator. The germ of this feeling may be detected even in that early stage of society, when the juggler and magician pretended to control the occult powers of nature by sacrifices and incantations. Man was easily persuaded that what he could not obtain for himself, another could secure for him. He anxiously desired a mediator between himself and the invisible powers, and that very desire created a priesthood.

"It may be impossible to fix at any specific date the origin of sacerdotal corporations, but there is the highest degree of probability that they are co-eval with the agricultural era, when the first notions of astronomy were formed. Sabeism, or astro-theology, is among all the varieties of heathenism the most natural to man, who, unaided by the light of revelation, must necessarily have formed his idea of religion on some system of materialism. Now, there is no object in nature so calculated to excite astonishment, admiration, and reverential awe, as the magnificent s-

tacle of the starry heavens, producing on the one hand the most exalted idea of the Governor of the universe, and on the other hand the most humiliating conviction of human insignificance. This contrast must have forced itself on the minds of men in all ages and in all countries, and the obvious conclusion deduced from it must have precisely accorded with the religious sentiment. Hence astronomy became a sacred science, and formed the chief study of the ancient priesthood. Their early knowledge was applied to the purposes of agriculture, and the first calendars were merely manuals of husbandry. In progress of time, astrology became blended with astronomy. Then it was taught, that the destinies of individuals and the fate of nations depended on the stars. The three kingdoms of nature were subjected to their influence. Cosmogonies were invented; theogonies were framed; sacred fables were composed; rites and ceremonies were instituted; and the whole of them were intended to illustrate the varied phenomena of nature. Such was the scope, character, and tendency of ancient heathenism, a system originally based on astronomy, disfigured in its progress by astrology, teaching its doctrines in the symbolical form of solar allegories, and maintaining its discipline by mysteries and initiations descriptive and explanatory of the physical government of the universe."

Several chapters are devoted to a learned, able, and ingenious disquisition, interpretation, and minute illustration of the systems of heathen religious sentiment originally based on astronomy, and the fables that thence arose. The planets and the celestial bodies having been the subjects of observation and constantly accruing discoveries, led to a complete series of personifications, poetic fiction, and diversified adoration, the chief divinity being the Sun. An extract will show how some of these fables originated:—

"As the planets were supposed to exercise a most important influence on the destinies of mankind, the priesthood, after having blended astrology with astronomy, allotted different ages of human life to the special care of particular planets. From the moment of birth to the age of five years, the Moon had the charge of every infant; hence she was honoured under the name of Lucina, the goddess of midwifery. The next ten years were given to Mercury, the god of literature and science. Venus, the goddess of love, presided over the following eight years. The Sun ruled the middle period of life, he being the centre of the celestial bodies. Mars governed those who had attained to the plenitude of physical strength. Jupiter directed those, who had arrived at the age when reason and judgment are matured. The last period of life was allotted to Saturn.

"Certain animals and minerals were also specially affected to particular planets. The bull was assigned to the Moon; the serpent, to Mercury; the dove, to Venus; the lion, to the Sun; the wolf, to Mars; the eagle, to Jupiter; and the ass, to Saturn. Among minerals, silver was appropriated to the Moon; quicksilver, to Mercury; copper, to Venus; gold, to the Sun; iron, to Mars; pewter, to Jupiter; and lead, to Saturn. This distribution of the minerals among the planets belongs to that period of society, when alchemy became an engine of sacerdotal imposture.

"The next important element in the astro-theological machinery of

sabeism, was the zodiac. The zodiac is a circular belt in the heavens, about eighteen degrees broad, and divided into twelve equal parts, each of thirty degrees. It extends totally round the heavens, and includes the orbits of all the planets, as well as that of the Moon. Each section of the duodecimal division is marked by a peculiar configuration of asterisms, called a sign, the ancient names of which are still preserved, and are too familiar to require enumeration. Within the belt of the zodiac all the planets revolve, the Sun occupying the centre. This part of the heavens, therefore, appeared to the ancients to be the residence of the celestial deities. Herein it was supposed that all the phenomena of nature were arranged, the seasons regulated, and the great work of vegetation directed. In this circle, the march of the chief divinity exhibited an accurate measure of time, and the signs, distributed in the twelve divisions of the zodiac, were characteristic of the different epochs of the year. In fact, this section of the heavens was viewed as the grand laboratory of nature, from whence all good and evil proceeded."

Our author has brought together a great deal of astronomical knowledge and details to bear upon such subjects as these have been embellished by the ancient classics, and upon religions of profane antiquity; fully proving that their fables were astronomical allegories, illustrative of the celestial phenomena, and that an understanding of the various theories under Sabeism is essential to a study of the monuments, legends, classical allusions, decorations, and theologies of Greece and Rome. For,

"Sabeism had its infancy, its manhood, and its old age. In its primitive character, it was a rude system of astronomy made subservient to the purposes of agriculture, and the earliest calendars were manuals of husbandry, and perhaps of meteorology. As wealth and civilization increased, religious corporations were permanently established. It was in this advanced state of society, that the theories of the Decans and Paranatellons were invented. Then the doctrine of the active and passive causes of nature was taught: a belief in the existence of two rival deities was inculcated, each struggling for supreme dominion; the celestial hierarchy was equally distributed under the banners of the two great competitors, one part being attached to the principle of light and good, the other part being united to the principle of darkness and evil; the influences attributed to the four elements, fire, air, water, and earth, were respectively arranged, as allies or opponents of the two belligerent powers; birds, beasts, insects, and fishes, were invested with similar antagonist functions; in short, all animate and inanimate nature was allegorized, and the various phenomena of creation were embodied and personified in solar fables. The doctrine of mere materialism at last succumbed under the growing intelligence of mankind; the world became a huge animal, endowed with vitality; it next received an universal intelligence; at last philosophy triumphed, and established the glorious belief in the doctrine of an universal soul, pre-existent, immortal, and accountable in a future state of reward and punishment."

Such is a condensed outline of classical heathenism. But an exposition of some of what are called the *Minor Fables* of the

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Greeks and Romans will more clearly illustrate their nature. Take of the twelve signs of the Zodaic, with their astronomical solutions, Aries and Leo, as examples. Of the former he says,—

“This animal is the ram, on which Phryxus and Helle crossed the Hellespont. Helle was drowned, and the straits were called after her name. Her companion saved himself, and reached the court of *Æetes*, king of Colchis. Phryxus sacrificed his ram to Jupiter Ammon, and hung up the fleece, which was of pure gold, in the temple of the god. Jupiter was so well pleased with this costly offering, that he placed the image of the slaughtered victim in the heavens. In the statues of Jupiter Ammon, the head was always decorated with the horns of a ram.

“Another fable associates this animal with Bacchus. When this hero invaded Africa, his army nearly perished from thirst in the sandy deserts. In this emergency, some of his soldiers saw a ram, which fled at their approach. They pursued it to some distance, when it suddenly disappeared, but, to their great joy, they discovered an abundant spring of water on the very spot at which the ram escaped. Bacchus refreshed his army, and then erected a temple in honour of Jupiter Ammon, in which he placed a statue of the god, on the brows of which he placed the horns of a ram. As this animal served as a guide and leader to his troops, Bacchus fixed his image at the head of the zodiac, that the sidereal ram might be the conductor of the celestial army.

“Another tradition relates that Bacchus, having obtained military possession of Egypt and the adjacent country, was visited by one Ammon, who brought with him, as presents for Bacchus, innumerable flocks and herds: that the grateful conqueror rewarded this devotion by conferring on Ammon the sovereignty of Thebes, in Egypt, and in order to perpetuate the remembrance of his donation, commanded all who made statues of Ammon to decorate the head with the horns of the ram.

“Another fable makes the ram the offspring of Neptune and Theophania, daughter of Altheis. The god of the sea, being enamoured of this nymph, carried her off to the island Crummissa, he being disguised in the form of a ram, and his paramour being metamorphosed into an ewe. From this adventure sprang Aries Chrysovellus, the ram with the golden fleece, which was afterwards taken from the temple of Mars by Jason.

“Among the twelve great deities, Minerva had her throne, Apollo his exaltation, and Mars his house, in Aries. The head of this celestial image looks towards the east; the feet set first; and, on rising, the head ascends under the constellation of the triangle, while the feet almost touch the head of the constellation Cetus, or the whale. There are eighteen principal stars in the effigies of this sign, but the most conspicuous are placed in the horns.”

Of Leo,—

“This animal is celebrated in the first labour of Hercules, as the Nemæan lion. It was fabled to have been reared in the sphere of the Moon, by the order of Juno, from whence it fell down, and took up its residence near the Nemæan caverns in Arcadia. There it lurked in ambush to seize on Hercules. This hero, armed with the club of his host

Molochus, slew the beast, and ever afterwards wore his hide, as a mantle, in token of his victory. The image of the vanquished animal was placed among the constellations by Juno.

“Leo contains a star of the first magnitude, called Regulus, which is one of the four royal stars. Leo looks towards the west: he is placed above the head of Hydra, and extends himself over nearly one half of that constellation. The Sun has his house and exaltation, and Jupiter his throne, in Leo.”

Mr. Duncan pursues in a similar manner an exposition and solution of the twenty-one Northern Constellations without the Zodiac, and the fifteen Southern; and then comes to treat of the theory of the Active and Passive causes of Nature; the former including the signs and constellations already noticed, the latter the four elements, Fire, Air, Water, and Earth:—

“The heavens were supposed to discharge the functions of a father, and the earth, those of a mother. Light, heat, and rain descending from above, quickened vegetation and fertilized the soil. The genial warmth of the Sun infused physical life into the womb of the earth, which, otherwise, would have remained sterile and unfruitful. Being, from its very position, subjected to the heavens, which cover and encompass it in all directions, the earth appeared to be the recipient of the fructifying principle, poured down into its matrix from above, and on this notion the doctrine of the active and passive powers of nature was founded.”

Again,—

“In this sublunary world, everything was subjected to the dominion of the twelve signs of the zodiac, and the birth, growth, decay, and death of man, animals, and vegetables, depended on the influence of this circle of generation. Hence it was supposed, that certain signs had a greater relation to, and conformity with, certain elements, than others. The four elements were, accordingly, distributed among the twelve signs, so that each element was attached to three signs, in the order of fire, earth, air, and water. Taking Leo, the house of the Sun, as the first of the series, and fixing in it the seat of fire, then earth would fall under Virgo, or Ceres as she was called, air under Libra, and water under Scorpio. In continuing and repeating the series, fire takes a second position in Sagittarius, earth in Capricornus, air in Aquarius, and water in Pisces. A third distribution places fire in Aries, earth in Taurus, air in Gemini, and water in Cancer.

“In this manner four elemental triangles were formed, the summits of which marked the seats of the elements in the signs. The triangle of fire had its angular points or summits in Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius. The triangle of earth, in Taurus, Virgo, and Capricornus. The triangle of air, in Gemini, Libra, and Aquarius. The triangle of water in Cancer, Scorpio, and Pisces. This theory was made use of in the sacred legend of Osiris and Isis, for it was when the Sun was in Scorpio, and the Moon full in Taurus, that the Egyptians lamented Osiris, husband of Isis, and carried in procession a figure formed of earth and water. Isis, the Moon, was full in Taurus, the seat of earth, as an element. Osiris, the Sun, was in Scorpio,

the seat of water, as an element. At the time, then, when the Egyptians celebrated this mournful festival, the Sun and Moon partook of the nature of these two signs, and of the two elements attached to them; in other words, they partook of the nature of earth and water, and hence the origin of this image.

“ The four elements were also distributed among the seven planets. During the day, the chief ruler of fire was the Sun, and the second ruler was Jupiter. This order in rank was reversed during the night. Saturn shared in both the diurnal and nocturnal dominion of fire. The chief ruler of earth during the day was Venus, and the second ruler was the Moon. It was the contrary at night. Mars shared in both the diurnal and nocturnal dominion over earth. Saturn was chief ruler over air during the day, and Mercury was the second. The reverse took place at night. Jupiter shared in both the diurnal and nocturnal dominion over air. Venus ruled in chief over water during the day, and Mars was her second, the contrary taking place at night. The Moon shared in both the diurnal and nocturnal dominion over water. This distribution of the elements among the planets, is one of the inventions of judicial astrology.

“ The preceding explanation of the active and passive causes of nature conveys the idea of an operation purely mechanical, in which matter and motion are alone employed, to *the complete exclusion of a divine intelligence*. The active portion of this machine acts imperiously on the passive portion, subdues its natural inertness, organizes it, and communicates to its separate parts activity and life. The government of the universe, the distribution of time, of light, of heat and cold, of dryness and moisture, of wind, of rain,—the varied temperature of the seasons,—their periodical returns,—the succession of physical good and evil,—the generation and destruction of animal and vegetable life,—all were ascribed to the power of Uranus exerting his influence on Ghé. Each planet and star, each sign of the zodiac, and each Decan and Parastellon, acting by a purely mechanical force, performed its allotted duty on the passive cause of nature. The heavenly bodies produced every effect on the earth, the air, and the sea. The calendar of the priest, and the almanack of the agriculturist and navigator, were founded on this religious opinion. The themes of ancient poetry and the mysteries of ancient theology, which the pencil of the artist and the chisel of the sculptor immortalized in the paintings and statues that embellished the gorgeous temples of heathenism, were merely illustrations of the physical phenomena of the universe, as deduced from the theory of the active and passive causes of nature.”

But while the theory of causes active and passive prevailed, and of light and darkness, another difficulty in which all were interested, required to be solved, and which necessarily called forth the most subtle as well as unsatisfactory speculations; we allude to the existence of moral and physical evil, which still perplexes and baffles human comprehension and explanation. We shall quote a passage to shew that even the existence of both principles, the Supreme and Holy One, God, and the Evil Spirit, or Demon, were connected with astronomical fables:—

“ Pythagoras maintained the doctrine of the two principles of good

and evil. He called the first unity, light, the right hand, equality, stability, and a straight line. He named the second, binary, darkness, the left hand, inequality, instability, and a curved line. He divided everything into the infinite and the finite, good and evil, life and death, day and night. He attributed whiteness to the good principle, and blackness to the bad principle. In accordance with this Pythagorean idea, Virgil makes Æneas sacrifice a black sheep to the stormy winds of winter, and a white one to the propitious zephyrs. *Nigram hiemi pecudem, zephyris felicibus albam.* All these remarkable contrasts among the physical effects of nature, were expressed by the heathen priesthood in the most striking language, while the imagery of the sacred fables, and the figures on the holy monuments, were ingeniously adapted to illustrate the broad line of demarcation which separated the two principles of light and darkness.

“The alternate residence of Proserpine, for example, in the realms of darkness and light, for periods of six months in each, is an allegorical fiction founded on the doctrine of the two principles. Proserpine was the Moon. When she was invisible to the inhabitants of the earth, she was supposed to live with Pluto: when she was visible, she was imagined to dwell with Ceres. This secret formed part of the sacred science taught to the initiated in the mysteries of Proserpine and Ceres, celebrated at Eleusis. The fable of Adonis, in whose honour mysteries were instituted in Phœnicia, is of a similar character. His pretended residence in hell during six months with Proserpine, and with Venus in heaven during the following six months, expressed the route of the Sun in the superior and inferior hemispheres, of which the former was affected to the principle of light, and the latter to the principle of darkness. The fable of Atys, and the mysteries of Cybèle, are founded on a kindred origin.”

With the philosophical dogmas that were propagated agreeably to such sportings of the imagination, as indulged in by the ancients, we need not puzzle ourselves, seeing that our main design is to give specimens of Mr. Duncan's scheme and manner of interpreting the varieties of heathen belief in matters of religion. Before, however, passing from the chapter in which the ancient doctrine concerning the two principles of good and evil are discussed, it will be satisfactory to have the solution which our author arrives at on this subject, and which is the safest one that, with our limited faculties, we can yield to. He regards the two terms as standing relatively together, and not as conveying separable and positive meanings; so that we can form no distinct idea of the one abstractedly from the other. Just as in the case of the terms Beauty and Ugliness; our idea of the former depends upon that of the latter, and *vice versâ*,—each serving as a term of comparison with the other—“In the sense,” says Mr. Duncan, “we attach to the words Good and Evil, as conveying simply and strictly ideas of relation, the existence of the one being absolutely indispensable to our knowledge of the other, there appears to be no impiety, nor any derogation from the Divine benevolence, in attributing evil as well as good to the

First Cause." Besides, the evidences so abundant of the Deity's consummate wisdom, and the nature, may we not add, the necessity for man of a state of probationary trial, all go as counterbalancing arguments in support of the view now adopted.

Our author in his ninth chapter, treats of the *Seal of the Universe* as understood by the ancients. The general character of the theory may be gathered from the opening paragraphs :—

"There is a silent revolution constantly at work in the under currents of society, hidden from vulgar eyes, and unfelt in the secret progress of its operation, but which, after the lapse of time, forces its way to the surface, and breaking up ancient systems and ancient opinions, creates new feelings, new habits, and new modes of thinking among mankind. Wise is the legislator who can look beneath the surface of affairs, who has prescience to anticipate the period of change, and judgment to prepare the minds of men for the new order of things! In this wisdom the ancient priesthood were most eminent, for without destroying the old idolatry, which would have too rudely shocked popular prejudices, they retained it in its essence, while they adapted its exterior forms to the increasing intelligence of the age. *Stare super antiquas vias*, was their prudent policy. Thus steering between the two extremes of conservative quietism and destructive innovation, they preserved the foundations of the original building; and while the unsightly parts of the old fabric were removed, modern embellishments, suited to the genius and spirit of a more enlightened laity, were judiciously introduced. If, in the early stages of society, we perceive a rude and monstrous superstition, deifying the inanimate objects of nature, and mistaking effects for causes, we may also discover, in the religious ideas of advancing civilization, the same raw material of primitive ignorance, however skilfully concealed under the meretricious decorations of art. We find the same canvass, though the figures painted on it, are conceived in an improved taste, and executed with a higher finish.

"This alteration in the heathen system took place, when philosophy had engrafted itself on superstition, and purified it from its primitive grossness. Then it was that the doctrine of the soul of the universe was inculcated, and nature, no longer considered as a mere machine, was believed to be intelligent and animated by an etherial principle."

In the next chapter we are introduced to the subject of the *Worship of Idols*. One paragraph must serve to indicate the author's method of interpretation here. He says,—

"Nature as a whole, and each of the component parts of nature, formed the objects of ancient religion. In the earlier stages of society, the world was supposed to be a purely material machine. As civilization advanced, this opinion was superseded by the doctrine which taught that nature was vitally animated by some unknown etherial principle; and, at length, it was believed that nature, and all its parts, was not only animated, but endowed with intelligence, and the whole universe governed by a divine intellectual soul. The idols of antiquity, the statues and paintings of the gods, and the animals, plants, and minerals selected for adoration, formed,

as it were, an immense mirror, which reflected the entire face of nature, and the working of its different phenomena. In this view of the subject, images occupy but the second rank in the chain of objects of worship, and whoever desires to seize the real spirit of the system, must detach his thoughts from the mere idol, and fix them on the original type, and consider the material symbol as the expression of an intellectual idea, which the priesthood endeavoured to render palpable to the senses of the vulgar through the medium of statues and paintings."

The last chapter in the work is upon the Mysteries and Initiations, which at certain stages of ancient heathenism were resorted to and established for the purpose of upholding religious opinion; and like most of the other branches in pagan belief and adoration, these were closely connected with natural phenomena and astronomical observations. Take some account of the Mysteries of Bona Dea:—

"It has already been remarked on the authority of Cicero, that no man was permitted to pronounce the name of this goddess, and the origin of her worship was lost in the remoteness of time. Ovid states, that the adoration of Taurus, the father of Bona Dea, was introduced into Italy by Evander, who copied it from the Arcadians, and he makes this declaration in speaking of the festivals celebrated at the kalends of May, the precise time at which the mysteries of Fatua, or Fauna, the good goddess, were observed, at the cosmical rising of the she goat Amalthea. It was then that the Romans made offerings on the altars of the Lares, their tutelary household gods, and the Bona Dea was revered as the tutelary goddess of the whole Roman empire."

It must be evident from these extracts that Mr. Duncan has furnished a very complete key to the old systems of heathenism, as developed especially in Greece and Rome. The work, too, is cheap and of a conveniently portable form. Its contents ought undoubtedly to be made familiar to the students of the ancient classics; while to antiquarians, historians, moralists, lawyers, and religionists of every description, it affords abundance of most instructive and curious matter. To one particular class of philanthropists we pointedly recommend the volume, merely making use of the author's suggestions and words as found in his preface, with which we close:

"The exposition of the Cosmogonies and Theogonies of heathenism may be rendered useful to the missionary cause, particularly in Eastern Countries, where the traditions of remote ages still exist. A teacher visiting those nations in the hope of converting the aborigines, ought to be fully acquainted with the general principles on which the prevailing heathenism is founded, and had this qualification been rigidly enforced, we hesitate not to affirm that much greater progress would have been made in the dissemination of the Gospel than has hitherto been effected. Before the Missionary can hope to introduce a new system, he ought to remove the existing prejudices which militate against its reception, and this he can only accomplish by knowing the character and the tactics of the enemy he is about to attack."

ART. X.—*The Popular Songs of Ireland*. Collected and Edited, with Introductions and Notes, by T. CROFTON CROKER, Esq. London: Colburn. 1839.

JUDGING of Irish popular minstrelsy, from what we have listened to, or caught by snatches; that is to say, as doled out by the sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle, sometimes in the streets, and a few times when frolick has tempted us to repay their humorous sallies, and stimulate the reckless exuberance of their hearts with good cheer, we should say that it is quite national or patriotic and home-loving in its way, and therefore strikingly characteristic. One is not to expect much poetry in these effusions, or regularly sustained sentiment of any sort. The fact is, that want of regularity is one of the most distinguishing features in their composition; for, if we except the circumstance of their being uniformly the reverse of dull, drowsy, and motionless, it is impossible to predict, however plaintive may be the theme, however merry, or however arousing, when and how the bard may fly off, and sing in an opposite tune to that with which he set out, though all the while he may be quite innocent of intending or perceiving the incongruity. This irregularity, it will at once be admitted, is perfectly and amusingly characteristic of itself; and not less so is the *manner* of their various and ever-changing sentiments; while the subjects almost universally chosen are equally descriptive and national; the “Shillelah,” the “Shamrock,” “Whisky,” “Potatoes,” and “St. Patrick,” very frequently being found blended with war, conquest, disaster, bloodshed, love, and lament. We are alluding to those pieces which are chiefly popular among the peasantry, or the bulk of the people, many of which must have been written by persons in a like sphere.

So characteristic, indeed, are Irish songs of the people and the country, that, according to Mr. Croker's opinion, the history of the nation, during some of its most eventful epochs, might be gathered from them; a manner of history not only curious and interesting, but genuine and impartial, being a sure outlet of popular feeling and true embodiment of its changeful impulses. “What has been said,” continues he, “of French songs, applies perfectly to those of Ireland. ‘The Frenchman’ (and so does the Irishman) ‘sings his conquests, his prosperity, his defeats, even his miseries and misfortunes. Conquering or conquered, in plenty or want, happy or unhappy, sorrowful or gay, he always sings; and one would say that the song is his natural expression. In fine, in all situations in which we would speak of the French’ (or the Irish) ‘we might always ask, as the late King of Sardinia did, “Well! how goes the little song?”’”

It becomes absolutely necessary, manifestly, if we read such songs, for gathering historical meanings from them, that we be made sure

of the periods to which they refer, and the national or local circumstances. Also Mr. Croker, we must allow, is qualified beyond most men, in regard to Ireland, to perform the office of annotator; and appears to us in the present case to have given proofs of accuracy and heartiness, so far as he has gone, and with the specimens selected and illustrated. His design was to have published a series of songs, which would have told the history of Ireland from the Battle of the Boyne to our day; but finding that the collection must have filled several volumes of a similar size to that before us, and a doubt arising relative to the profitableness of the speculation, in a pecuniary view, the process of selecting has in consequence been resorted to, so that we have neither a complete nor plainly connected record of the kind proposed, nor demonstratively the best selection that might have been made, the editor's character, talents, knowledge, and industry being the only vouchers.

Leaving out of view, therefore, the chronologically historical character or evidences furnished by these songs, and viewing them merely as generally illustrative of the Irish people, as respects the manner and the subjects of their feelings and thoughts, we shall find specimens in no slight degree interesting. Nor can we do better than begin with the first song, which has St. Patrick for its hero, while, Paddy-like, the anachronisms and incongruous allusions are as strangely jumbled, as any one could desire of a son of Erin when celebrating the arrival in the island of his patron Saint. Our readers must figure Patrick voyaging into Bantry Bay upon the back of a whale; and his mission being to frighten and drive old Nick away, no longer to mislead the "finest peasantry," he takes measures accordingly. One of his politic schemes was as follows:—

" Then he spoke to the nation—
 My sweet congregation.—
 You've spirits remaining that's stronger than he;
 Sure ye knows what I means—
 They bewilder your brains—
 They're as clear as the streamlet that flows through the green.
 But stronger than Sampson,
 Who pulled post and lamps on
 His enemy's head,
 'Till he kilt them stone dead;
 And the name of the spirit I mean is poteen,
 I exhort ye, don't stick, sirs,
 To those Devil's elixirs,
 Of a Patrick's day in the morning!
 The Saint fell asleep
 And the Firbolgs all creep
 For some cruiskeens of water unholy, but tastely.
 With this essence of sins
 Soon they filled up their skins:
 When the Saint he awoke they were beastly.

As fuddled they lay,
 Says the Saint 'there's a way
 To wean them: I'll mawkish stuff put in each bottle;
 And when they awake,
 If a swig they would take,
 Oh, dear! 'twill disgust them.
 I think I may trust them,
 They'll vow that no more shall pass down through their throttle.
 Something sweet I'll here pour,
 And here something sour,
 On Patrick's day in the morning !"

He went off—they awoke,
 Each 'hot copper' did smoke
 Like the flue of a steamer—each pounced on his drink;
 Their showing grimaces,
 Their making of faces,
 Beat Buck all to nothing: but, what do you think?
 With features a-wry,
 In a hogshead hard by,
 Each emptied his bottle, though dying of thirst;
 Till one, dry as a sponge,
 At the tub made a plunge,
 Where the sour, and the sweet,
 And the whisky did meet,
 And he swigged of this physic, till ready to burst.
 By the side of this mixture
 Each man grew a fixture,
 On St. Patrick's day in the morning !

When St. Patrick came back,
 'Och!' says he, 'ye vile pack
 Of the spawn of the Druids—ye villanous bunch !'
 But a noise, as from Babel
 Here made him unable
 To hear his own voice, though he said, 'Is the PUNCH'—
 xon, he'd have added,
 But the Firbolgs were madded,
 Their bowls cut short question, remark or reply.
 'Ay, PUNCH,' they roared out,
 With an earth-shaking shout,
 'Is the name of this thing
 That is drink for a king,
 Or the mouth of a Druid, if ever he's dry;
 It would coax pipe-shank'd Death
 For to let one take breath
 On St. Patrick's day in the morning !' "

The Devil must long, and must still be an exile from Ireland.
 if *Poteen* possesses its ancient power; for Mr. Croker informs us
 that from 1802 to June 1806, no less than 13,439 unlicensed
 whisky-stills, 11,093 heads, and 9,732 worms, were seized in
 Ireland; which affords some means of coming to a conclusion in

regard to the predominance of the spirit that is stronger than Sampson or Satan. Nor is the amount of the official return any way incredible, when we come to hear of the homage which single individuals pay to the enchanter. In the case of one gentleman, we are told, whose life had been insured for a large sum of money, that the payment at his death was resisted by the Insurance Company, upon the plea that he had caused his death by excessive drinking. "The matter came to a legal trial, and among other witnesses examined was one who swore that, for the last eighteen years of his life, he had been in the habit of taking every night four-and-twenty tumblers of whisky-punch. 'Recollect yourself, Sir,' said the examining counsel, 'Four-and-twenty! you swear to that; did you ever drink five-and-twenty?' 'I am on my oath,' replied the witness; 'and I will swear no further, for I never keep 'count beyond the two dozen, though there's no saying how many beyond it I might drink to make myself comfortable; but that's my stint.'"

If we are at all to go by the evidence of national manners as furnished in the present collection of songs, *Poteen* must be the most generally worshipped god that has been set up in Ireland; for in most of them, at least, as compared with the other themes of popular celebration, it occupies by far the greatest space, and in by far the most numerous occasions and circumstances. A sentiment, a figure of speech, the eking out of a couplet or line, are things which the bard never finds difficulty to alight upon, so long as whisky can be dragged into the service. As a matter of course the use of the Shillelah is often pressed upon the attention of the poetic painters and chroniclers of local and national affairs. Indeed the union of the two seems to be, at times, decreed and provided for, upon principle, and, as if they were in their natures inseparable. "The Merry Man," for instance, thus sings and ordains,—

"When stopped in my toddy
By death seizing my body,
No crocodile tears shall be shed at my wake;
While there I am lying
No counterfeit crying,
No moans, I desire, shall be made for my sake.
I've no taste for squalling,
Or old women's bawling,
Who string nonsense together and call it a keen;
Who only are selling
Their yelping and yelling
For some one, perhaps, that they never have seen.

But of whisky a cruiskeen
To fill up each loose skin,
Let all have to toast to my journey up hill;
And three jolly pipers
To tune up for the swipers,

While each boy honestly swallows his fill
 Then a blackthorn cudgel
 For each, should they grudge ill.
 To anoint one another, and none to control.
 Nor let them be down-hearted
 For him that's departed,
 But end their disputes in a full flowing bowl."

We confess ourselves, however, to be far from partial to the union alluded to, and would rather take our next example, where the *cratur* is apostrophized in its own pure and simple character, as is done in the "The Glass of Whisky," a song which first appeared in "The Sentimental and Masonic Magazine," a Dublin periodical, and in the year 1793. An engraving accompanied the effusion, representing an old man with clasped hands, uplifting a glass of the spirit he adored, and who gave voice as follows:—

"At the side of the road, near the bridge of Drumcondra,
 Was Murrough O'Monaghan stationed to beg;
 He brought from the wars, as his share of the plunder,
 A crack on the crown, and the loss of a leg.
 'Och, Murrough!' he'd cry—'musha nothing may harm ye,
 What made you go fight for a soldier on sea?
 You fool, had you been a marine in the army,
 You'd now have a pinchun and live on full pay.

But now I'm a cripple—what signifies thinking?
 The past I can never bring round to the fore;
 The heart that with old age and weakness is sinking,
 Will ever find strength in good whisky galore.
 Oagh, whisky, ma vurneen, my joy, and my jewel,
 What signifies talking of doctors and pills?
 In sorrow, misfortune, and sickness so cruel,
 A glass of north country can cure all our ills.

When cold in the winter, it warms you so hearty;
 When hot in the summer, it cools you like ice;
 In trouble—false friends, without grief I can part ye;
 Good whisky's my friend, and I'll take its advice.
 When hungry and thirsty, 'tis meat and drink to me,
 It finds me a lodging wherever I lie:
 Neither frost, snow, nor rain, any harm can do me,
 The hedge is my pillow, my blanket the sky.

Now merry be the Christmas! success to good neighbours!
 Here's a happy new year, and a great many too!
 With a plenty of whisky to lighten their labours,
 May sweet luck attend every heart that is true!
 Poor Murrough, then joining his old hands together,
 High held up the glass, while he vented this prayer:—
 'May whisky, by sea or by land in all weather,
 Be never denied to the children of Care!' "

Why did not the decrepid, poor, care-worn old man bethink him of the "Springs of Mallow," instead of Whisky, as lauded in the following lively ballad, to the air of Ballyapellen."

"All you that are
Both lean and bare,
With scarce an ounce of tallow,
To make your flesh
Look plump and fresh,
Come, drink the springs at Mallow

For all that you
Are bound to do
Is just to gape and swallow;
You'll find by that
You'll rowl in fat,
Most gloriously at Mallow!

Or, if love's pain
Disturbs your brain,
And makes your reason shallow,
To shake it off,
Gulp down enough
Of our hot springs at Mallow!"

The Shamrock, being the national emblem, must needs obtain a considerable share of notice; nor will our readers, we hope, like the matter we quote under this head the less, that it is rather in the form of annotation than of numerous and lengthened specimens of versification. We accordingly cite as mentioned:—

"The popular notion respecting the shamrock, or trefoil, is, that St. Patrick, by its means, satisfactorily explained to the early converts of Christianity in Ireland, the Trinity in Unity; exhibiting the three leaves attached to one stalk as an illustration. Miss Beaufort remarks, that it is 'a curious coincidence, the trefoil plant (*shamroo* and *shamrakh* in Arabic) having been held sacred in Iran, and considered emblematical of the Persian Triad.'—(*Collect.* v. 118.) 'The botanical name of the shamrock, like that of the Scotch thistle, is a matter of dispute. Mr. Bichenor, in an amusing paper read before the Linnæan Society, has, with great ingenuity, endeavoured to shew that the wood-sorrel (*oxalis acetosella*) is the true shamrock; while Dr. Withering and Professor Rennie point out the white clover (*trifolium repens*); and Mr Loudon marks the black medick (*medicago lupulina*) as the genuine national emblem of Ireland.' That the shamrock was formerly eaten in Ireland as a salad, there appears no reason to doubt. Fynes Moryson, the secretary of Queen Elizabeth's lord-deputy, Mountjoy, treating of the diet and customs of the 'wild Irish,' says, 'they willingly eat the herb shamrock, being of a sharp taste, which, as they run and are chased to and fro, they snatch like beasts out of the ditches.' Spencer, also, in his 'View of the State of Ireland,' describing the misery consequent upon the Desmond rebellion, of which he was an eye-witness, speaking of the wretched and famishing Irish, tells us that

‘ If they found a plot of watercresses or shamrocks, there they flocked to a feast for the time, yet not able long to continue there withal.’ But these passages, as referring to a period of national distress and famine consequent upon civil warfare, when, according to the authorities quoted, horse-flesh was a luxury, and even dead bodies were taken out of the graves and eaten, do not prove the use of the shamrock as a salad so satisfactorily as the following extract from the humorous poem of ‘ *Hesperinesographia*,’ descriptive of national manners, where, in the account of an Irish banquet, it is mentioned that,—

‘ Besides all this, vast bundles came
Of sorrel, more than I can name.
And many sheaves I hear there was
Of shamrocks, and of water-grass,
Which there for curious sallads pass.’

“ In that whimsical poem, the ‘ *Irish Hudibras*,’ printed in 1689, we find

‘ Springs, happy springs, adorned with sallets
Which nature purpos’d for their palats;
Shamrogs and watercress he shews,
Which was both meat, and drink, and clothes.’

Again the Irish are there represented as

‘ Without a rag, trousers, or brogues,
Picking of sorrel and sham-rogues.’ ”

There is more than matter for botanists in these notices and extracts; and therefore, that we may not violently rush from the melancholy pictures we refer to, “ *Gougane Barra*,” and shall for a short space allow the heart to vent its tender sympathies, and even uplift them to a pitch which one desires to indulge, and to be made conscious of indulging; since the reverse would imply callousness, levity, irreverence, and every negation of all that is most amiable, grateful, and noble in humanity.

The song we refer to is said to have been written by Mr. Callanan, and during a thunder storm, while he was in the vicinity of the locality and scenery described, to which he often bent his steps, and no doubt as often meditated in the strain to which he afterwards gave utterance and transmissible shape. *Gougane Barra* is a lake fed by the streams that descend from the mountains that rise between Cork and Kerry:—

There is a green island in lone *Gougane Barra*.
Whence Allu of songs rushes forth like an arrow;
In deep-valley’d Desmond a thousand wild fountains
Come down to that lake, from their home in the mountains.
There grows the wild ash; and a time-stricken willow
Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow,
As, like some gay child that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

And its zone of dark hills—oh ! to see them all brightening,
When the tempest flings out his red banner of lightning,
And the waters come down, 'mid the thunder's deep rattle,
Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle ;
And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,
And wildly from Malloc the eagles are screaming :
Oh, where is the dwelling, in valley or highland,
So meet for a bard as that lone little island ?

How oft when the summer sun rested on Clara,
And lit the blue headland of sullen Ivara,
Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home by the ocean,
And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion,
And thought on the bards who, oft gathering together,
In the cleft of thy rocks, and the depth of thy heather,
Dwelt far from the Saxon's dark bondage and slaughter,
As they raised their last song by the rush of thy water.

High sons of the lyre ! oh, how proud was the feeling
To dream while alone through that solitude stealing ;
Though loftier minstrels green Erin can number,
I alone waked the strain of her harp from its slumber,
And gleaned the gray legend that long had been sleeping,
Where oblivion's dull mist o'er its beauty was creeping,
From the love which I felt for my country's sad story,
When to love her was shame, to revile her was glory !

Last bard of the free ! where it mine to inherit
The fire of thy harp and the wing of thy spirit,
With the wrongs which like thee to my own land have bound me,
Did your mantle of song throw its radiance around me ;
Yet, yet on those bold cliffs might Liberty rally,
And abroad send her cry o'er the sleep of each valley.
But, rouse thee, vain dreamer ! no fond fancy cherish,
Thy vision of Freedom in bloodshed must perish.

I soon shall be gone—though my name may be spoken
When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken—
Some minstrel will come in the summer eve's gleaming,
When Freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,
To bend o'er my grave with a tear of motion,
Where calm Avonbuee seeks the kisses of ocean.
And a wild wreath to plant from the banks of that river
O'er the heart and the harp that are silent for ever."

These verses are of a very high order, and are, perhaps, the finest in the collection. Of a homlier and inferior kind, but still tender, and not without merit or national style of sentiment, take from "The Court of Cahirass" these lines :—

" On a fine summer's morning, if you saw but this maiden,
By the murmuring Maig, or the green fields she stray'd in ;

Or through groves full of song, near that bright flowing river,
You'd think how imperfect the praise that I give her.

In order arranged are her bright flowing tresses,
The thread of the spider their fineness expresses ;*
And softer her cheek, that is mantled with blushes,
Than the drift of the snow, or the pulp of the rushes.

But her bosom of beauty, that the heart which lies under,
Should have nothing of womanlike pride, is my wonder ;
That the charms which all eyes daily dwell on delighted,
Should seem in her own of no worth, and be slighted.

When Charity calls her she never is weary,
Though in secret she comes with the step of a fairy ;
To the sick and the needy profuse is her bounty,
And her goodness extends through the whole of the county.

I felt on my spirit a load that was weighty,
In the stillness of midnight, and called upon Katey ;
And a dull voice replied, on the ear of the sleeper,
'Death ! death !' in a tone that was deep, and grew deeper.

'Twas an omen to me—'twas an omen of sadness,
That told me of folly, of love, and of madness ;
That my fate was as dark as the sky that was o'er me,
And bade me despair, for no hope was before me."

As we began merrily and burlesquely, we must not end thus melancholily. And yet our last specimen shall differ from both kinds ; for it may be said to fall under the head, Irish imprecation and cursing. It would appear that a Mr. O'Kelly had lost or been robbed of his watch at Doneraile ; and being a poet, how otherwise could he do but give utterance to his wrath and hatred in a professional form ? Accordingly he opened in the manner now to be copied, although we must jump over a considerable portion of the stanzas, there being the same sort of play of rhyme upon a great number of conceivable and ordinary things. That rhyme, however, is clever.

Alas ! how dismal is my tale !—
I lost my watch in Doneraile ;
My Dublin watch, my chain and seal,
Pilfered at once in Doneraile.

* "The verse of an Irish song, in which the poet describes the first meeting with his mistress, was thus translated to the editor by Mr. Edward Penrose :—

' Her hair was of the finest gold,
Like to a spider's spinning ;
In her, methinks, I do behold
My joys and woes beginning.' "

May fire and brimstone never fail
To fall in showers on Doneraile ;
May all the leading fiends assail
The thieving town of Doneraile.

May beef or mutton, lamb or veal,
Be never found in Doneraile ;
But garlic soup, and scurvy kail,
Be still the food for Doneraile.

* * * * *

May Oscar, with his fiery flail,
To atoms thrash all Doneraile ;
May every mischief, fresh and stale,
Abide, henceforth, in Doneraile.

May all, from Belfast to Kinsale,
Scoff, curse, and damn you, Doneraile ;
May neither flour nor oaten meal
Be found or known in Doneraile.

May want and wo each joy curtail
That e'er was known in Doneraile ;
May no one coffin want a nail
That wraps a rogue in Doneraile.

May mischief, big as Norway whale,
O'erwhelm the knaves of Doneraile ;
May curses, wholesale and retail,
Pour with full force on Doneraile.

May every transport wont to sail
A convict bring from Doneraile ;
May every churn and milking pail
Fall dry to staves in Doneraile.

* * * * *

Oh ! may my couplets never fail
To find a curse for Doneraile ;
And may grim Pluto's inner gaol
For ever groan with Doneraile."

It is not unworthy of notice that this ditty, filled with indignant bursts, has become popular in the part of the country to which it refers.

AAR. XI.

1. *Memoirs of Aaron Burr.* By M. L. DAVIS. New York. 1839.
2. *The Private Journal of Aaron Burr.* Edited by M. L. DAVIS. New York. 1839.

THOSE who have taken a deep interest in American politics, and whose recollections go so far back as 1800, must be familiar with the name of Aaron Burr. But we venture to say, that without reading the two publications we have now before us, neither will the peculiar sort of partizanship, which so inveterately prevails in the United States, be accurately understood, nor the character of a very distinguished singular and marked man be appreciated.

Aaron Burr was at one time all but President of the United States of America: he was Vice-President of the Union, of the greatest and most promising Republic that the World's history can point out; and yet he lived for many years the neglected, the despised of his countrymen, and died *nobody*. How was this? An irregularity and untrainedness of temper united with first-rate ability, is to be instanced in this case, rather than anything comprehended under the facile, and easily expressed term, *Misfortune*. Aaron Burr, in fact, stands forth as a beacon not only to politicians, but a lesson to all erratic spirits, or those who possessed of extraordinary talent and opportunities seek no counsel but the gleams of their own genius. And yet how unfortunate would it be, for the interests of society or for the purposes of poetry, were there no irregular, wayward, tempest-tost men like Aaron Burr! What a loss should we sustain if such individuals were not self-chroniclers; or if they did not attract some such admiring sympathetic souls as Mr. M. L. Davis! The world of life would be destitute of *relief*,—the history of mankind would furnish one tame, one even tenour of mediocrity that was virtueless, viceless; that is to say, that all the smoothness of arid deserts, all the tiresomeness of uniformity, let it, if you will, be that of beauty, would cloy us, and render the world a sphere in which there were no landmarks, no goals, no arousing and arresting examples.

Not such were the life and times of Burr. A man of genius, of remarkable adventure, the sign-post, so to speak, of democratic vicissitude; in his own country, the subject of the most opposite constructions, in the old world the critic and the scorn of popular feelings, as well as sometimes the rallying point of deep laid friendships,—he comes here before us, partly in the guise as dressed out by himself, and partly in the attire of one long familiar with all his ways, a sympathizer, but not a thick and thin apologist.

In fact the "*Memoirs of Aaron Burr*," by Mr. Davis, is an honest and ample piece of biography. There is congeniality in its conception; in its execution it bears every symptom of impartiality and sound judgment as regards the ends to be served by such works.

He brings out clearly and strongly, not only the admirable features of his hero, but the obliquities of his disposition and conduct and the rocks on which he split.

Aaron Burr was the Grandson of a German nobleman. His father was the first President of Princeton College, New Jersey; and what in our estimation is still more noble in his escutcheon, his mother was the daughter of Jonathan Edwards. He himself was a soldier of capacity, prowess, and celebrity. He also stood at the head, or in the first rank at the Bar; and what is not less memorable, he killed his greatest legal competitor in a duel, from which period he may be said to have become a broken man. The particulars which led to, accompanied, and followed these events must be sought for in the first of the works before us, and in the general political history of the United States of America. It will be sufficient for us, with the view of directing attention to the biographical and national character of the subject, to select a few particulars as recorded in the "Memoirs," and a few passages from the "Journal."

Burr was from his boyhood a person who was not merely subject to sudden impulses, but his adherence and perseverance were equal to the fulfilment of all such promises. We find him in 1775, when the war broke out, and when he broke off with all his kindred, joining the army, under extraordinary circumstances, and, for anything that we understand, without much previous reflection. We are told that—

"One day he heard Ogden and some young men of the army conversing, in an apartment adjoining that in which he was lying, on the subject of an expedition. He called Ogden to his bedside, and inquired what was the nature of the expedition of which they were speaking. Ogden informed him that Col. Arnold, with a detachment of ten or twelve hundred men, was about to proceed through the wilderness for the purpose of attacking Quebec. Burr instantly raised himself up in the bed, and declared that he would accompany them; and so pertinacious was he on this point, that he immediately, although much enfeebled, commenced dressing himself. Ogden expostulated, and spoke of his debilitated state—referred to the hardships and privations that he must necessarily endure on such a march, &c. But all was unavailing. Young Burr was determined, and was immovable. He forthwith selected four or five hale, hearty fellows, to whom he proposed that they should form a mess, and unite their destiny on the expedition through the wilderness. To this arrangement they cheerfully acceded. His friend Ogden, and others of his acquaintance, were conveyed in carriages from Cambridge to Newburyport, distant about sixty miles; but Burr, with his new associates in arms, on the 14th September, 1775, shouldered their muskets, took their knapsacks upon their backs, and marched to the place of embarkation."

True, he had determined before this, and probably in consequence

of quarreling with his friends, to take some such step ; but the energy with which he now pursued his resolution, and the cast of his character, may be estimated when it is learned that his interrogatory to a messenger whom his friends sent to stop his career was in these words, " How do you expect to take me back, if I should refuse to go ? " as also after he had risen to command and on account of his severity as a disciplinarian, when the following scene took place :—

" He was notified of the contemplated mutiny in which he would probably fall a victim. He ordered the detachment to be formed that night (it being a cold, bright moonlight), and secretly directed that all their cartridges should be drawn, so that there should not be a loaded musket on the ground. He provided himself with a good and well-sharpened sabre. He knew all the principal mutineers. He marched along the line, eyeing the men closely. When he came opposite to one of the most daring of the ringleaders, the soldier advanced a step, and levelled his musket at Colonel Burr, calling out,—' Now is your time, my boys.' Burr, being well prepared and in readiness, anticipating an assault, with a celerity for which he was remarkable, smote the arm of the mutineer above the elbow, and nearly severed it from his body, ordering him, at the same time, to take and keep his place in the line. In a few minutes the men were dismissed, and the arm of the mutineer was next day amputated. No more was heard of the mutiny ; nor were there afterwards, during Colonel Burr's command, any false alarms. This soldier belonged to Wayne's brigade ; and some of the officers talked of having Colonel Burr arrested, and tried by a court martial, for the act ; but the threat was never carried into execution."

Burr was not more than twenty-one years of age at this time. But, perhaps, he was of a robust and gigantic figure, it may be said, which helped to establish and sustain his superiority ? No such thing ; all the greatness lay in his soul ; for we read that he was so youthful in his appearance, so boyish and slender, even after he had attained to the rank of Colonel, as to be ordinarily called by the title of " Colonel Burr's Son." Take one proof more of the decision and capacity which distinguished his life :—

" Colonal Burr, then in feeble health, visited his friends in Connecticut. He was at New-Haven when, on the 5th of July, the British landed, with 2,600 men, in two divisions ; one under Governor Tryon, at East Haven, and the other under Garth, at West Haven. At East Haven, where Tryon commanded, great excesses were committed, and the town set on fire. Colonel Burr was at this moment confined to his bed ; but, on hearing that the enemy were advancing, rose and proceeded to a part of the town where a number of persons had collected. He volunteered to take command of the militia, and made an unsuccessful attempt to rally them. At this moment he was informed that the students had organized themselves, and were drawn up in the college-yard. He immediately galloped to the ground, and addressed them ; appealing, in a few words, to their patriotism and love of country ; imploring them to set the example, and

march out in the defence of those rights which would, at a future day, become their inheritance. All he asked was, that they would receive and follow him as their leader. The military character of Colonel Burr was known to the students. They confided in his intrepidity, experience, and judgment. In their ranks there was no faltering. They promptly obeyed the summons, and volunteered. Some skirmishing soon ensued, and portions of the militia united with them. The British, ignorant of the force that might be presented, retired; but shortly returned, with several pieces of artillery, when a cannonading commenced, and the boys retreated in good order."

Along with the nerve indicated, there was transcendent ability; or if this should by any one be denied him, resistless powers of persuasion and eloquence were his. When, for example, he dissolved the Senate of the United States, as Vice-President in 1805, we are told—

"The whole Senate were in tears, and so unmanned that it was half an hour before they could recover themselves sufficiently to come to order, and choose a vice-president pro tem. At the president's, on Monday, two of the senators were relating these circumstances to a circle which had collected round them. One said that he wished that the tradition might be preserved as one of the most extraordinary events he had ever witnessed. Another senator being asked, on the day following that on which Mr. Burr took his leave, how long he was speaking, after a moment's pause, said he could form no idea; it might have been an hour, and it might have been but a moment; when he came to his senses, he seemed to have awakened as from a kind of a trance."

But how seldom are great talents separated from strange or ridiculous failings of temper and conduct! Indeed one might almost suppose, who regards merely the outward aspect of things, that Burr, after fortune had capriciously elevated him to the pinnacle of renown, as unreasonably thrust him to the ground, nor ever afterwards allowed him to be regarded by the majority otherwise than as an object of contempt and wrath. His political tactics were strongly and generally suspected. Jefferson and others, amongst his colleagues and associates, became jealous or suspicious of him; the fatal affair with Hamilton exposed him to the feelings of private malignity. He was hunted down by the press and by the clubs. Whatever he did was construed in the darkest manner; and what was also extraordinary among his idiosyncrasies, he disdained to vindicate himself, when unjustly and unreasonably impugned. Nay, he studiously wrapped himself up, and appears to have fed a whimsical vanity, by endeavouring to throw around his proceedings the cloak of mystery,—such as when he wrote in cipher, although there might be no secret of any importance or that was worth keeping under the veil.

Aaron Burr was cast down; and when once down it was never to rise. His political degradation is in part accounted for in the former of the works before us; and in the latter, one can read the source

alluding to his temper and habits, whence much of the obloquy thrown upon him originated. The fatal affair with Hamilton may be said to have lent a finishing blow to his character; so that he was as one hounded from place to place in his own country; and even for four years driven as an exile out of it, during which he visited Europe, England and France detaining him chiefly. Yet in these countries he was a suspected, we may add, a persecuted man. His name had gone before him; wherever Americans were to be met, there were enemies, whose hostility possessed the rancour which is considered due to a traitor; and though he did return to his native land, and always commanded by his talents, acquirements, and sterling qualities some staunch admirers, it was only as a ruined man; ruined in reputation and fortune, dying when eighty years old in poverty,—leaving one of the most touching lessons anywhere to be read, of the instability of political fame and power, and of the meteor-like race of genius.

We shall not dwell longer among generalities, or allude vaguely to particular points in Aaron Burr's history; but fill up our paper with a few extracts from these volumes, without regard to continuity or connection, and indiscriminately from the correspondence, the journal, and the memoir.

Mr. Burr's Theodosia, his daughter, was as the apple of his eye, and worthy, to judge from the mind and affection that crowd into her letters, of all the yearning love which such a gifted father could experience or manifest towards her. We quote some parts of her letters to him when he was in the condition of an exile and in Europe:—

“Great Heaven! how truly miserable your situation renders me. What is to be done? Yet do not despair. Wait a little longer; perhaps the next packet may bring you all you wish. Of political affairs, the papers will tell you all I know. Many think that the late proceedings will produce a war with Great Britain; and I have been seriously told that it would not be in my power to return home by water, because our coast would soon be lined with English cruisers. I hope not so, in my heart. Your acquaintance, Mr. Smith, arrived a few days since, out of spirits and disappointed. He has left us again with new courage. He has not contributed to enliven me. Already anxious and distressed about you, he has rendered me doubly so by the addition of unavailing regrets, and the dreadful conviction that I have been the cause of real injury to you by the delay my illness occasioned. This I had felt before, but it never appeared to me in its full extent till after my conversation with him. The poignant sufferings this idea has occasioned me are indescribable; and though my life has been saved by it, I cannot rejoice at it, from a belief that your happiness will greatly depend on my existence. And can I then remunerate you for such sacrifices merely by living? Under every sort of misery, this reflection would make me careful of life, as of a treasure which I have in keeping for you, to be spent in your service. My boy improves charmingly, particularly in writing, and we are impatiently looking forward to the period

when he will be able to write you a letter. . I have not once thanked you for your magnificent present. Though you have been expectedly prevented from making it, the intention goes to my heart. The bust of Mr. Bentham does not come, and I begin to fear that it is lost. My veneration for him is enthusiastic. As he is fond of plants, perhaps a few seeds of benne and okro may be acceptable to him. I have sent to Frederic's for some, and shall send them by Mr. S. Mr. Bentham's fondness for botany has determined me to study it. I have hitherto had an aversion to the pursuit, from a belief that it was a mere science of words. But the idea of pursuing a track which has been illuminated by his presence would throw a charm over the driest labours. Perhaps, in that new country, unexplored by the eye of science, it may be my good fortune to make some little discovery that will please him. If his bust should be lost, will it be in your power to get me another? You must not shew my letters to any one. I am yet heavy and spiritless. Not out of spirits; '*mais, dépourvue d'esprit.*' My mind feels awakening at times, and I am amusing myself in Spanish. I have taken but few lessons, and it will not be in my power to make much progress, as the master comes only thrice a week, and my departure from hence is not very distant. I hope and trust it will be in my power to make some arrangement of your pecuniary concerns before I leave this part of the world. Unless successful in this, I shall go with a very, very heavy heart."

We find in a letter of a date not much later a statement of, or references to, an accumulation of distresses that must have torn the hearts of the correspondents:—

"Oaks (S. C.) May 10, 1811.

"This morning, and not until this morning, did I receive your letter of the 10th of January, 1811. In this way has our correspondence been maintained for the last two years. Now I hear that you are coming immediately; and while wondering that you have not arrived, I learn that you will be detained longer. Then my hopes are again awakened, and, when again almost exhausted, they light up with a stronger, though a trembling brilliancy. The icy hand of disappointment falls upon my heart to smother every spark. Do not frown at these complaints. You do not. I will not believe that you do. Your image, kind and indulgent, is my guardian angel. From how many follies, how many faults, does it preserve me. It was accorded to me as a talisman, to cheer my prospects, to strengthen my resolutions, and incite me to noble efforts. The refusal of your passports by the agent of our government is a most overbearing and insulting outrage upon the common rights of a citizen. Who erected an American chargé d'affaires into a supreme judge? Who invested him with the most important prerogatives? I have written to Luther Martin, but have received no answer. I shall write again forthwith. Surely my letter must have miscarried. I have immutable faith in the strength and sincerity of his attachment to you. You, perhaps, have not heard that Robert Smith is removed from office, and Munro created secretary of state in his stead. The removal of Eustis is expected, according to our newspapers. A late paper mentioned that the postmaster-general was soon to yield his office to a steady friend of A. Burr. Who that friend is, or whether there is any truth in the assertion, I cannot tell. The corn doctor is afraid to correspond with me. He was even very ne-

glectful in giving his advice. 'Tis said he trembles at the great name more than any pious Hebrew ever did at the consecrated and mysterious title they had for the Diety. I have frequently mentioned the fate of my letter to 85-87. There is evidently no hope from that quarter. If the mind is negative, of which there is no assurance, it may be directed to anything by those nearest, most in confidence, and most prominent in business. I say come; land in New York. This advice is disinterested on my part. But I am incapable of the affection which would sacrifice its object to any selfish gratification. I would, therefore, oppose the plan of embarking for South Carolina. Nothing can be done here. Your arrival will be known. The news of it will reach New York long before you. The fervency of surprise and delighted friendship will have time to cool, cabals to be formed, and measures to be taken. Go to New York. Make your stand there. If you are attacked, you will be in the midst of the tenth legion. Civil debts may be procrastinated, for a time, by confinement to the limits. There you can take breath; openly see your friends: make your arrangements; and soon, I think, you will be able to throw off those momentary shackles, and resume your station. I confess I augur ill of government, principally because the newspapers most devoted to it endeavour to keep up feelings of irritation against you. But I believe differently of the citizens generally. At all events, it is better to brave any storm than to be leading your present life. It is better that things should be brought to a crisis you cannot entirely sink under; and, the worst once over, you will be free from all restraint. You may be situated as formerly. It cannot injure you more than this long continued threat. If the worst comes, I will leave everything to suffer with you. Should you determine on this plan, give it a fair trial. I repeat it, nothing can be done for you here, in South Carolina. To land here might ruin all. Would you believe it, Blennerhassett has written the most insulting letter to my husband. In this letter he accuses you and him of plans which never entered the heads of either; and says that, unless Mr. Alston pays him thirty-five thousand five hundred dollars, of which, to use his own phrase, he demands fifteen thousand by August; unless these sums are paid, he (Blennerhassett) will publish a pamphlet containing documents which must ruin him (Mr. Alston) for ever. He concludes by saying that his work is ready for publication, and adds—'If you do not prevent its appearance, you may rest assured I shall not, to save the trouble of smelting, abandon the ore I have with such expense of time and labour extracted from the mines both dark and deep; not indeed, of Mexico, but of Alston, Jefferson, and Burr. Having mentioned Mr. Burr, I wish you to observe that I have long since ceased to consider reference to his honour, resources, or good faith in any other light than as a scandal to any man offering it who is not sunk as low as himself,' &c. &c. His language to Mr. Alston is in the same style. Such, in short, as a low-bred coward may use at the distance of many hundred miles."

We have seen that Theodosia's boy was *improving charmingly*. Alas! on the 12th of July, 1812, she writes, "I have lost my boy. My child is gone for ever;" and a month later, she adds,—

"Alas? my dear father, I do live, but how does it happen? Of what

am I formed that I live, and why? Of what service can I be in this world, either to you or any one else, with a body reduced to premature old age, and a mind enfeebled and bewildered? Yet, since it is my lot to live, I will endeavour to fulfil my part, and exert myself to my utmost, though this life must henceforth be to me a bed of thorns. Whichever way I turn, the same anguish still assails me. You talk of consolation. Ah! you know not what you have lost. I think Omnipotence could give me no equivalent for my boy. No; none—none."

Surely these are the tokens of a high-souled daughter to a parent whose genius and feelings, whatever were his aberrations, were of a kindred order. And now we must have a taste of his style, and a sample of his vicissitudes. In the first specimen we find him in Paris :—

"On my way home met Mr. —, who invited me to go home with him to communicate something. It is, that the Americans here entered into a combination against Aaron Burr. That every man who speaks to him shall be shunned as unworthy of society. That no master of vessel, or any other person, shall take any letter or parcel for him, or other like benevolent things: all which amused me, but alarmed my friend. The most violent of this association is a young Seaman, son of Edmund Seaman, of New York. More of the like. Mr. —, of Boston, related in a large company, that he, being on a jury at Boston last summer on an insurance case of the *Herkimer*, Judge Chase presiding, and Luther Martin, one of the lawyers, on some dispute between them, the judge said to Martin, 'I am surprised that you can so prostitute your talents.' Martin replied, 'I never prostituted my talents except when I defended you and Colonel Burr; and added, in the hearing of the jury, 'a couple of the greatest rascals in the world.' A Mr. Thompson, of Charleston, South Carolina, a Scotchman, but naturalised in the United States, now settled here, being asked if he had called on Colonel Burr, said, 'No; and no good American would call on him.' * * *

In London he writes on one occasion thus :—

"Some of the books I must sell: i. e. Bayle and Moreri, at least. I went off to consult my friend Mr. Cooper, the solicitor. He had been at his office to-day. Waited half an hour, standing in the public room, but he came not. Went thence to J. Sm.'s, whose advice, as an intelligent merchant, I thought might be useful; out. Then posted back again to Grave's; he was out. Being a good deal fatigued, and something hungry, stepped into our eating-house (just by Grave's), and took beef and a pint of ale. Thence to see Koe, who has his office in my walk. Gave him my note to J. B., and told him the story of the books, for I have promised J. B. some of those books. Thence loitering, and staring at picture shops, and thinking of that cursed A., to J. Hug's, to get her to put my thirty-franc watch (the only one left) in order. She discovered the malady and repaired it in fifteen minutes. Sat an hour. It is, perhaps, the only creature in London who does exclusively love Gam. On my way, passed through Covent Garden, and bought her one shilling and sixpence."

worth of apples and pears. Then slowly, and by various *détours*, home, where, at half-past five, having trotted about four leagues, was a little *abattée*. Sent out for half a pound mutton, eightpence; pint ale, four pence; one pound candles, elevenpence halfpenny; one pound sugar, ninepence; pipes and tobacco, fivepence; two quires paper, one shilling and sixpence; half-quarter loaf of bread, eightpence; six pounds potatoes, sixpence. So that my expenses yesterday and to-day, exclusive of room-rent and fire, have been eleven shillings and sixpence; but observe that I have had, in this fortnight, only half a pound of meat, six pounds of potatoes, and four pounds six ounces of bread. In my stroll to-day, seeing St. Paul's open, went in for the first time; cost fourpence, i. e. twopence for a book, and twopence for entrance."

Such may be said to have been the prevailing and general condition of poor Burr while in England and France, although he attracted some steadfast friends, and men of note, such as Bentham, wherever he went. But it was his nature never to divulge to them the extent of his privations. He chose to wear a smiling and cheerful countenance, even when starving and homeless, and when not a few, we hope, would have thought it and found it ennobling to have succoured him. At any rate, one thing is certain; a man of such various and extensive experience, and whose capacities were so large and brilliant, must have possessed a store of extraordinary knowledge in regard to mankind and of the human heart; and although he does not appear to have attempted anything like a full or ambitious record of his observations and feelings, we have yet curious and striking glimpses of the world, and various touching indexes of his generosity and affectionate feeling. We have seldom heard of a slave-owner corresponding in terms similar to the following with those in bondage to himself:—

"To Peggy Gaitin (*a slave*)

"Washington, January 4, 1804.

"You may assure the family that I never was in better health; that I have not been wounded or hurt, and have had no quarrel with anybody. I received your letter of the 29th, this evening. Let nothing hinder you from going to school punctually. Make the master teach you arithmetic, so that you may be able to keep the accounts of the family. I am very much obliged to you for teaching Nancy. She will learn more from you than by going to school.

"I shall be at home about the last of this month, when I will make you all New Year's presents. Tell Harry that I shall expect to find a good road up to the house. Tell me what Harry is about, and what he is doing at Montalto. Sam and George are well.

"You must write to Mrs. Alsten about Leonora's child. Enclose your letter to me. I hope little Peter is doing well. "A. BURR."

Burr was one of the most strenuous and able advocates for the abolition of slavery in New York; nor, after reading the above letter, is it possible to believe that he was at any time a heartless

task-master. Our next and last extract carries us back to 1794, and to a period when steaming on the Hudson was yet unknown. Burr is writing to his wife from Albany:—

“ We arrived here yesterday, after a hot, tedious passage of *seven days*. We were delayed as well by accidents as by calms and contrary winds. The first evening, being under full sail, we ran ashore at Tappan, and lay there aground, in a very uncomfortable situation, twenty-four hours. With great labour and fatigue we got off on the following night, and had scarce got under sail before we missed our longboat. We lost the whole tide in hunting for it, and so lay till the morning of Wednesday. Having then made sail again, with a pretty strong head wind, at the very first tack the Dutch horse fell overboard. The poor devil was at the time tied about the neck with a rope, so that he seemed to have the alternative of hanging or drowning (for the river is here about four miles wide, and the water was very rough); fortunately for him, the rope broke, and he went souse into the water. His weight sunk him so deep that we were at least fifty yards from him before he came up. He snorted off the water, and turning round once or twice, as if to see where he was, then recollecting the way to New York, he immediately swam off down the river with all force. We fitted out our longboat in pursuit of him, and at length drove him on shore on the Westchester side, where I hired a man to take him to Frederick’s. All this delayed us nearly a whole tide more. The residue of the voyage was without accident, except such as you may picture to yourself in a small cabin, with seven men, seven women, and two crying children—two of the women being the most splenetic, ill-humoured animals you can imagine.”

ART. XII.—*The Despatches of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington; compiled from Official and Authentic Documents.* By LIEUT.-COLONEL GURWOOD. 12 vols. London: Murray.

It was lately announced by the newspaper press that the Queen had bestowed a pension of 200*l.* a year on Colonel Gurwood as a reward for his editorship of these *Despatches*; and certainly a work of greater national value has not appeared for many years. But it is not in a historical or political kind of view, although for such in after ages will it be eagerly consulted, that we now notice the compilation; but merely as conveying a faithful and admirable portrait of the Duke as a man, a record of his feelings, his resolves, and his conduct in a great variety of circumstances of the most important, difficult, and delicate description.

It required neither twelve volumes nor one to publish his Grace’s merits as a soldier and commander in the field of battle. In spite also of all that has been said of his becoming a politician in the time of peace, and placing himself at the head of a great party in the state, as if his better judgment had then forsaken him, and the other commonplaces uttered at one time on this subject, we believe no statesman or senator in the empire stands at this day higher:

estimation of the country for clear-headedness, straightforward and firm conduct, or generous opposition ; so that, during the present generation, there cannot be any pressing call for proclaiming his praises upon this score, the living proofs being everywhere appreciated. We venture however to assert that any one who is ignorant of the contents of this voluminous work, never has been aware and never can become acquainted with the character of the Duke as a man, with the nature of his mental capacities, or with the cast of his moral sentiments. We confess that we have obtained, if not a far more elevated view of his military genius, at least a more expanded one of his talents, distinct from those which may be deemed purely professional, and a far more winning and gratifying index to his moral dispositions, since glancing into these Dispatches than we ever had before arrived at. There is a beautiful congruity of engaging evidence throughout the whole of the documents, extending as they do from the time that the Duke distinguished himself in India, and downwards, whatever may have been the country or the war in which he was engaged, until Waterloo left him no further scope for triumph. This congruity has all along had the strongest guarantees ; for, independently of a deep devotion to the interests of his country and unsurpassed military qualities, a manly simplicity and directness of principles, strong common sense, and consummate candour and coolness, ever were at hand, not more to the command of the admiration and confidence of all who served with him, but to the support of the integrity and the self-possession of the hero himself.

Were we anxious to attempt tracing the development of his Grace's moral and mental qualities as exhibited in these volumes, it would be necessary to go through the whole of them, to analyze their consecutive, as well as to speculate upon their united, contents. We should, perhaps, find the first of them the most interesting, upon this plan, or at least the part that would principally attract philosophical inquiry. But to the general reader the last volume will be particularly arresting, not only on account of the mighty events to which it refers, but for the evidences which bear upon the character and genius of the Duke. Our few extracts will therefore be from this portion of the compilation ; nor, though few, will any difficulty be encountered by the reflecting mind, of perceiving that the greatest and most splendid ideas and results must have ever been inseparable in the history of the first Captain of the age.

The first document which we copy is dated Waterloo, 18th June, 1815. 3 A.M.

“ My Dear Stuart,—I enclose two letters, which I beg you to peruse and forward without loss of time. You will see in the letter to the Duc de Berri the real state of the case and the only risk we run. The Prussians will be ready again in the morning for anything. Pray keep the English

quiet if you can. Let them all prepare to move, but neither be in a hurry or a fright, as all will yet turn out well. I have given the directions to the Governor of Antwerp to meet the *crotchets*, which I find in the heads of the King's Governors upon every turn. Believe me, &c.

“WELLINGTON.”

“The post horses are embargoed in my name; I conclude, to prevent people from running away with them; but give the man orders to allow anybody to have them who goes with an order from you.”

The supposed surprise which caught the Duke at the Ball, and the movement upon Waterloo, after the sanguinary battle of the 16th, must have spread much alarm on the part of all who wished the British well; still while the Duke seems to have had all his plans matured, and to have felt assured of success in his own mind, there must have been very many under his command who reposed entire confidence in him also, and thus to affect the result materially.

The Duke's letters, written immediately or very soon after the battle, must exalt him in the esteem of all who peruse them. We quote one, to the Earl of Aberdeen, of the 19th June:—

“My Dear Lord,—You will readily give credit to the existence of the extreme grief with which I announce to you the death of your gallant brother, in consequence of a wound received in our great battle of yesterday. He had served me most zealously and usefully for many years, and on many trying occasions; but he had never rendered himself more useful, and had never distinguished himself more, than in our late actions. He received the wound which occasioned his death when rallying one of the Brunswick battalions which was shaking a little; and he lived long enough to be informed by myself of the glorious result of our actions, to which he had so much contributed by his active and zealous assistance. I cannot express to you the regret and sorrow with which I look round me, and contemplate the loss which I have sustained particularly in your brother. The glory resulting from such actions, so dearly bought, is no consolation to me, and I cannot suggest it as any to you and his friends; but I hope that it may be expected that this last one has been so decisive, as that no doubt remains that our exertions and our individual losses will be rewarded by the early attainment of our just object. It is then that the glory of the actions in which our friends and relations have fallen will be some consolation for their loss. Believe me, &c.

WELLINGTON.”

“Your brother had a black horse given to him, I believe, by Lord Ashburnham, which I will keep till I hear from you what you wish should be done with it.”

It would afford a fine treat to hear the Duke describe familiarly the battle of Waterloo, or any other of the many great actions in which he has been engaged. But in the absence of his living voice, the following passage from a communication to Marshal Beresford lets one have a taste of the plain unvarnished style which marks the conversation as it does the writings of his Grace:—

" You will have heard of our battle of the 18th. Never did I see such a pounding match. Both were what the boxers call gluttons. Napoleon did not manoeuvre at all. He just moved forward in the old style, in columns, and was driven off in the old style. The only difference was that he mixed cavalry with his infantry, and supported both with an enormous quantity of artillery. I had the infantry for some time in squares, and we had the French cavalry walking about us, as if they had been our own. I never saw the British infantry behave so well."

Wellington's character has been frequently assailed on account of not having saved the life of Ney; and some have taken it upon them to insinuate that personal jealousy actuated the Duke. We never could believe that any such paltry motives operated in the case. Indeed there was no room, no grounds for comparison, and therefore could be no cause for jealous rivalry. Had the British General desired to satisfy any such mortal revenge, Napoleon was the only mark at which such feeling could have been entertained, if the stern principles of savage rivalry had existed. But bear how our hero spoke and resolved when the Emperor might soon have been put within the conqueror's power. The communication from which we take our extract was written on the 28th of June, and addressed to Sir Charles Stuart:—

" General —— has been here this day to negotiate for Napoleon's passing to America, to which proposition I have answered that I have no authority. The Prussians think the Jacobins wish to give him over to me, believing that I will save his life. —— wishes to kill him; but I have told him that I shall remonstrate, and shall insist upon his being disposed of by common accord. I have likewise said that, as a private friend, I advised him to have nothing to do with so foul a transaction; that he and I had acted too distinguished parts in these transactions to become executioners, and that I was determined that if the Sovereigns wished to put him to death they should appoint an executioner, which should not be me."

The reader will be apt to surmise, that he who wished to kill Bonaparte was no other than the rough and unscrupulous Blücher. At any rate there is ample evidence before us that the Duke, after the allied army arrived in Paris, experienced much uneasiness, and had strenuously to exert himself, sometimes in vain, to protect the city and the inhabitants from the barbarous outrages of the Prussians, and revenge of their commander. On the 8th of July, and at midnight, his Grace entered the following protest in a letter to Blücher:—

" Mein lieber Fürst,—Several reports have been brought to me during the evening and night, and some from the Government, in consequence of the work carrying on by your Highness on one of the bridges over the Seine, which it is supposed to be your intention to destroy. As this measure will certainly create a good deal of disturbance in the town, and as the Sovereigns, when they were here before, left all these bridges, &c., standing, I take the liberty of suggesting to you to delay the destruction

of the bridge at least till they shall arrive ; or, at all events, till I can have the pleasure of seeing you to-morrow morning. Believe me, &c.

“ WELLINGTON.”

Blucher and his troops were desperately intent on levying heavy contributions upon the French people ; and countenanced, as far as they dared, plundering practices. But how did the British General feel for the honour of his country and of the Allies in respect of such oppressive conduct, and how in support of his own honour did he act ? Our next extract being a letter to Lord Castlereagh will afford some satisfaction on these heads :—

“ Paris, 14th July, 1815. 2 P. M.

“ My dear Lord,—I enclose a letter which I have just received from the Préfet de Police, informing me of two English officers having been shot at last night. I have not heard of this circumstance from any other quarter ; but I have sent to enquire about it. It is my duty, however, to apprise your Lordship, in order that you may make such suggestions as you may think proper to the Ministers of the Allied Courts, that it is my decided opinion that we shall immediately set the whole country against us, and shall excite a national war, if the useless, and if it was not likely to be attended with such serious consequences, I shall call it ridiculous, oppression practised upon the French people, is not put a stop to ; if the troops of the several armies are not prevented from plundering the country, and the useless destruction of houses and property ; and if the requisitions and all the contributions levied from the country are not regulated by some authority besides the will of each individual General commanding an army. I assure your Lordship that all the information I receive tends to prove that we are getting into a very critical state ; and you may depend upon it that, if one shot is fired in Paris, the whole country will rise in arms against us. I hope that some measures will be adopted without delay which shall put an end to this state of affairs. Believe me, &c.

“ WELLINGTON.”

We have some proofs before us of the strict discipline which Wellington maintained among the troops ; but chiefly when any of them, over whom his immediate authority extended, were guilty of pillaging the peaceable inhabitants in the course of the march. That he was a considerate commander, and not inclined to go out of his way with the view of being severe, or as if eager to find fault, may be presumed from the favourable constructions alluded to and desired in the letter we now quote :—

“ To Lieut.-Gen. Sir George Nugent, G.C.B.

“ Paris, 14th Nov. 1815.

“ My dear Sir George,—I have received your letter of the 7th regarding ———, together with one from him, and his memorial to the Horse Guards, regarding his conduct in the battle of Waterloo, upon which subject I can do nothing without orders from the Horse Guar^d

——— has applied in that quarter. In general I am very averse to bringing forward instances of misconduct, after such a battle as that of Waterloo. Many a brave man, and I believe even some very great men, have been found a little terrified by such a battle as that, and have behaved afterwards remarkably well. If, therefore, the case had come before me in the first instance, or if I had heard of it at all, I should have taken measures to put a stop to it: as it is, I must act as I shall be ordered. From what I have heard of the case since I received your letter, it appears that ——— having left the field as wounded, the surgeon of the regiment could not return him in the list of wounded. It will turn, first, upon whether the surgeon was right or wrong; and, secondly, whether he was not so stunned as to be obliged to quit the field, although not in such a state afterwards as that the surgeon ought to have returned him as wounded. I shall be most happy to see you again. Believe me, &c.
 “WELLINGTON.”

The sobriety of Wellington's mind amid the shouts of victory, or when the admiration of nations was beaming upon him, we feel assured has ever been among the most eminent features of his manly character and brilliant career. And yet could it have been deemed vain-glorious had he eagerly patronized or urged the preparation of a history of the battle of Waterloo? But we have still higher proofs of good sense, and moderate exultation; for we find that soon after the mighty achievement, and its incalculable results were the themes of universal speculation and wonder, he was opposed, as far as friendly advice could go, to the attempting a literary record of its particulars; at the same time throwing out some highly characteristic hints upon the subject:—

“Paris, 8th August, 1815.

“My dear Sir,—I have received your letter of the 2nd, regarding the battle of Waterloo. The object which you propose to yourself is very difficult of attainment, and, if really attained, is not a little invidious. The history of a battle is not unlike the history of a ball. Some individuals may recollect all the little events of which the great result is the battle won or lost; but no individual can recollect the order in which, or the exact moment at which, they occurred, which makes all the difference as to their value or importance. Then the fault or the misbehaviour of some gave occasion for the distinction of others, and perhaps were the cause of material losses; and you cannot write a true history of a battle without including the faults and misbehaviour of part at least of those engaged. Believe me that every man you see in a military uniform is not a hero; and that, although in the account given of a general action, such as that of Waterloo, many instances of individual heroism must be passed over unrelated, it is better for the general interests to leave those parts of the story untold, than to tell the whole truth. If, however, you should still think it right to turn your attention to this subject, I am most ready to give you every assistance and information in my power. Believe me, &c.
 “WELLINGTON.”

The person thus addressed was not to be dissuaded from his pur-

pose it appears ; and accordingly the good man sticks to his word and sends him a short, soldier-like, and modest account of the battle :—

“ Paris, 17th August, 1815.

“ My dear Sir,—I have received your letter of the 11th, and I regret much that I have not been able to prevail upon you to relinquish your plan.—You may depend upon it you will never make it a satisfactory work.—I will get you the list of the French army, Generals, &c.—Just to show you how little reliance can be placed, even on what are supposed the best accounts of a battle, I mention that there are some circumstances mentioned in General ———’s account which did not occur as he relates them.—He was not on the field during the whole battle, particularly not during the latter part of it.—The battle began, I believe, at eleven.—It is impossible to say when each important occurrence took place, nor in what order. We were attacked first with infantry only ; then with cavalry only ; lastly and principally with cavalry and infantry mixed.—No houses were possessed by the enemy in Mont St. Jean, excepting the farm in front of the left of our centre, on the road to Genappe, can be called one. This they got, I think, at about two o’clock, and got it from a circumstance which is to be attributed to the neglect of the officer commanding on the spot.—The French cavalry were on the plateau in the centre between the two high roads for nearly three quarters of an hour, riding about among our squares of infantry, all firing having ceased on both sides. I moved our squares forward to the guns ; and our cavalry, which had been detached by Lord Uxbridge to the flanks, was brought back to the centre. The French cavalry were then driven off. After that circumstance, repeated attacks were made along the whole front of the centre of the position by cavalry and infantry till seven at night. How many I cannot tell.—When the enemy attacked Sir Thomas Picton I was there, and they got as far as the hedge on the cross road, behind which the ——— had been formed. The latter had run away, and our troops were on our side of the hedge. The French were driven off with immense loss. This was the first principal attack. At about two in the afternoon, as I have above said, they got possession of the farm house on the high road, which defended this part of the position ; and they then took possession of a small mound on the left of the high road going from Bruxelles, immediately opposite the gate of the farm ; and they were never removed from thence till I commenced the attack in the evening ; but they never advanced farther on that side.—These are answers to all your queries ; but remember, I recommended you to leave the battle of Waterloo as it is. Believe me, &c.

WELLINGTON.”

How multifarious, serious, and difficult must the Duke’s exertions have been during the occupation of France by the Allies, and after the roar of battle had ceased ! It was now, however, that we find some of the happiest illustrations of his enlightened and straightforward diplomacy ; a high-minded apprehension of what deeply concerned his country’s fame, and the welfare of Europe, distinguishing every one of the documents before us that bear upon these paramount objects. In writing to Lord Castlereagh, on the 11th of

August 1815, and laying before the Minister the views which he (the Duke) had arrived at in regard to some very great and delicate questions that were of the most pressing nature, the Statesman at once stands out, hardly less remarkable than did the General a few weeks previously. Portions of this communication we now cite:—

“My dear Lord,—I have perused with attention the memorandum which you have sent me, and have considered well the contents of those written by the Ministers of the other powers.—My opinion is, that the French Revolution and the treaty of Paris have left France in too great strength for the rest of Europe, weakened as all the powers of Europe have been by the wars in which they have been engaged with France, by the destruction of all the fortresses and strongholds in the Low Countries and Germany, principally by the French, and by the ruin of the finances of all the Continental Powers.—Notwithstanding that this opinion is as strongly, if not more strongly, impressed upon my mind than upon that of any of those whose papers have lately come under my consideration, I doubt its being in our power now to make such an alteration in the relations of France with other powers as will be of material benefit.—First; I conceive that our declarations, and our treaties, and the accession, although irregular in form, which we allowed Louis XVIII. to make to that of the 25th of March, must prevent us from making any very material inroad upon the state of possession of the treaty of Paris. I do not concur in ——— reasoning, either that the guarantee in the treaty of the 25th March was intended to apply only to ourselves, or that the conduct of the French people since the 20th of March ought to deprive them of the benefit of that guarantee. The French people submitted to Buonaparte; but it would be ridiculous to suppose that the Allies would have been in possession of Paris in a fortnight after one battle fought, if the French people in general had not been favourably disposed to the cause which the Allies were supposed to favour.—In the north of France they certainly were so disposed, and there is no doubt they were so in the south, and indeed throughout France, excepting in Champagne, Alsace, parts of Burgundy, Lorraine, and Dauphiné. The assistance which the King and his party in France gave to the cause was undoubtedly of a passive description; but the result of the operations of the Allies has been very different from what it would have been if the disposition of the country had led them to oppose the Allies.—In my opinion, therefore, the Allies have no just right to make any material inroad on the treaty of Paris, although that treaty leaves France too strong in relation to other powers; but I think I can show that the real interests of the Allies should lead them to adopt the measures which justice in this instance requires from them.”

The Duke records at considerable length his reasons, both such as justice and good faith point out, and those which the immediate interests of the Allies suggest, for resisting the demand of any great cession of territory at that particular period from France. An opposite mode of proceeding, he argues, would prevent the establishment of any genuine peace in Europe; would require that the Allies should take possession of a number of fortresses; and that each

government should keep up a large army to the prevention of that process of recruiting themselves, and consolidating their institutions, which during protracted wars had gone out of repair. He then proceeds in the following strain,—

“ Revolutionary France is more likely to distress the world than France, however strong in her frontier, under a regular Government; and that is the situation in which he ought to endeavour to place her.—With this view I prefer the temporary occupation of some of the strong places, and to maintain for a time a strong force in France, both at the expense of the French Government, and under strict regulation, to the permanent cession of even all the place which in my opinion ought to be occupied for a time. These measures will not only give us, during the period of occupation, all the military security which could be expected from the permanent cession, but, if carried into execution in the spirit in which they are conceived, they are in themselves the bond of peace.—There is no doubt that the troops of the Allies stationed in France will give strength and security to the Government of the King, and that their presence will give the King leisure to form his army in such manner as he may think proper. The expectation also of the arrival of the period at which the several points occupied should be evacuated would tend to the preservation of peace, while the engagement to restore them to the King, or his legitimate heirs or successors, would have the effect of giving additional stability to his throne.—In answer to the objections to a temporary occupation, continued in ——— paper, drawn from the state of things in ———, I observe that the temporary occupation by the troops of the Allies of part of France will be with views entirely different from those which dictated the temporary occupation of ——— by the French troops; and if the measure is carried into execution on the principle of supporting the King's Government and of peace, instead of, as in ———, with views of immediate plunder and ultimate war, the same results cannot be expected.—I am likewise aware of the objection to this measure, that it will not alone eventually apply a remedy to the state of weakness, in relation to France, in which the powers of Europe have been left by the treaty of Paris; but it will completely for a term of years. This term of years, besides the advantage of introducing into France a system and habits of peace, after twenty-five years of war, will enable the powers of Europe to restore their finances; it will give them time and means to reconstruct the great artificial bulwarks of their several countries, to settle their Governments, and to consolidate their means of defence. France, it is true, will still be powerful, probably more powerful than she ought to be in relation to her neighbours; but, if the Allies do not waste their time and their means, the state of security of each and of the whole, in relation to France, will, at the end of the period, be materially improved, and will probably leave but little to desire.—Upon the whole, then, I entirely concur with you in thinking a temporary occupation the most desirable. Believe me, &c.

WELLINGTON.”

We have only two observations to add: first, the more one reads of these Dispatches, the conviction grows the stronger, that while nothing in war or diplomacy seems too vast or complicated for the Duke of Wellington's conceptions, and clear and succinct illustra-

tion, so nothing appears too minute so as to escape the grasp of his mind : and secondly, that should neither marble nor bronze ever worthily transmit his name to future ages, these volumes will in all time coming supply the desideratum ; for there is impressed upon their pages the most full and faithful stamp of the hero.

ART. XIII.—*A Voice from America to England.* By an American Gentleman. London: Colburn. 1839.

HAD the "American Gentleman" put his name to this volume we should have been better satisfied, than by his leaving us in our present uncertainty upon this head. He appears, however, to be familiar with the country and society to which he professes to belong. At the same time it must be admitted that he discourses in a serious tone about a number of matters that possess at this moment a deep interest in the eyes of Englishmen ; and which also, we believe, present and will continue hereafter still more plainly to offer subjects for important speculation in the United States. The nature of these subjects, and the course of the argument pursued concerning them, will be perceived from the passage we now cite. "American society," says the Voice, "has manifested two leading and opposite tendencies : one towards the lowest level of democracy, and the other towards a spiritual supremacy. The former is pretty well understood ; the latter will find its portrait in these pages. Both, indeed, are made subjects of consideration. They are two extremes that beget each other. As if nothing good could come to man without its evil, and no sweet without a bitter ; as if every dawn of a brighter day must have its malignant star ; and as the fairest sun must have its spots, so the rapid advancement of society in general improvement must be visited by the demon of Radicalism, to mar the picture, and charge the onward movement with a portentous and dangerous power. This spirit of evil broods alike over America and over Europe, over all empires and republics, saps the thrones of the former and the constitutions of the latter, and threatens the world with infinite mischief. And as if the history of Christianity were not sufficiently fraught with the abuses of religious power, the great pains that have been taken in America to separate religion from the state, seem only to have opened a new-field, and presented temptation for the setting up of a new spiritual dynasty, so much more influential, as it is more independent, than a church allied to the state."

Such is the starting ground of the "Gentleman ;" such the points he proposes and professes to explain, illustrate, and prove. One, however, is half tempted to surmise that to impugn democracy, to ridicule radicalism, and to pay homage to the union of church and state in opposition to the voluntary system, is the latent design of the author, rather than an anxiously single-minded attempt to

describe the features of American society, and the tendencies of the institutions and manners most popular in that country. Still, although we may suspect him of being swayed by Conservative prejudices, and although he does not appear to us to make out the doctrines aimed at, particularly as regards voluntaryism in America, nor to consider fairly how anomalous a church establishment would have been where all else was democratic, yet there are striking and novel views advanced by the author, as well as pictures ingeniously laboured, which are calculated to invite discussion. We here present a specimen :—

“ It cannot but be remarked, that America presents one of the fairest and most hopeful fields that was ever opened on the world, for carrying Christian civilisation to the highest point of perfection, to a very millennium of the human state, if the active religious elements existing there were properly taken in hand, rightly directed, and discreetly employed; if the government of the country were consistent with its own professions, and would consent to become, in Scripture phrase, ‘ the nursing parent of the church.’ We observe further, that this American system of voluntaryism has called into existence and action an anomalous spiritual power, more formidable to the state than any alliance of church and state that has ever been devised. In bearing off from the rock of Scylla, the American ship of state is fast being drawn into the whirlpool of Charybdis. Better, far better, for the state to have maintained an alliance of any form with religion—even after the obnoxious model—in order to secure a proper control over it, than to have made such a power independent of itself, and to have sent it adrift to its own devices, with a field open before it for the setting up of a rival empire. The political power of religion, as we have shewn in another place, cannot be suppressed, nor in any way prevented. It has always had political influence, both in Christian and pagan lands, and always will. The nature of man, and the elementary composition of society, must first be changed, before it can be otherwise. Religion is the most potent element of the social fabric. The theoretical mistake of American constitutional legislation, in regard to religion, was, in assuming, that it is possible so to divorce religion from the state as to disarm it of political power. It is not surprising, therefore, that such a wide mistake in theory, as it applied to the construction of American society, should have become momentarily practical in its results. Having cut off religion from all authoritative connexion with the state, assigning for the act a reason which covered religion with disgrace, because it was an implied impeachment of its character at the bar of the public, and having resolved to leave religion to its own resources and powers, with a gracious promise of protection in all its forms of action, corporate and otherwise, provided it should not disturb the public peace, nor trespass on other recognised rights, it was a natural consequence, that religion should devote itself to the task of devising and setting up a polity of its own.”

Religion, or the public in regard to it, being left alone, has allowed its leaders to form, adopt, and execute their own policy; thus establishing a sort of *imperium in imperio*, to whor

power and pretensions it is impossible to name a limit. Religion being a thing that may be brought closely home to every man ; the American mind being particularly fond of excitement ; the people being also active and enterprising ; and being naturally gratified with the possession and command of a sphere, where they find themselves noticed as well as powerful are things which, our author maintains, already develop themselves in a variety of forms : in such a shape, indeed, he argues, as to demonstrate that though the state will have nothing to do with religion, yet that it is not so easy to carry out the decree that religion will have nothing to do with the state. The theatre which religion and professedly benevolent institutions afford to the citizens of the Union upon which to think, speak and act without controul, while denied as a body a participation in affairs of civil government, has, he says, given rise to associations, subscriptions and conversions, that not only threaten to swamp that government or to tyrannize over it, but to conquer the world.

The nature of the conquest which he contemplates is that of a spiritual and mental subjugation ; an intellectual and moral system of machinery being erected throughout the country, that works potently, combinedly, and according to the nicest and most extended ramifications. There are national and subsidiary associations ; with their presidents, secretaries, and boards of management. The printing and circulating of the Bible is one department ; home missions occupy another ; particular forms of religious literature,—temperance societies,—abolitionism, &c., &c., have each and all their enlarging spheres. “As to the right or wrong of these institutions,” the “American Gentleman” continues, “or as to whether they are good or bad, is not, in this place, a subject of inquiry ; but simply the fact of their social importance, and their power. And we say, that in America it is great ; nay, we think it has obtained to a supremacy of influence over the state. American society, as we have observed in a former chapter, is a dynasty of opinions ; and the state must yield to it. And it happens, that these voluntary associations are so numerous, so great, so active and influential, that, as a whole, they now constitute the great school of public education, in the formation of those practical opinions, religious, social and political, which lead the public mind, and govern the country ; at least, exercise an influence over the state, which cannot be resisted.” This is what we understand the author to mean by a “spiritual supremacy,” which, he says, is one of the two tendencies so remarkably manifested in American society.

It will be felt, we think, that the author does not demonstrate the doctrines he is ambitious to establish, in any of the extracts given by us ; nor have we found in the work that he is careful to dispose of the several answers or objections which an opponent would be every now and then ready to start. Why, for example,

if the moral and intellectual education be as represented by him so general in America, even allowing the discipline to be carried on under the agency of a very complicated and influential machinery distinct from the state, should it not possess great influence? why should not concurrent opinion be supreme?—for it must be concurrent, and a common sentiment cherished by a majority, on any one case, before it amounts to a dynasty. An opposite doctrine would surely lead to greater injuries than any likely to arise from a free expression of opinion, provided this expression meditates nothing like a resort to physical violence, which can never be necessary in a country where the thing complained of, viz. opinion, is omnipotent.

Passing from this point, and that we may conclude our hasty notice of the “American Gentleman’s” account of the state of religion, in a constitutional view, as it obtains in the country of which he writes, we quote a copy, as transcribed by him, of the Connecticut “Blue Laws.”

“1. The governor and magistrates, convened in general assembly, are the supreme power, under God, of this independent dominion. 2. From the determination of the assembly no appeal shall be made. 3. The governor is amenable to the voice of the people. 4. The governor shall only have a single voice in determining any question, except a casting vote, when the assembly may be equally divided. 5. The assembly of the people shall not be dismissed by the governor, but shall dismiss itself. 6. Conspiracy against the dominion shall be punished with death. 7. Whoever says, ‘There is a power holding jurisdiction over and above this dominion,’ shall be punished with death and loss of property. 8. Whoever attempts to change or overturn this dominion shall suffer death. 9. The judges shall determine controversies without jury. 10. No one shall be a freeman, or give a vote, unless he be converted, or a member in full communion of one of the churches allowed in this dominion. 11. No one shall hold any office, who is not sound in the faith, and faithful to this dominion; and whoever gives a vote to such a person shall pay a fine of one pound. For the second offence, shall be disfranchised. 12. No Quaker, or dissenter, from the established worship of this dominion, shall be allowed to give a vote for the election of magistrates, or any officer. 13. No food and lodging shall be allowed a Quaker, Adamite, or other heretic. 14. If any person turns Quaker, he shall be banished, and not suffered to return, on pain of death. 15. No priest shall abide in this dominion. He shall be banished, and suffer death on his return. Priests may be seized by any one without warrant. 16. No one shall cross a river, but with an authorised ferryman. 17. No one shall run on a Sabbath day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from church. 18. No one shall travel, cook, victual, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair, or shave, on the Sabbath day. 19. No husband shall kiss his wife, and no mother kiss her child, on the Sabbath day. 20. A person accused of trespass in the night, shall be judged guilty, unless he clear himself by an oath. 21. When it appears that an accomplice has confederates, and he refuses to discover them, he may be racked. 22. No one shall buy or sell lands, without the permission of the select man. 23. A drunkard shall have a master appointed by the select man, w^h

debar him the privilege of buying or selling. 24. Whoever publishes a lie to the prejudice of his neighbour, shall sit in the stocks, or be whipped fifteen stripes. 25. No minister shall keep a school. 26. Man-stealers shall suffer death. 27. Whoever wears clothes trimmed with silver or bone lace above two shillings a yard, shall be presented by the grand juron; and the select man shall tax the offender at the rate of three hundred pound estate. 28. A debtor in prison, swearing he has no estate, shall be let out, and sold to make satisfaction. 29. Whoever sets fire to the woods, and it burns a house, shall suffer death, and persons suspected of the crime shall be imprisoned without the benefit of bail. 30. Whoever brings cards or dice in this dominion, shall pay a fine of five pounds. 31. No one shall read Common Prayer, keep Christmas or saint's day, make mince pies, dance, or play on any instruments of music, except the drum, the trumpet, and the Jew's harp. 32. When parents refuse their children suitable marriages, the magistrates shall determine the point. 33. The select men, on finding children ignorant, may take them away from the parents, and put them into better hands, at the expense of their parents. 34. A man that strikes his wife, shall pay a fine of ten pounds; a woman that strikes her husband shall be punished as the court directs. 35. A wife shall be deemed good evidence against her husband. 36. No one shall court a maid without first obtaining the consent of her parents—five pounds penalty for the first offence, ten pounds for the second, and for the third, imprisonment during the pleasure of the court. 37. Married persons shall live together, or be imprisoned. 38. Every male shall have his hair cut round according to a cap.' ”

Our readers may connect these curious laws, with what they will find in our article on Bancroft's History of America, and the early condition and manners of the Puritans who settled in the New World. How far future changes may go, before the lapse of another century, in the manner of thinking and legislating in the land where such stringent enactments, as now quoted, were at one time enforced, we must leave to our speculative author to conjecture.

NOTICES.

ART. XIV.—*Narrative of an Expedition into Southern Africa during the years 1836 and 1837.* By Captain HARRIS. Bombay

THIS work contains the results of an expedition from the Cape of Good Hope, through the territories of the Chief Moselekatse, to the Tropic of Capricorn; with a sketch of the recent Emigration of the Border Colonists, and a Geological Appendix. Captain Harris holds a commission in the East India Company's Engineers, but having been invalided to the Cape in 1836, he resolved to employ part of his time in travelling; and accordingly with a friend started for the interior; there, perhaps, never having been a more enterprising hunter, and seldom a more lively and engaging describer of what he saw and did in the course of the journey. At length he reached the capital of the chief we have named above, who is a very remarkable personage, having from small beginnings, and in consequence of great reso-

lution and cruelties, established a wide-spread dominion over savage tribes, and also become formidable to the border colonists.

It was an undertaking of no small danger to approach this monarch's kingdom; for he is apt to suspect white men of being spies, and does not scruple to take very summary measures with those whom he may think it necessary to remove. By means of presents, however, and other evidences of a friendly disposition the travellers obtained so much of the despot's confidence as to be allowed to hunt over his kingdom, when the summit of the Captain's ambition must have been attained; for myriads of the most lordly game were then put within his reach, such as the lion, the rhinoceros, and the magnificent giraffe.

Part of the region traversed by our author had never before been visited by white men. But we do not find that any very considerable contribution has been made to geographical knowledge in consequence. Still there are lots of entertainment of a different kind in the book, and some addition also, in regard to the manners of savages, accrues from the work. The sketch of the king or chief above named, and of the first interview between him and the travellers, is striking and characteristic. His approach was announced by yelling and shouting, although he had deemed it unbecoming his dignity to evince any impatience to obtain possession of the various presents of which he had been apprized. We are further told that—

“ The expression of the despot's features, though singularly cunning, wily, and suspicious, is not altogether disagreeable. His figure is rather tall, well turned, and active, but leaning to corpulency. Of dignified and reserved manners, the searching quickness of his eye, the point of his questions, and the extreme caution of his replies, stamp him at once as a man capable of ruling the wild and sanguinary spirits by which he is surrounded. He appeared about forty years of age, but being totally beardless, it was difficult to form a correct estimate of the years he had numbered. The elliptical ring on his closely shorn scalp, was decorated with three green feathers, from the tail of the paroquet, placed horizontally, two behind and one in front. A single string of small blue beads encircled his neck; a bunch of twisted sinews encompassed his left ankle, and the usual girdle dangling before and behind with leopards' tails, completed his costume.

“ The interpreters, three in number, were ranged in front. After a long interval of silence, during which the chieftain's eyes were far from inactive, he opened the conversation by saying, he rejoiced we had come to bring him news from his friends the White people. Mohanycom put this speech into Bechuana, Baba translated it into Dutch, and Andries endeavoured to render the meaning, intelligible in English. To this we replied, that having heard of the King's fame in a distant land, we had come three moons across the great water to see him, and had brought for his acceptance a few trifles from our country, which we thought would prove agreeable. He smiled condescendingly, and the Parsee immediately placed at his august feet the *Duffel* great-coat which I have already described as being lined and trimmed with scarlet shalloon; a coil of brass wire weighing fifty pounds; a mirror two feet square; two pounds of Irish *blackguard* snuff, and fifty pounds weight of blood-red beads. Hitherto the King had considered it beneath his dignity to evince the slightest symptom of astonishment, his manner had been particularly guarded and sedate; but the sight of so many fine things at once threw his decorum off the balance, and caused him for

the moment to forget what he owed to himself in the presence of so large an assembly. Putting his thumb between his teeth, and opening his eyes to their utmost limits, he grinned like a schoolboy at the sight of ginger-bread, patting his breast, and exclaiming repeatedly, "*Monanti, monanti; tanta, tanta, tanta!*"* Having particularly brought to his notice that the device of an uplifted arm grasping a javelin, on the clasp of the great-coat, referred to his extensive conquests, of which all the world had heard, we placed before him a suit of tartan sent by Mrs. Moffat, with a note, which he requested me to read; and hearing his own name coupled with that of Ma Mary, as he termed that lady, and the word *tumerisho* (compliments), he grinned again, clapped me familiarly on the back, and exclaiming as before, "*Tanta, tanta, tanta!*" He now rose abruptly, big with some great conception, and made signs to the Parsee to approach and assist him on with the coat; habited in which, he strutted several times up and down, viewing his grotesque figure in the glass with evident self-applause. He then desired Mehanycom to put it on and turn about, that he might see if it fitted behind; and this knotty point settled to his unqualified satisfaction, he suddenly cast off his tails, and appearing in *puris naturalibus*, commanded all hands to assist in the difficult undertaking of shaking him into the tartan trousers.

Now for two spirited and racy accounts of specimens of African field sports. One morning the author and his friend (Richardson) were suddenly made aware of the presence of a lion,—

"By perceiving a pair of gooseberry eyes glaring upon us from beneath a shady bush; and instantly upon reining up our horses, the grim savage bolted out with a roar like thunder, and bounded across the plain with the agility of a greyhound. The luxuriant beauty of his shaggy black mane, which almost swept the ground, tempted us, contrary to established rule, to give him battle with the design of obtaining possession of his spoils; and he no sooner found himself hotly pursued than he faced about, and stood at bay in a mimosa grove, measuring the strength of his assailants with a port the most noble and imposing. Disliking our appearance, however, and not relishing the smell of gunpowder, he soon abandoned the grove, and took up his position on the summit of an adjacent stony hill, the base of which being thickly clothed with thorn trees, we could only obtain a view of him from the distance of three hundred yards. Crouched on this fortified pinnacle, like the sculptured figure at the entrance of a nobleman's park, the enemy disdainfully surveyed us for several minutes, daring us to approach with an air of conscious power and pride, which well beseeemed his grizzled form. As the rifle balls struck the ground nearer and nearer at each discharge, his wrath, as indicated by his glistening eyes, increased roar, and impatient switching of the tail, was clearly getting the mastery over his prudence. Presently a shot broke his leg. Down he came upon the other three, with reckless impetuosity, his tail straight out and whirling on its axis, his mane bristling on end, and his eye-balls flashing rage and vengeance. Unable, however, to overtake our horses, he shortly retreated under a heavy fire, limping and discomfited, to his strong hold. Again we bombarded him,

* Good, good, good; bravo, bravo, bravo!

and again exasperated, he rushed into the plain with headlong fury—the blood now streaming from his open jaws, and dyeing his mane with crimson. It was a gallant charge, but it was to be his last. A well-directed shot arresting him in full career, he pitched with violence upon his skull, and throwing a complete summerset, subsided amid a cloud of dust.”

How deeply creation is made to groan on account of man is still more touchingly exemplified by what now follows:—

“Many days had elapsed since we had even seen the cameleopard, and then only in small numbers and under the most unfavourable circumstances. The blood coursed through my veins like quicksilver, therefore, as on the morning of the 19th, from the back of Breslar, my most trusty steed, with a firm wooded plain before me, I counted thirty-two of these animals industriously stretching their peacock necks to crop the tiny leaves which fluttered above their heads in a mimosa grove that beautified the scenery. They were within a hundred yards of me; but having previously determined to try the *boarding* system, I reserved to fire. Although I had taken the field expressly to look for giraffes, and had put four of the Hottentots on horseback, all excepting Piet had as usual slipped off unperceived in pursuit of a troop of koodoos. Our stealthy approach was soon opposed by an ill-tempered rhinoceros, which with her ugly calf stood directly in the path; and the twinkling of her bright little eyes, accompanied by a restless rolling of the body, giving earnest of her intention to charge, I directed Piet to salute her with a broadside, at the same moment putting spurs to my horse. At the report of the gun, and the sudden clattering of hoofs, away bounded the giraffes in grotesque confusion—clearing the ground by a succession of frog-like hops, and soon leaving me far in the rear. Twice were their towering forms concealed from a view by a park of trees, which we entered almost at the same instant: and twice on emerging from the labyrinth, did I perceive them tilting over an eminence immeasurably in advance. A white turban that I wore round my hunting-cap being dragged off by a projecting bough, was instantly charged by three rhinoceroses; and looking over my shoulder I could see them long afterwards, fagging themselves to overtake me. In the course of five minutes the fugitives arrived at a small river, the treacherous sands of which receiving their long legs, their flight was greatly retarded; and after floundering to the opposite side, and scrambling to the top of the bank, I perceived that their race was run. Patting the steaming neck of my good steed, I urged him again to his utmost, and instantly found myself by the side of the herd. The stately bull, being readily distinguishable from the rest by his dark chestnut robe and superior stature, I applied the muzzle of my rifle behind his dappled shoulder with the right hand, and drew both triggers, but he still continued to shuffle along; and being afraid of losing him, should I dismount, among the extensive mimosa groves, with which the landscape was now obscured, I sat in my saddle, loading and firing behind the elbow, and then placing myself across his path, until, the tears trickling from his full brilliant eye, his lofty frame began to totter, and at the seventeenth discharge from the deadly grooved bore, bowing his graceful head from the skies, his proud form was prostrate in the dust. Never shall I forget the tingling excitement of that moment. Alone, in the

wild wood, I hurried with bursting exultation, and, unsaddling my steed, sank exhausted beside the noble prize I had won."

The excursion occupied five months, and its expenses amounted to 800*l*. It appears, however, that had the party been better acquainted with the field traversed before setting out, the sports might have been made equal to a repayment of the outlay ; which is good encouragement to those who may take advantage of the facilities of steam navigation, and who object to taking out a game certificate for a season's shooting at home.

ART. XV.—*The Family Sanctuary*. London : Smith, Elder, and Co. A volume overflowing with engaging matter for the devout. There is a form for family religious exercise for every Sabbath in the year. Besides the Collect for the day, and the selection of a portion of Scripture, there is also given a Sermon and Prayer, each original, and each distinguished for its piety, healthy sentiment, and judicious composition.

ART. XVI.—*A Narrative*. By Sir F. B. HEAD. London : Murray. We avoid expressing a single opinion in regard to the political merits either of the Home Government or the Colonial Governor, whose characters in the sense alluded to have been more or less compromised by this publication. Sir Francis, no doubt, is strongly persuaded that he has been an ill used man ; and accordingly appears forward to vindicate himself. This he does or attempts to do not in the most temperate or sedate manner ; though there is no lack of amusement in the style of his disclosures, could one entirely forget the important interests that may be effected injuriously through the sides of those to whom the destinies of a mighty empire are entrusted. One thing is clear that our sanguine and somewhat frothy author must have sadly pestered the Colonial Secretary, whose dispatches, whatever way have been their political merits, strongly contrast in as far as dignity of manner, and the higher qualities of composition are concerned, with the run-riot style of Sir Francis. The effort to turn the laugh, as well as on other occasions, the wrath of the reader against the Government is not in good taste. One example may suffice as an illustration ; it is when the narrator gives an account of the appointment to Upper Canada being first offered to him :—

" It had blown almost a hurricane from S.S.W. ; the sheep in Romney Marsh had huddled together in groups ; the cattle, afraid to feed, were still standing with their tails to the storm ; I had been all day immured in New Romney with the Board of Guardians of the Marsh Union ; and though several times my horse had been nearly blown off the road, I had managed to return to my lodging at Cranbrook ; and with my head full of the Unions, Parishes, Magistrates, Guardians, Relieving-officers, and paupers of the county of Kent, like Abou Hassan, I had retired to rest, and for several hours had been fast asleep, when about midnight I was suddenly awakened by the servant of my lodging, who, with a letter in one hand and in the other a tallow candle, illumining an honest countenance, not altogether free from alarm, hurriedly informed me, ' *that a King's officer had come after me !*'

"What could possibly be the matter in the workhouse of this busy world, I could not clearly conceive: however, sitting up in my bed, I opened the letter; which, to my utter astonishment was from the Secretary of State for the Colonies, expressing a wish that I should accept the government of Upper Canada; and that, if possible, I would call upon him with my answer at half-past eight the following morning, as at nine o'clock he was to set out for Brighton to see the King.

"As I was totally unconnected with every member of the Government, and had never had the honour even of seeing Lord Glenelg in my life, I was altogether at a loss to conceive why this appointment should have been offered to me. However, as it appeared there was no time to be lost, I immediately got up, and, returning to London in the chaise of the King's messenger who had brought me the communication, I reached my own house at Kensington at six o'clock; and having consulted with my family, whose opinions on the subject of the appointment I found completely concided with my own, I waited upon Lord Glenelg at his residence at the hour appointed, (half-past eight,) when I most respectfully and very gratefully declined the appointment."

We suspect that had either the King or Lord Glenelg supposed that Sir Francis could thus ludicrously treat of the pressure of any State affair, he never should have had the opportunity of declining to accept of the *very paltry* appointment.

ART. XVII.—*Illustrations of Mechanics.* By the REV. H. MOSELEY, M.A. &c. London: Longman. 1839.

MR. MOSELEY, who is Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy in King's College, London, has here come forward with the first of a series of works illustrative of Science, which are at short intervals to be published by the Professor, in the institution to which he belongs. It is the object of the series to promote the great business of *Practical education*, by supplying to the instructors of youth a system of elementary science, adapted to the ordinary forms of instruction: thus rendering those branches of knowledge which are to be identified with the business of after active life, subjects of early tuition. In the volume before us, the illustrations of the mechanical properties of matter and the laws of force are drawn promiscuously and almost equally from Art and Nature; and thus the relations between the two domains are made to enforce lofty views of the Divinity, to let him be seen working *with* us, and *in* us, in the daily occupations of our hands, wherein we do but reproduce, under different and inferior forms, the results of his own wisdom and creative power. This is turning to the noblest account those mechanical operations which may at the same time be essentially subservient to our daily and temporary wants. Nor has our author failed to accomplish what he has proposed and desired to perform; his illustrations being not only wonderfully diversified and exceedingly numerous, but beautiful and interesting in the highest degree.

The infinite minuteness of Matter and the various conditions of which it is susceptible,—the sciences of Equilibrium and Dynamics, &c. &c., are largely illustrated. But the neat and condensed volume must be examined before an adequate idea can be formed of any of its chapters. We

shall only quote a short passage as a specimen, viz., on the "Colours produced by the Attenuation of Transparent Bodies." Here we read that "The extreme *attenuation* which may be given to certain forms of matter is a proof of the extreme minuteness of their elementary particles. In the case of transparent bodies, there is a method of measuring the degree of this attenuation, founded on the principle of optics,—that all transparent bodies become *coloured* when they are formed into plates, attenuated beyond certain limits, and, moreover, that the particular colours, which under these circumstances they show, are dependent upon the *degree* of their attenuation;—thus serving as a delicate test and measure of it, so that, knowing the colour which, by being attenuated, a transparent body is made to show, we may know how thin it is."

Accordingly the thickness of a soap bubble has been determined by Newton, its *top*, which is the thinnest part when the colours are first seen in it, being about the twenty-five-thousandth part of an inch in thickness, whereas, before it bursts it has reached an attenuation of at least the four-millionth part of an inch.

ART. XVIII.—*Letters on the Spanish Inquisition.* By the Count JOSEPH DE MAITRE. With Notes by the Rev. JOHN FLETCHER, D.D. London: Keeting. 1838.

COUNT JOSEPH DE MAITRE was a statesman of considerable celebrity, and the author of several elegant and eloquent works, not only of a political character, but in the walks of more popular literature. Relative to the present work, we quote as follows from Dr. Fletcher's Preface. These Letters, he says, "were addressed to a Russian nobleman, who, it appears, entertained all the same notions, and that same abhorrence of the Inquisition, which, in this country, are so deeply imprinted on the public mind. He wrote them at the request of his noble friend, who, although so strongly prejudiced against the Tribunal, was still willing and desirous to be instructed. They were written in the year 1815, that is, three years after the suppression of the Inquisition by the Revolutionary Cortes; and in the year of its re-establishment by Ferdinand:—Whence also he speaks of it as at that time actually existing. But in order to satisfy his friend, that the accounts which he gives of it, are not the dictates of any partiality, he borrows a great part of the authorities and documents which he cites from the official Reports themselves, of the Committee of the Cortes, that is, from the testimonials of the men who had abolished the Institution, and who, therefore, were its bitterest enemies. The concessions of such persons in its favour are, of course, arguments, which cannot reasonably be doubted." Why then "its bitterest enemies?" But we are not going to meddle with questions which have divided religionists professing different creeds; and shall only quote a few sentences from this strenuous defence of the Inquisition to shew that it is not likely to meet with general sympathy in this country.

"Of its own nature, the Inquisition is a good, mild, and conservative tribunal. Such, in fact, is the universal, the unvarying, and the indelible character of every ecclesiastical tribunal." "The English reason strangely. Under the spacious name of *liberty of conscience*, they esta-

blish an absolute indifference, in regard to the doctrines of religion." "The present state of England has cost the nation, not only *torrents of blood*; but what is still far worse,—*the loss of faith*. England never ceased to persecute until she ceased to believe." "And since *faith* has thus visibly declined,—or since rather, it exists no more,—so has this nation, in all other regards so highly respectable,—no right to criticise, or condemn, one, which, looking upon the loss of *faith*, as the greatest of misfortunes, adopts, therefore, certain measures to preserve it."

These and many similar passages, we believe, are not likely to meet with a cordial reception in this country at the present day. The Catholics themselves will generally repudiate the doctrines of intolerance that characterized the darker ages, or when the principles of liberty of conscience were less generally understood than at present both by the ancient and the reformed churches.

ART. XIX.—*Consideration on the State of the Nation. To which are added, Two Letters relating to the Wellington and Nelson Tribute.*
London: Saunders and Otley. 1839.

THE garrulous and opiniative author of this pamphlet deals at one time in the plainest truisms, and at another in the most whimsical assumptions and visions that we ever encountered. That he is sincere and positively conceives that neither prejudice nor absurdity attaches to his modes of thinking, may readily be granted. How other than honest can he be? since he tells his readers that "My grandfather was Scotch—my grandmother Irish—my father born in England, though early abroad—my mother of a French Refugee family—I born in England, but brought up in Ireland until, at a very early age, I also was called into very early and very active life. I have held property in the three great Divisions of the British Empire at home, as I may say—and still hold in two, viz. England and Ireland—not in land however—am in perfectly independent circumstances, and under no obligation, directly or indirectly, to any party in the State, the leading individuals of which are personally unknown to me. I am verging upon sixty, and without children," &c. &c. The author's inference from all this is that he must be singularly free from prejudices, that he may see "some things in a different light from many," and that his "views may be worth noticing."

It may be excusable in one who has sucked in knowledge from such a combination of sources, to be an extraordinary Rambler when he comes to spread his gatherings before the public. Accordingly we find him touching in the most flighty manner on every sort of public question, domestic and foreign, in church and state. The church, however, he takes under his particular care, and now for two or three of his dicta:—

"I have said, still say, and always shall say, that our religious *feuds*, to use an intelligible expression, give the unfortunate answer to this truly important question; and yet wherefore? I speak, and only speak, of Great Britain, on which empire the light of heaven now shines strongly, destined, if it is deserving, to cast an effulgence throughout the world, to the fulfilling of the higher and better destinies of mankind, even on this earth!

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"The present state of religion is actually damnable! We are a divided

people ; the division increasing ; the falling to pieces inevitable, unless we bethink ourselves, and ' be wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer.' Now, let us reflect upon the absolute nothingness, to unprejudiced minds, that stands in the way of the re-union of Christians in Great Britain. Other nations are not yet ripe, but there must be a beginning somewhere ; and, as observed, where so promising as with us ? Should it please God, through our called for exertions, to prosper, then, in due time, will even the schism, or errors of the Greek Church, be subdued, and there will be peace and good-will amongst the followers of Christ, whose doctrines may then become universal."

"The absolute nothingness, to unprejudiced minds, that stands in the way of Christians in Great Britain !" Pray Sir, our readers may ask, what sort of religion is it which you call perfect,—so demonstratively perfect as that its beauty and symmetry must banish prejudice from the empire ? Why, that of the Church of England ; or the " Reformed Catholic Church," as this Solomon calls it, into the bosom of which he sees no reason or difficulty why all religionists should not simultaneously fall, whether Roman Catholics or Dissenters ; among the latter placing the kirk of Scotland. He declares and prays or anticipates as follows,—

"The true Reformation began when the wisest and best among Catholics gathered together under the auspices of an excellent young monarch, to purge Catholicism of its impurities, and fit it for the greater light of intellect vouchsafed. What a happy, I may say *divine*, coincidence, if the consolidation of the Reformation, and the re-union of Christians should take place in the reign of our present estimable and youthful Sovereign ! What a jubilee might then be celebrated throughout the empire !"

But it is not exactly as the " Reformed Catholic Church of England" at present appears and is regulated, that there is absolute perfection, according to our Pamphleteer, who enjoys the most enviable skill at rapid carving and legislating we ever witnessed ; for he proceeds to say—

"Let us consider how the Reformed Catholic Church of England can be filled with worshippers of one feeling, as regards the love of God and each other. I can conceive only by prayer, worship, and thanksgiving. *PREACHING should be abolished in these realms by the voice of the nation and the nation's law !*"

Or, if the Church of England must resort to preaching, then

"The sermon, or discourse, to be delivered, should be prepared by the Heads of the Church government—the same for all. The reason is obvious—viz., that no extraneous matter be introduced by individuals. I now take leave to say, that the service throughout the land should be but once on the Sabbath (or Sunday), and certain *Holydays*, to be promulgated, between the hours of eleven and one, in the day time : when people know what they are about, are fresh in body and mind, and when most good and least mischief must ensue."

We conjecture that our readers must still despair of witnessing perfect unanimity in matters of Faith throughout the British empire, in spite of all the cogent, sensible, and persuasive efforts of our author.

ART. XX.—*Trials of the Heart.* By MRS. BRAY, Author of "*De Foix*," "*Trelawny of Trelawne*," &c. &c. 3 Vols. London: Longman. 1839.

MRS. BRAY is not only a voluminous, but a variously gifted writer. She has charmed us with her sketches of scenery; her delineations of human character have frequently appeared to us not only truthful, but original; while her antiquarian researches and records have a patriotic purpose, that confers upon them an interest not less engaging than if the whole were the creation of a romantic imagination. It appears to us that in her very novels she ever contemplates a permanently valuable end; that a foundation is thus laid, and a beacon thus erected, that are strengthened in every scene. Hence her earnestness and her avoidance of trifling: hence, also, we suspect, the overworking of sentiment, the reluctance to let an idea go without elaboration. Her writing is richly diversified, her feelings intense, her appreciation of the workings of the human bosom subtle and searching. Still, more force, fuller and therefore truer effect, we think, would be the result of more rapid and frequent transitions,—of simpler and more steady or clearly defined pictures. But we can neither do justice to Mrs. Bray's powers, nor afford a specimen of her manner, nor illustrate our own meaning, without introducing an extract of considerable length, and in a form as little broken as our limits will permit. To serve the purposes contemplated by us, we go to a tale laid in La Vendée during the great revolutionary struggle. The authoress has travelled in that country; its scenery, its localities, the character of its people, and their recollections of the disastrous and terrible period alluded to, are familiar to her. Accordingly, she has served up certain historical facts in a way of which the following fragments will afford a specimen:—

Pierre Lobin is an orphan Vendean youth who has been made a prisoner, and is condemned to be shot by the republican General Varras; and Jeanne, the loyalist victim's sister, passionately pleads for a reprieve, for his life. But—

"Varras turned to speak to an officer in attendance; Jeanne heard the words—'Bid the men prepare in the courtyard.' 'No!' she cried, 'You must not,—you must not,—you dare not, give the order for his death.' The drums again rolled. 'Oh, stop that dreadful sound!' said Jeanne. 'It is no other to my ear than the call to the last judgment—the last judgment, Varras; do you believe it will come? Believe it or not, yet it will come, and where will you then stand? Where shall I stand? Even as I do now before you, boldly; and at the foot of God's throne I will call upon you to account for this day's deed. I will appeal to saints and angels to bear me witness that I asked a brother's life, and you denied it to me. You may need some comfort then; some record that may cause the book of blood, which you have helped to fill, to be closed; and in its stead, to open for you the book of mercy. Blood, Varras, blood!—it is a fearful thing: its cries reach from earth to heaven.'

Varras exclaims,—

"'You are frantic. Take away this woman; nor longer let her interrupt my order.' 'Speak it,' cried Jeanne, 'speak it; is it for life or death?' 'For death,' said Varras. 'Lead out the prisoner.' The wretched Jeanne, on hearing this, clasped her hands together and raised them above her head. There was something fearful and wild in the expression of her whole countenance—something convulsive in every movement of her

agitated frame. There was a terrific look also in her eye, as she shot its glance of hatred and abhorrence on Varras. It was a glance that would have withered, could looks do the deeds they speak. Her whole person, countenance, and air, might have suited a Cassandra, when, in the frenzy of a prophetic mood, she comes to bid the Trojans cry aloud for the curse that is about to fall on their devoted heads. 'Cruel, blood-thirsty tyrant,' she exclaimed, 'dare you thus cut him off? But think not God's justice will rest till it has found you out. Blood shall have blood; the dogs and the carrion birds that prey on the carcass of the slain and make it their feast, shall, ere another month be passed, prey on your heart; and the curse of the wretched, such a wretched being as you have this day made me, shall sound in your ears worse than the wolf's howl in the forest of our Bocage, and bid you die and go down in despair to where that bad spirit waits for you—that spirit who now prompts you to this murder. Yes, murder,—for it is a murder! Oh! would that the thunder of Heaven, at this moment, might be launched against you. I would call it down with my curse, and stand and see it fall rejoicing, though I myself were also doomed to share the ruin of its fatal bolt! Varras, God will curse you, if my brother dies.'"

Beseeching and imprecations beyond what we have quoted were employed, but in vain. Varras orders the fife's play, to drown the vociferation.

"But Jeanne was no longer in a state to need this cruel insult to her feelings, by drowning her bitter expressions of despair. She gave up all her thoughts to her dying brother, and with an energy, a resolution that could proceed alone from that love which she bore towards him, and which in death was 'strong as death,' she composed herself as much as she could for his sake, and, at his entreaty, did for him the best offices that he now required at her hands. He bade her untie a blue riband that was under his vest. She did so. He took it from his bosom, and tied the riband round her neck. 'Jeanne,' he said, 'it is the consecrated heart. It was your gift before we parted, when I went forth with our chiefs to the war; it has never since left my bosom; it has been close to that heart which loved nothing so much in life, regretted nothing so much in death, as my dear sister. Adieu, my sweet Jeanne.'"

Wine is offered to the prisoner, which he refuses, but his sister eagerly snatches the cup, and,—

"Held it up more steadily than could have been expected, considering her previous high state of excitement and the indignation she had expressed in the frantic curses she had poured out on the revolutionist. She looked for a moment at the cup: and a smile, expressive of bitterness, of a feeling that rejoices over anticipated evil, curled her haughty lip, as she fixed a stern and dark eye on Varras, and said, 'Varras, I drink this to our next meeting; for, trust me, we shall meet again ere long.' She drank a deep draught, put down the cup, and turning to her brother, said, 'That has refreshed my heart; now I can go through all that is to come.' From that moment a change came over her whole appearance and demeanour."

Pierre is shot, Jeanne refusing to retire during the last scene. She then insists on having a near inspection of the body.

"She was not denied that request; yet her behaviour was not at all such as had been anticipated. She shewed no expressions of violent grief, no want of submission or of firmness; all her frantic energy, her wild unsettled feelings, seemed to have ceased with the extinction of her hopes. She kissed

the corpse affectionately, and with her own hands covered the head with the face-cloth, begging it might not again be raised. Pierre was buried on that day, and buried in the clothes in which he had fallen. The priest who had not been found to attend him whilst alive, was at last discovered; and, on the assurance of La Forêt being pledged for his safety, performed the service for the dead. Jeanne attended in profound silence, with an air of devotion, of deep settled grief, that was more alarming, though less afflicting for the time, than violent sorrow. She was quiet, calm, and resolute."

Now for the catastrophe:—

"On the evening of the battle near Doué, when the revolutionists were strongly intrenched, Monsieur de Lescure, then general of the Vendean army, was surprised at the approach of a soldier of a very youthful appearance, demanding to speak with him in private. The soldier appeared in great distress, without shoes, and very poorly clad. He had on the brigand costume, a red handkerchief round the head, the neck, and the waist, Lescure's attention being arrested by the air, the extreme poverty, and the youth of the soldier, he questioned him closely. The soldier burst into tears and said, 'General, I am not what I seem to be;—I am a woman. Madame de Lescure knows me. I saw her once, before I wore this dress; and once since I have assumed it. She also knows that my character is good; she has seen the certificate of my curé. Do not ask me questions, I entreat you; but grant what I ask of you, for I am resolute. To-morrow there is to be a battle; let me have but a pair of shoes, and I am sure I shall fight so that you will not repent my being near you in the action. And I shall be there whether you let me go or not.' Lescure was astonished; he endeavoured to dissuade her from her purpose; but finding all remonstrance vain, he gave her what she needed, and more than she asked; and ordered that she might have the use of a horse, as she told him she could ride as well as any in the army. On the morrow she appeared, and mounted, as one of the cavalry for the action. She purposely fought under the eye of Lescure, and, once or twice, called out to him during the battle—'General, you must not pass me: I shall always be nearer to the enemy than you are.' She received a wound in the hand, but her courage and determination seemed but to rise the more for this accident. She was advised to retire from the field, but she answered calmly—'This a trifle; I have not done yet.' It was allowed by all present who on that day observed her, that none fought better than she did; yet, at one period of the action, she was remarked to reserve herself. Her eye watched; she was looking out for some one amongst the enemy. The regiment of Varras now prepared to pour down on the Vendéans. No sooner did she perceive this, than, animating the men with the most enthusiastic expression, she called out to them by a name which that very body of peasantry afterwards retained throughout the war. 'Follow me, men of La Vendée. Follow; and be, like me, avengers.' She rushed on with an impetuosity that was her best security at the moment; and, by the rapidity and vehemence with which she made her way through all opposition, she escaped immediate destruction. She rode up to Varras, who was charging at the head of his troop; and, ere a republican could touch her, she snatched a pistol from her side and exclaiming—'Now, Varras, we have met,' shot him dead on the spot. This done, she threw away her pistol, rushed furiously into the thickest part of the battle (where her red handkerchiefs made her a mark), and almost immediately perished. The body was found after the action. By the care

of Lescure it was decently interred. On searching the clothes, the certificate of the curé was found; and a consecrated heart, worn next to her bosom, was twisted round with a lock of hair. Probably the hair was her brother's. By the certificate it was ascertained that she was the unfortunate Jeanne Lohin."

Such is a specimen of Mrs. Bray's "*Trials of the Heart*." And a fine one it is, whether the general criticism we have offered, hold true of it or not. She can at will probe the human heart, and lay it open in its most passionate moments; and this she has accomplished in the tale before us.

ART. XXI.—*The Churches of London*. By G. GODWIN. London: Tilt. 1839.

SEVERAL recently published numbers of this highly meritorious work are now before us; and the more we see of it, impresses us the more, that no one who has merely gazed at the outside of the many Churches of London, nay, that no one who may have personally visited the interiors of each and all of them, bestowing upon them merely a hasty examination, unless he peruses the publication under review, can suppose how rich are these sacred edifices in regard to architectural features; much less, how numerous and how interesting are the anecdotes, the antiquarian, monumental, biographical and historical facts, recorded about and within them. Upon this occasion we shall only extract one specimen with its appropriate note, to illustrate how various and excursive are the particulars of which these Churches are the text:—

Speaking of St. Swithen's, London Stone, Cannon-street, and of St. Swithin, or Swithun, with whose name it is identified, we are informed that he died in 862 or 3, that "he left directions, and possibly this is an instance of his humility, that his body should not be buried in the cathedral (Winchester, of which he was Bishop), but in such a situation, that the rain might fall on his grave; and he was accordingly interred in the churchyard at Winchester." The note to this is as we now quote.—"The vulgar belief, that if it rain on St. Swithin's anniversary, rain will fall on the thirty-nine days following, appears to be in some way connected with the above circumstance. The story told is, that after his body had been buried for some time, the monks deeming it dishonourable to them that he should lie in the open ground, attempted to remove it to the cathedral in spite of his injunction to the contrary, but were prevented by rain, which continued until they had abandoned their intention, namely, for forty days."

ART. XXII.—*The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley*. Edited by MRS. SHELLEY. Vol. II. London: Moxon.

THIS volume contains "*Prometheus Unbound*," a lyrical drama; "*The Cenci*," a Tragedy; and "*Helas*," another lyrical drama. In the first and second of these works, Shelley's imagination soared, and the mystic power and intensity of his genius took their most erratic and ethereal course. The tragedy, however, was an unhappy subject; offensive in itself, and by his mode of treating it, nowise redeemed. The notes to be found in this volume fully support the interest excited by what Mrs. Shelley has produced by her contributions in the first. They are essential to a right apprehension of the poet's speculations and modes of expression.

ART. XXIII.—*Notes on the Western States.* By JAMES HALL. London: Wiley & Putnam. 1839.

Mr. HALL's design is to give descriptive sketches of the soil, climate, resources, and scenery of the Western States of the American Union, which his intimate knowledge, apparently practical habits, his sound sense, and accurate taste, have enabled him to do in a manner very different from that by random and rapid tourists who write such startling accounts, as we generally read, of prairie grounds, and the Far West. There is, however, in the pictures before us an attraction as well as a truthfulness that much more than compensates for all the romances of the would-be-inspired travellers. But our present purpose is not to accompany Mr. Hall through any one of the States which he has so vividly described, but merely to quote some notices of the poor man who first thought of steam navigation, and first made all but successful attempts to carry the invention into profitable use:—

“In 1785, John Fitch, a watchmaker in Philadelphia, conceived the design of propelling a boat by steam. He was both poor and illiterate, and many difficulties occurred to frustrate every attempt which he made to try the practicability of his invention. He applied to Congress for assistance, but was refused; and then offered his invention to the Spanish government, to be used in the navigation of the Mississippi, but without any better success. At length, a company was formed, and funds subscribed, for the building of a steam-boat, and in the year 1788, his vessel was launched on the Delaware. Many crowded to see and ridicule the novel, and, as they supposed, the chimerical experiment. It seemed that the idea of wheels had not occurred to Mr. Fitch; but, instead of them, oars were used, which worked in frames. He was confident of success; and when the boat was ready for the trial, she started off in good style for Burlington. Those who had sneered began to stare, and they who had smiled in derision, looked grave. Away went the boat, and the happy inventor triumphed over the scepticism of an unbelieving public. The boat performed her trip to Burlington, a distance of twenty miles: but unfortunately burst her boiler in rounding to the wharf at that place, and the next tide floated her back to the city. Fitch persevered, and with great difficulty procured another boiler. After some time, the boat performed another trip to Burlington and Trenton, and returned in the same day. She is said to have moved at the rate of eight miles an hour; but something was continually breaking, and the unhappy projector only conquered one difficulty to encounter another. Perhaps this was not owing to any defect in his plans, but to the low state of the arts at that time, and the difficulty of getting such complex machinery made with proper exactness. Fitch became embarrassed with debt, and was obliged to abandon the invention, after having satisfied himself of its practicability. This ingenious man, who was probably the first inventor of the steam-boat, wrote three volumes, which he deposited in manuscript, sealed up, in the Philadelphia library, to be opened thirty years after his death. When, or why, he came to the west we have not learned; but it is recorded of him, that he died and was buried near the Ohio. His three volumes were opened about five years ago, and were found to contain his speculations on mechanics. He details his embarrassments and disappointments with a feeling which shows how ardently he desired success, and which wins for him the sympathy of those

who have heart enough to mourn over the blighted prospects of genius. He confidently predicts the future success of the plan, which, in his hands, failed only for the want of pecuniary means. He prophesies that in less than a century, we shall see our western rivers swarming with steam-boats; and expresses a wish to be buried on the shores of the Ohio, where the song of the boatmen may enliven the stillness of his resting place, and the music of the steam-engine soothe his spirit. What an idea! Yet how natural to the mind of an ardent projector, whose whole life had been devoted to one darling object, which it was not his destiny to accomplish! And how touching is the sentiment found in one of his journals:—"the day will come when some more powerful man will get fame and riches from my invention; but nobody will believe that poor John Fitch can do anything worthy of attention."

ART. XXIV.—*Progressive Education*. 2 vols. 12mo. London: Longman. 1839.

AN excellent translation of Madame Necker de Saussure's excellent work on the development of the mind, which every parent ought to consult and study with the view of treasuring its lessons. Perhaps the process of abridgment might in some parts have been carried further for the sake of the English reader, who wishes to derive practical instruction from it.

ART. XXV.—*Scripture Biography, for Youth*. London: Churton. 1839. THIS elegant little work contains Select Lives of the Patriarchs and Prophets, compiled from the Sacred Writings, and illustrated by Oriental Traditions. Twelve engravings from the designs of Martin and Westall add to those attractions which such simple, and touching, and impressive biographies must ever possess for the old as well as the young.

ART. XXVI.—*Narrative of a Journey to the site of Babylon in 1811, &c.; with a Narrative of a Journey to Persepolis*. By the late C. J. Rich, Esq. Edited by his Widow. London: Duncan. 1839.

THE Oriental literary labours of the learned and accomplished author of this volume are too well known and highly appreciated to require description or eulogy at our hands. In fact, the greater portion of the contents of the present contribution is a reprint of papers which, on account of their interesting antiquarian and philological value, have materially served to establish the reputation of the lamented author. The results of the Journey to Persepolis, however, which took place in 1821, are now for the first time published, and are calculated to extend the investigator's celebrity in the particular walk of literature to which he chiefly devoted himself. But we must recommend the volume in its entire form to all those who cherish curiosity on the subjects of Oriental architecture and the inscriptions that have at a very remote period been engraved upon the relics and monuments described; and limit our extracts to a mere outline description. Mr. Rich says that the general view of the ruins of Persepolis,—

"Was grand: the colonnade, in which fifteen columns were still standing, very fine; the principal building rather what the French call *écrasé*

stuffed and very heavy; but the execution of the whole was beautiful. The portals at the landing-place were much too narrow; all the doors were narrow: in short, the same defects were conspicuous in these as prevail in modern Oriental buildings. The whole ruin, however, is extremely interesting. The beauty and fidelity of such of Sir R. K. Porter's drawings as I recollect struck me forcibly. I was out all the morning wandering about the ruins. The inscriptions round the windows in the first building going through the colonnade are all the same. In many parts of the ruins it may be seen that the enormous blocks of stone have been hollowed out, to make them more transportable, as at Mesjid i Mader i Suleiman. The plain in which these celebrated ruins stand seems very favourable to longevity. More than one person was mentioned to me as having attained the age of a hundred; and there are many who remember Nadir Shah. These are distinguished by the appellation of Dour i Naderi."

ART. XXVII.—*The Bishop's Burial. A Legend.* London: Bull.

"THE following little poem," saith the preface, "is founded on a story related in Geoffrey of Monmouth, which forms here the second part or episode; the imprisonment of Elfred, the betrothed of Edith, through the jealousy of his rival, the bishop, and his release by the death of the latter, which forms the first and third part, is a fiction of the author's, and is not he believes out of keeping with the manners of that early age." And a worthless story it is, as here told. The verses too are frequently unintelligible, while the construction of the sentences (see the preface also), the inversions of speech, the elliptical expressions, the confusion of active and neuter verbs, and ever the punctuation, are anything but according to received rules. Nay the spelling of certain contracted and other words shows that the author is not perfectly at home in regard to this branch of grammar. Here are two or three verses:—The old Bishop is the subject of the first two.

"For thou wast of a tribe, whom man has given.
The oracles of God—bright boon of all—
How low the joys of Earth, by those of Heaven!
Ah raised so high—couldst thou consent to fall?
Upon thy hoary head the mitre sate—
Thou wast the guardian of the pure in heart,
Fixed above, mortal frailty was thy fate.
But who with mortal frailty ere shall part?

Thou wast of those, whom Earth has taught to spurn
The dust, whence springs his infamy—his love;
There raised in spirit, never to return,
Secured by righteous deeds, to rest above,
For you—no maddening lusts, no wild desires,
The sweets of glory—joys of luxury—
And woman's charms,—that clay built bosom fires,
'Twas thine to pass, to weep o'er, and to flee."

To understand the last line, it may be proper to inform the reader that the Bishop had one day passed Edith's cottage door, beheld her, and been

smitten; yet with this explanation, what can be made of the stanzas? The Bishop now soliloquizeth:—

“ But love may brighten all. the spirit's heat
Burns oft as clear, tho' cased not in the fair.
This soul, by thinking on thy form, turned sweet,
Could breath in thee the love, thou scornst to share.
The chill of age, thou shalt not find on me,
My heart is thine, and all that thine adores,
Oh what is love, a love ere fit for thee,
If glows it not from out this breast—these pores.”

“ And all that thine adores.”—Why the hoary, tottering old rake has imprisoned Elfred, the adored of Edith. Now follows a specimen of the poet's reflections:—

“ It is not for the summer house of courts,
It is not for the crowd the rich frequent,
It is not for the field, where woman sports,
The transient blush, of all that chance hath lent,
That nature's hand ere strove of fondly yearned
To mould a faultless sample of her art.
Or such her fragile workmanship hath turned
To meet the boisterous world—the withering mart.

It is, where few can reach, which all may miss,
A world that breathes where fame has never trod,
That silent mid its own wild bowers of bliss,
Flows in untroubled waters to its God.
That woman oft most ravishing hath grown,
Forced by no pois'ning, no distorting fires,
Unhindered to her fulness she hath blown,
The sacred image of her growth's desires.”

We have copied faithfully to the nicest point; but would not have copied half so much, had it not been that the author seems to intimate in the preface that it is a first venture. We counsel him to let it be the last. Why waste his time so ridiculously?

ART. XXVIII.—*History of the Church of Christ, in Continuation of Milner's History.* By the REV. H. STEBBING. Vol. I. London: Cadell. 1839.

MILNER concluded his work with the publication of the Confession of Augsburg, and Mr. Stebbing is to continue his narrative from the date of that occurrence down to the eighteenth century. From what we read in this commencing volume, and from the announcement that the work is to be a Continuation of Milner's, it is easy to understand what is the particular communion which the author means to distinguish as the “ Church of Christ.” We therefore are precluded, according to the rule which we have assigned for our conduct in the Monthly Review, from entering into a subject so open and so oppressed, in consequence of religious differences of opinion. We may state, however, in general terms, that, along with a sem-

blance, perhaps, of an affectation of great candour and charity in estimating the character of Luther's opponents, the author also will be charged by some as being guilty of no small degree of partiality, inasmuch as he exalts the great Reformer to a pitch, and clothes him with a religious purity and singleness of purpose, that may act as unfairly to these opponents as a depreciation of their virtues and merits would amount to. A writer must cherish a considerable measure of bigotry, and be imperfectly acquainted with human nature, even as exemplified in the history of the best of men, who maintains that political ascendancy had nothing to do with Luther's strenuous efforts. Then was he not intolerant to others who distinguished themselves in the march of the Reformation? Yet Mr. Stebbing seems to think that all his measures were the offspring of extreme zeal for the sake of Gospel truth. Upon this, we believe, there are different opinions even among the Reformed Churches, and among Protestants.

As to the literary merits of the present volume, they are considerable. The writer, though we had no other evidence to go by, must be much in the practice of putting his thoughts and the results of systematic reading upon paper. He is fluent and rhetorical; the stream of words being frequently copious and sonorous where there is a paucity of ideas. But the great drawback to the book is, that it contains nothing like a masterly comprehension of the spirit which dictated and regulated many of the mighty movements of the age which it describes—the author has not caught the philosophy of the history he was to write; the many authorities he has consulted have not been made the means by him of coming to a distinct, satisfactory, and commanding grouping of principles, truths, and results.

ART. XXIX.—*A History of Ireland from the Relief of Londonderry in 1689, to the Surrender of Limerick in 1691.* By the Rev. J. GRAHAM. Dublin: Curry. 1839.

THE fact that this small work is the production of a Protestant, and that the period of which it treats stands out very prominently in the history of the struggle for ascendancy by the Irish Protestants in Church and State, will with some be presumptively held as condemnatory of it as an authority. The impartial reader, however, will derive a very clear view of the generally perplexed subjects that fall within the scope of the book. Mr. Graham searches for facts, having ransacked the pamphlets and other documents relative to the period described with care; and these facts he arranges in a sensible manner, the reader being thereby enabled to form conclusions for himself, that may sometimes differ from those of the author. We give two short extracts; each of them however point significantly to a condition and to manners that must have influenced and modified historical events in no slight degree.

When James landed in Ireland in 1689, it is well known that he met with little resistance save at Derry; and even here the governor and others of the council were ready to surrender. But the majority of the people determined otherwise, deposing the governor, and defending the city, when one should have imagined defence must in a short time have been vain against an army, and a vast majority of the Irish people. Mr. Graham, however, accounts in some measure for the success of the resistance. He says,—

"The gun-smiths through the whole of Ireland had an invincible prejudice against any Papist being instructed in their art and mystery, for the want of Romish workmen to manufacture and repair musquets, did more to protect the Protestants of Ireland at this time, particularly at the siege of Derry, than ever has been noticed by any of our historians; and this is proved by some of the letters addressed to the infatuated King James, by the officers employed in blockading the maiden city, which letters are preserved in his memoirs, written by himself."

When Charlemont capitulated to Schomberg, and Sir Teague O'Regan, the governor, sallied forth with his garrison in his wake, the invaders, who had been long disciplined in continental wars, appear to have had a good laugh at the expense of the surrendering party. Schomberg's chaplain has thus drawn O'Regan's portrait:—

"Old Teague, the governour, was mounted upon an old horse, and he very lame with the scratches, spavin, ring-bone, and other infirmities; but withal so vitious, that he would fall a-kicking and squeeling if anybody came near him. Teague himself had a great hunch upon his back, a plain red coat, an old weather-beaten wig hanging down at full length, a little narrow white beaver cock'd up, a yellow-cravat string, but that all on one side; his boots with a thousand wrinkles in them; and though it was a very hot day, yet he had a great muff hanging about him, and, to crown all, was almost tipsy with brandy. Thus mounted and equipp'd, he approach'd the duke with a compliment, but his horse would not allow him to make it a long one, for he fell to work presently, and the duke had scarce time to make him a civil return: the duke smiled afterwards and said, 'Teague's horse was very mad, and himself very drunk.'"

ART. XXX.—*The New Aid to Memory*. Part the first. By A. Cambridge M.A. London: Whittaker. 1839.

THE design of this scheme of Mnemonics is, by means of certain symbols, certain associations, and the substitution of certain letters of the alphabet for the numerals, to impress upon the memory such precise dates and facts, as may be always readily recalled as a key to the great events of history: those remarkable in the annals of England being the subject of the present part. It is well known that the Greeks and Romans made more or less use of some artificial signs to strengthen and supply the memory promptly, with the ideas and facts required by the speaker or writer; and in modern times many attempts have been made to perfect some such system,—such as that of dividing and subdividing buildings into rooms, walls, stripes, mosaic floors, &c., for the purpose of arranging matter in the repositories of the mind, corresponding to such numerous and distinct parts and points. The scheme of the Cambridge M. A. is different from the *topical* system now alluded to, for it professes to pursue the natural suggestions of the mind, impressing the memory with dates and facts from symbols and pictorial representations, that have a *direct* allusion to what we would remember. We shall not enter into a more minute explanation of the plan, but refer those curious in such matters to the "*New Aid*" itself, which may very soon be understood. At random we take an example:—

"Accession of Ethelred II. *Poach*, 978.

"A brace, or two red-legged partridges, being torn to pieces by a bird of prey. As those who hunt and destroy game unlawfully are said to poach, so the Danes were cruelly hunted and massacred, by the command of this King, on the festival of St. Brice. Brace will remind us of St. Brice, and two red of Ethelred II. Poach will give the date 978."

In regard to the utility of all such schemes we entertain strong doubts. In the first place, there is generally as much intricacy and difficulty connected with the classifying, systematizing, and remembering the artificial signs and associations, as there would be in committing *verbatim* to memory the thing desired to be remembered. We do not think, however, that this objection applies so completely to "The Aid" as to some other plans. But another and still a greater drawback to all such methods, it occurs to us, may be named. Does not the very professed fact of any system being artificial remove it from the empire of the judgment and the *pari passu* exercise of all the mental faculties; and do not men's real and permanent interests, their intellectual and moral growth, depend upon a contemporaneous and the fullest possible development of all their capacities and powers? How many men whose reasoning and common sense qualities were weak,—how many half idiots, have been prodigies in regard to memory? And must it not have a tendency to produce in a fully endowed youth, for example, something like an inequality of this kind, should he regard the culture (the merely mechanical culture, we may term it,) of his memory, by means of artificial and arbitrary signs, as the great object of his studying history or any other branch of knowledge?

We shall not pursue the inquiry, at present, further; but merely add that "The New Aid" is illustrated by one hundred and twenty symbolical engravings, which are in themselves very pretty and significant little pictures. The nice conceptions, and the processes in choosing these symbols from among multitudes of others, must have exhausted much time. We do not, however, think that all the emblems and associations can claim exemption from the charge of being far-fetched; nor that the plan of letters substituted for the numerals has been very happily followed out.

ART. XXXI.—*Richelieu; or, the Conspiracy: a Play, in Five Acts. With Odes, &c.* By SIR E. LYTTON BULWER. London: Saunders and Otley. 1839.

THERE is the appearance of much effort in the composition of this play; and, it is equally clear, that its author's ambition in the attempt has not been fulfilled in the execution. The design has been to produce a work reaching the dignity and impressiveness of history, and to depict the character of one of the most sagacious and yet wily statesmen that ever directed the destinies of a great nation. But although there be a great deal of eloquent writing in the piece, there is more of bombast and a laborious selection of pretty and fine words and far-fetched images than real inspiration; while the farcical incidents and melo-dramatic *clap-traps* are not only inconsistent with the objects of the historical drama, but with the real and true life of the Cardinal. There is a wondrous admixture of classical allusion and pains-takings to hit off, by means of studiously contrived phrases, rapid pictures of the era selected, and the *dramatis personæ* brought on the stage; but we miss the simplicity and

the truthfulness which arrest the reader's mind, and leave a stamp upon the memory never to be forgotten or effaced. Take a passage from a mid-night soliloquy, and see if it sustains the estimate, which has been derived from the annals of the period, of Richelieu's lofty character; or if it does not rather impress thoughts and the likeness of the author instead of any defined resemblance of the statesman :—

"RICHELIEU (*reading.*)

' In silence, and at night, the Conscience feels
That life should soar to nobler ends than Power.'
So sayest thou, sage and sober moralist!
But wert thou tried?—Sublime Philosophy,
Thou art the Patriarch's ladder, reaching heaven,
And bright with beck'ning angels—but, alas!
We see thee, like the Patriarch, but in dreams,
By the first step—dull-slumbering on the earth.
I am not happy!—with the Titan's lust
I woo'd a goddess, and I clasp a cloud.
When I am dust, my name shall, like a star,
Shine through wan space, a glory—and a prophet
Whereby pale seers shall from their æry towers
Con all the ominous signs, benign or evil,
That make the potent astrologue of kings.
But shall the Future judge me by the ends
That I have wrought—or by the dubious means
Through which the stream of my renown hath run
Into the many-voiced unfathomed Time?
Foul in its bed lie weeds—and heaps of slime,
And with its waves—when sparkling in the sun,
Oft times the secret rivulets that swell
Its might of waters—blend the hues of blood.
Yet are my sins not those of CIRCUMSTANCE,
That all-pervading atmosphere, wherein
Our spirits, like the unsteady lizard, take
The tints that colour, and the food that nurtures?
O! ye, whose hour-glass shifts its tranquil sands
In the unvex'd silence of a student's cell;
Ye, whose untempted hearts have never toss'd
Upon the dark and stormy tides where life
Gives battle to the elements,—and man
Wrestles with man for some slight plank, whose weight
Will bear but one—while round the desperate wretch
The hungry billows roar—and the fierce Fate,
Like some huge monster, dim-seen, through the surf,
Waits him who drops;—ye safe and formal men,
Who write the deeds, and with unfeverish hand
Weigh in nice scales the motives of the Great,
Ye cannot know what ye have never tried!
History preserves only the fleshless bones
Of what we are—and by the mocking scull
The would-be wise pretend to guess the features!

Without the roundness and the glow of life
How hideous is the skeleton ! Without
The colourings and humanities that clothe
Our errors, the anatomists of schools
Can make our memory hideous !

I have wrought

Great uses out of evil tools—and they
In the time to come may bask beneath the light
Which I have stolen from the angry gods,
And warn their sons against the glorious theft,
Forgetful of the darkness which it broke.
I have shed blood—but I have had no foes
Save those the State had—if my wrath was deadly,
'Tis that I felt my country in my veins,
And smote her sons as Brutus smote his own.
And yet I am not happy—blanch'd and sear'd
Before my time—breathing an air of hate,
And seeing daggers in the eyes of men,
And wasting powers that shake the thrones of earth
In contest with the insects—bearding kings
And braved by lackies—murder at my bed ;
And lone amidst the multitudinous web,
With the dread Three—that are the Fates who hold
The woof and shears—the Monk, the Spy, the Headsman.
And this is power ! Alas ! I am not happy."

If the Cardinal really worked out great uses by means of evil tools, he is made by the dramatist to have employed the most stupid of agents. Accordingly it was serving him right that they failed, one after another, to bring about the things intended in the way intended ; thus reducing the hero's character vastly in our estimation. He is made also to utter opinions and words too commonplace, as well as on other occasions too inflated, cold, and anxiously contrived. He even stoops to make use of vulgar humour. Can any one suppose that he would dismiss the Capuchin with such words as the following !

" In my closet
You'll find a rosary, Joseph ; ere you tell
Three hundred beads, I'll summon you. Stay, Joseph ;—
I did omit an Ave in my matins,—
A grievous fault ;—atone it for me, Joseph ;
'There is a scourge within ; I am weak, you strong ;
It were but charity to take my sin
On such broad shoulders. Exercise is healthful."

We do not think it necessary to unravel the plot, or to adduce many proofs of the exaggerations, amounting frequently to caricatures of historical personages. Perhaps this fault is nowhere so apparent as in the delineation of the weak-minded Louis the Thirteenth ; but even the less imbecile actors are far more the sport of circumstances than coiners of events. There are no doubt many happy touches throughout the piece, and no small display of art in many of the allusions. One of these is adroitly

introduced, where the literary vanity of the Cardinal in relation to his dramatic attempt and jealousies are thus illustrated :—

“ Bah ! the mate for beauty
Should be a man, and not a money-chest !
When her brave sire lay on his bed of death,
I vow'd to be a father to his Julie :—
And so he died—the smile upon his lips ;—
And when I spared the life of her young lover,
Methought I saw that smile again ! Who else,
Look you, in all the court—who else so well,
Brave, to supplant the favourite ;—balk the king—
Baffle their schemes ? I have tried him :—He has honour
And courage ;—qualities that eagle-plume
Men's souls,—and fit them for the fiercest sun,
Which ever melted the weak waxen minds
That flutter in the beams of gaudy Power !
Besides, he has taste, this Mauprat :—When my play
Was acted to dull tiers of lifeless gapers,
Who had no soul for poetry, I saw him
Applaud in the proper places : trust me, Joseph
He is a man of an uncommon promise !”

Mauprat and Julie are at last made happy, and the whole concludes with such conceits as the following ; which but for Macready's acting do not convey any very solemn or definite lesson :—

“ See, my liege—see through plots and counterplots—
Through gain and loss—through glory and disgrace—
Along the plains, where passionate discord rears
Eternal Babel !—still the holy stream
Of human happiness glides on !

Louis. And must we
Thank for that also—our prime minister ;

Richelieu. No ; let us own it : there is one above
Sways the harmonious mystery of the world,
Ev'n better than prime ministers.

Alas !

Our glories float between the earth and heaven
Like clouds which seem pavilions of the sun,
And are the playthings of the casual wind ;
Still, like the cloud which drops on unseen crags
The dews the wild flower feeds on, our ambition
May from its airy height drop gladness down
On unsuspected virtue ;—and the flower
May bless the cloud when it hath pass'd away !”

The Odes appended have for their subjects the last days of Queen Elizabeth, Cromwell, and the death of Nelson. They are, like many passages in the play, decidedly eloquent rather than powerful effusions of poetry ; and labour under similar charges of affectation, instead of inspiration. Nothing can be more flowing and elegantly set than the epithets ;

and even the sentiment seems to require only some one distinct and looked for enlargement to be truly sublime. Take Elizabeth's wailing over the fate of Mary of Scotland as an example of what we have just now stated :—

“ Rise from thy bloody grave
 Thou soft Medusa of the fated line,
 Whose evil beauty look'd to death the brave :—
 Discrowned queen, around whose passionate shame
 Terror and grief the palest flowers entwine,
 That ever veil'd the ruins of a name
 With the sweet parasites of song divine !
 Arise, sad ghost, arise,
 And, if revenge outlive the tomb,
 Thou art avenged—behold the doomer brought to doom !
 Lo, where thy mighty murderess lies,
 The sleepless couch—the sunless room,
 And, quell'd the eagle eye and lion mien,
 The wo-worn shadow of the Titan queen !
 There, sorrow-stricken, to the ground,
 Alike by night and day,
 The heart's-blood from the inward wound
 Ebbs silently away,
 And oft she turns from face to face
 A sharp and eager gaze,
 As if the memory sought to trace
 The sign of some lost dwelling-place
 Belov'd in happier days ;—
 Ah, what the clue supplies
 In the cold vigil of a hireling's eyes ?
 Ah, sad in childless age to weep alone,
 And start and gaze, to find no sorrow save our own !”

From the same piece we cull another passage that is liable to similar criticism :

“ Call back the gorgeous past !
 Lo, England white-robed for a holyday,
 While, choral to the clarion's kingly blast,
 Peals shout on shout along the Virgin's way,
 As thro' the swarming streets roll on the long array.
 Mary is dead !—Look from your fire-worn homes,
 Exulting Martyrs !—on the mount shall rest
 Truth's ark at last ! the avenging Lutheran comes
 And clasps the Book ye died for to her breast !
 With her, the flower of all the Land,
 The high born gallants ride,
 And, ever nearest of the band,
 With watchful eye and ready hand,
 Young Dudley's form of pride !
 Ah, ev'n in that exulting hour,

Love half allures the soul from Power,—
 And blushes, half suppress'd betray
 The woman's hope and fear ;
 Like blooms which in the early May
 Bud forth beneath a timorous ray,
 And mark the mellowing year.
 While steals the sweetest of all worship, paid
 Less to the Monarch than the Maid,
 Melodious on the ear !”

Upon the whole we are of opinion, that however attractive Richelieu may be when fine acting and beautiful scenery are added, yet that in the closet it will not be so popular, its excellence seldom rising above that of melo-drama.

ART. XXXII.—*Illustrations of the Botany, &c., of the Himalayan Mountains.* Part X.. By J. F. ROYLE. London. Allen. 1839.

CONSIDERABLE delay has occurred in regard to the appearance of this number, beyond the regular period that previously interposed between its nine several Parts. This interruption has been occasioned by its author having been appointed to the Professorship, in King's College, of *Materia Medica and Therapeutics*. Nevertheless, the present addition will be cordially welcomed by every lover of science and every botanist ; for it is, we think, the most splendid and plentifully filled number, whether letter-press or plates be regarded, even of this magnificent work. It is proposed to conclude the entire publication by giving one number more ; when the whole will be found to contain details, as is well observed by the author, together with general views, that constantly suggest and sustain comparisons between the Flora of the Mountains and also the Plains of India, with productions that characterize other parts of the world ; while the application of the results to the probable means of improving the resources of India, will extend the utility of the work to branches quite beyond the sphere of Natural History and the science of Botany.

ART. XXXIII.—*Dr. Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines.* Part VII. London : Longman.

THE alphabetical articles in this part go from “Lead” to “Muriatic Acid,” and of course have for their subjects some of the most important that can possibly fall within the sphere of such a Dictionary. It is only necessary to mention “Mines” to indicate the value of the present portion of this national work, which gains upon our admiration the further that we observe the vast variety of knowledge and accuracy of detail that characterize every one of the articles.

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